

# The Theosophical Quarterly

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# The Theosophical Quarterly

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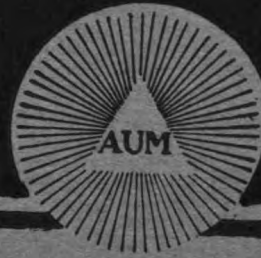
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JULY, 1923



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### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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#### THE LOGOS AND LIFE

*E la sua volontà è nostra pace:  
Ella è quel mare, al qual tutto si move  
Ciò ch' ella crea e che natura face.*

—DANTE, *Paradiso*, III.

**N**AY, 'tis the essence of this blessed being to hold ourselves within the Divine Will, whereby our own wills are themselves made one. . . . And His will is our peace; it is that sea to which all moves that it createth and that nature maketh."

If we consider the Logos to be infinite Wisdom and Power and Love immortal, we may hold that all life, guided, inspired and ruled by the Logos, has as its purpose to infuse into our hearts wisdom and love and power and immortality, and steadily to increase their measure there toward the measure of its own boundless beneficence.

And, if we hold that the Masters of Wisdom are the ministers of the Logos, we may then consistently believe that the ceaseless purpose of the Masters, the Buddhas and the Christs of all past times and of the present and all time to come, is the same: to infuse into us such wisdom and love and power and immortality as is the essence of their own majestic life; a purpose which in them flames as a fire of benediction, from which we also may catch fire.

If this be true as a universal principle, it must be true in every particular; not only life as a totality, but every detail, every daily and hourly setting of life, must have the same benignant purpose. If this be so, then nothing happens at random or uselessly; all things are weighed and planned and directed to that end.

But before we can become receptive of a consciousness so deep, so rich, so holy, there must be long preparation and apprenticeship. And we may learn to see, in the daily life of the moving crowds among whom we pass our lives,

that ceaseless training and preparation are in truth going on, the training of multitudes who, in one sense, are hardly conscious that they are alive; who never pause to ask themselves whither they are bound, and what life's purpose, for them individually, and for us all, may be.

We may, perhaps, gain a deeper insight into this universal training and preparation, if we ask ourselves what must be the quality of a consciousness which shall be fit to approach, and in due time to enter into the mighty and immortal consciousness of the Logos; what must be the temper and texture of a soul, fitting it to become one with the Divine Soul.

In such a soul, in such a consciousness, there must be a quick, sensitive conformity with the spirit and nature of the Logos, the essence of filial love and an ever obedient will; a will obedient as Dante tells us that the angels are, because of their own nature they freely will what God wills, and eagerly and joyfully perform whatever they discern of the purposes of God.

Therefore a long training in obedience to law must be essential, a training continued until the soul is saturated through and through with joy in obedience. And it is one of the gravest criticisms of our times, that we have so little reverence for obedience as a principle, so little willingness to obey because it is right to obey, because the spirit of obedience is essential in order that we may respond to the divine leading of the Logos, which penetrates every detail, every circumstance and force of our lives.

It is a part of the same criticism, that men have so largely lost the sense of those powers and qualities in other men which deserve and demand obedience; that so few seek, by their own higher obedience, to bring into activity in themselves that quality of soul which others should obey; neither through fear nor through any shade of self-seeking, but for love of that which deserves love, through reverence of what inspires reverence.

If life were rightly and worthily lived, in filial conformity with the beauty of holiness, there would be, among the visible leaders of men, something of that which disciples reverence in their Master, whom they joyfully obey, not because they seek anything for themselves, not because they fear, but through overmastering love.

Through this joyful, loyal obedience of spirit and heart and mind and the whole nature, disciples grow into the divine nature of their Master, as he has grown, by a like loyal and loving obedience, into the divine life of the Logos.

While the purpose of the Logos and its ministers, the Masters of Wisdom, must in many ways be thwarted and held back by this lack of the quality of nobility in our life to-day, whether it be the nobility which inspires obedience or the nobility which loyally obeys, yet the Logos, the eternal Wisdom, is too resourceful, too potent, too penetrating, not to seek the same end by some other means which our life to-day, though lacking in nobility, may be able to afford.

Perhaps this is one of the causes of what we call the age of industrialism. We may, if we are so disposed, rejoice in its supposed triumphs; or we may lament its hardness and raw ugliness. But we shall be wise also to seek its deeper purpose, its more enduring fruit.

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This age of industry is busy, not so much with materials, as with the forces embodied in materials. And no material can be successfully employed except by seeking and gaining an insight into the forces it embodies, and by a faithful obedience to these forces.

We call this the age of iron, of steel; and steel and iron are gathered sheaves of force. They are force made visible, force which must be studied and its laws faithfully complied with, if our structures are to stand up and hold together; if our complex machines are to do their work. In the handling of them there is a constant compulsion to obedience, an obedience which is in fact willingly and loyally rendered.

It is well worth while, with this thought in mind, to watch those who are engaged in our many mechanical industries and their operations; to see how the complex machine teaches and trains the man, after the man has invented and built the machine; to note the qualities of attention, of alertness and energy which the machine imposes on the man who operates it.

His conscious view is, in all probability, that he is earning money because he needs or wishes to spend it on many things which he desires. But, if our thought be true, there is a second purpose going on, a deeper end attained; the all-wise Logos is teaching him lessons, drilling essential qualities into his soul, while he imagines he is serving his own purposes only.

While the workman counts up his earnings, while his employer reckons the gains or losses of the whole complex operation in which the workman is a part, the Logos may draw up a more significant balance-sheet, recording that he has, through so many hours, gained so many units in the practice and training of obedience: not the highest obedience, not the noble obedience of a loyal soul to a greater and more luminously inspired soul, but still obedience; an obedience which, when it has been thoroughly learned, may in the fulness of time be transmuted into the nobler obedience of the consenting heart.

If we take a penetrating and imaginative view of the whole immense and pervading activity of our industry, we shall see that the lesson is going forward on a tremendous scale. While millions of men think they are serving their own ends, they are really being trained to the ends of the Logos; quite unknowingly, but none the less really, they are gaining those qualities which shall fit them, when their day of spiritual birth comes, to enter into conscious conformity with the life of the Logos in the splendour of its immortality.

Take next our commerce: the buying and selling of so many things, useful or useless, which engages large classes from morn till eve, day after day, year in and year out.

It is a truism among these people themselves that the first step toward every sale is to find out what the buyer wants, and to supply it. There would seem to be no exception to the rule that every great fortune has been gained in this one way: by discovering something which large masses of people desire, and by bringing it to them. There may be a good deal of cheating, of fraud, of chicane; but they do not bring the great successes. People know what they want, in a general way. They may, and often do, want things that they would



be much better without; but that is beside the question for our present thought. The essential fact is, that the successful merchant must discern exactly what they want, and must supply it.

To do this, he must exercise a quality of divination, he must learn to study and read their wishes, and sensitively to respond to them; and, if he seeks a continuing success, he must give them the feeling that they have got exactly what they desire, so that they will come back to him for more.

So far as he is concerned, his motive may be no better than self-seeking. None the less he is being trained, unknown to himself, in something finer than self-seeking. Looking forward with faith, we can see that the same sensitive divination will, in the fulness of time, when his day of spiritual light has dawned, guide him into seeking and discerning the purposes of the Logos, the thoughts and wishes in the heart of God.

Take another side of our life: the gregariousness so characteristic of the cities, which are so imperiously drawing us into their whirlpool life to-day. Think of the immense crowds which surge through our railway stations morning and evening, threading their divergent ways among meeting crowds; the swarms of human beings gathered in our factories, our huge office buildings.

Underneath much in all this that is repellent and a ceaseless strain, something of greater value is being gained. Once more quite unconsciously, these seething masses of men and women are being inducted into an instinctive realization of the sea of human consciousness in which they move. In our immense railway stations, in packed trains, in the rushing rivers of the streets, they must take note of each other as living beings, even when there is little sense of finer human values. If only in self-defence, they must be alert, active, observant, on pain of colliding with each other. Thus something of the total of human consciousness, albeit on a level not yet fully human, is trained and driven into them, just as obedience is being driven into those who operate machines.

The swiftly moving crowds teach each other certain essential lessons, one day to become available for larger and nobler ends. As each one is now compelled to remember that he is part of a great human consciousness, so he may in time be prepared to recognize himself as a part of a greater divine consciousness, and with grateful joy to conform himself to its finer nature.

Take again that striking feature of our life to-day, the swiftness of movement, the ceaseless rushing through space, which is either an overmastering passion or an all-compelling necessity. At no time of which we have any record did each human being average so many miles in his journey from birth to death, or cover them at so great a speed. This must inevitably drive in upon the consciousness a quality of ceaseless motion, an aroused, alert energy, which may gradually ascend step by step to the wide-sweeping yet perfectly focussed consciousness and will of the Masters of Wisdom, from whom further steps go upward to the supreme consciousness, the eternal motion, of Life itself, the everlasting Logos.

It is part of the infinite beneficence of that Life, that the Masters of Wisdom come among us, as the Buddha came, as the Christ came, to reveal to us the

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essential nature of Divine Life, that supreme Consciousness and Will of infinite beauty, infinite wisdom, infinite love, whither all our human pathways tend.

The Buddha in his serene selflessness, the Christ with his passionate love bring close to us, and put us in immediate touch with, the splendours of Divine Life which are our destiny and goal.

It would not be difficult to press home the same lesson, the ceaseless teaching and guidance of the Logos, with regard to every activity of our complex life. In our consideration, we have touched on only a few external points. We have said nothing of the individual genius of nations and the revelation that underlies true national life. We have said nothing of the finer intimacies between soul and soul, which so evidently teach and inspire. We have said nothing of art, which might reveal so much of the unseen. We have said nothing of the beneficent lessons of pain and suffering and sorrow, which admonish us of laws of the Logos which we are ignoring or violating, thus mercifully doing their part of the eternal work.

All these things must be studied by us and learned, until we see their significance and meaning, seeking to understand them, not as the human souls who are in the midst of them see them, nor as they may appear in our own personal view, but as the Masters of Wisdom see them, as they are directed to serve the eternal ends of the Logos.

For we shall be well advised to hold that, however much men and devils may seek to pervert life, to make it mischievous and destructive, the Masters of Wisdom and the Logos in the long run win, the divine ends are always served and attained, even in the face of perpetual blindness or opposition. Every detail, every quality and fact, is being used and turned to the uses of divinity, not occasionally or at favorable junctures only, but everywhere and always.

If this be so, then it would seem that we may draw certain conclusions for our own use.

If the whole of human life, and even all the perversions of life, are being directed by a conscious, divine purpose to beneficent spiritual ends, in the transmutation of human consciousness into divine consciousness; if this be true of life in general, it must be true of my life and yours. It must be true of us in every detail, at every point of our lives; in every hour, every moment even, the divine lesson is being presented for our learning, and therefore at this point, this hour, this moment; the lesson which, as we learn it, will lead us a step nearer to divine wisdom, divine love, immortality. We must learn to see these lessons; we must teach ourselves to look for them, that we may see them. The first step is to understand that they are there, and that to a considerable degree we are missing them because we keep our eyes shut.

A second conclusion we may draw is that, if humanity as a whole and all human beings are being so taught and guided and helped in spite of blind incomprehension, in spite of recalcitrance and resistance, in spite of wilful disobedience and evil contrary purposes; if, in the teeth of all this, true progress is being made toward the divine goal, then it must follow that, if we substitute for resistance a loyal and eager obedience, if we are willing to open our eyes

and to be cured of blindness, if we will go gallantly forward to meet the divine teaching, we shall instantly change the complexion of our lives, bringing our wills into conformity with the purpose of the Logos, bringing ourselves into harmony with the teaching of the Masters of Wisdom; and the gain will be incalculable.

The child whose heart is filled to overflowing with loving obedience, the pupil who is full of enthusiasm, the student whose soul kindles with intuitive and sympathetic understanding, how rapidly and with what joy they learn, how splendidly they go forward! The willing, eager co-working of genuine love, alight and aflame, is the true stone of transmutation, transforming, purifying, enkindling heart and soul and understanding. The disciple who has given his whole heart to the Master in devoted love, receives in full the blessing of the Master's peace, a peace which is full of the consuming activity of devotion. In the fulness of time, he learns to set his hand wisely and effectively to his Master's work, even to lift something of the heavy burden his Master bears; in time he too may become a minister of the Logos, working to lead mankind forward on the way of Divinity.

We may elect to be pushed and dragged along that way, like prisoners under arrest, or to go forward of happy choice, inspired by love. It will be profitable, perhaps, in the beginning, to realize that what we call our minds, practically everything we now think of as ourselves, is so much plastic material, to be moulded to better uses. We may begin by directing our powers of thought and understanding firmly to impress on these minds of ours the primary truth that each moment, each juncture, has its divine lessons; and, when we have imbued our minds with this fundamental truth, we may then take the step that logically follows, and set our intelligence to work to seek the lesson, enkindling our hearts to learn it, to follow it, to put it into effect.

Since we have so long been wilfully or heedlessly blind, we shall at first see vaguely and indistinctly, with the eyes of infants not yet coming to a clear focus; we shall go forward with the halting steps of little children, not yet able to stand firmly, or to walk without unsteadiness and feebleness.

Like infants, like little children: could there be any simile of more evident promise? Is it not of universal experience that infants learn to see, that little children learn to walk?

Let us borrow from them something more: the happy, confident faith with which all childhood accomplishes these miracles, and the continuing joy in effort which sets the child going again, after never so many falls.

The lessons are there, set as clearly in the frame of day and hour as the pictures on our walls; as the child learns in no long time to see the pictures on the walls, and to understand their meaning, so may we, if we put our hearts into it, learn the significance of the day, the hour, the task, discerning just what lesson, what fault to be corrected, what gift of illumination, of humility, has been put there by the Masters of Wisdom, ministers of the Logos; put there, waiting for us to see. It is possible to long ardently to be taught by Masters, and to sit through lesson after lesson with our eyes shut.



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As our love is kindled by reception of the spirit of Divine Life, we shall see we shall learn, we shall obey. We shall muster courage to drive the self out of ourselves with increasing detestation, to draw into our hearts instead obedience and light and love; we shall see that these days of our veils of the Eternal, not in some vague or abstract way, but instantly, in every moment, at every point. By desiring to cooperate, we shall already begin to cooperate in the great and magnificent work the Lords of Life, the Masters of Wisdom, have in hand. By receiving the spirit of obedient love into our hearts and entering in spirit with our own efforts into the divine purpose, we shall share in the work of leading the innumerable assemblage of souls forward toward the everlasting home; toward a life which is infinite love, infinite beauty infinite wisdom, infinite beneficence.

We shall discover that work to this divine end, in the spirit of obedient love, far from wearying us, deeply refreshes us. As we spend ourselves and pour forth our efforts, we become thereby richer, not poorer; as we follow the light, we shall gain light; as we surrender joy, we shall increase in joy. But we shall do this, not because of these rewards, but rather in purity of heart, through love, in humility and obedience, in reverence and awe before the living miracle of divine love and mercy and benediction.

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*He may be the poorest and most ill-paid labourer; but God will recognise his industry not in proportion to its technical skill, but according to the spiritual excellence which goes into it.*—"THE CONQUEST OF FEAR," BY BASIL KING.

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*Said St. Michael: "Would you know me? Long that His will be done."*—ANON.

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*To serve one's prince without reference to the act, but only to the service, is the perfection of a subject's loyalty.*—CHUANG TZU.

# FRAGMENTS

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**H**E stood before me, tall and straight and beautiful. I challenged him:  
Ho, Angel-Visitor, what message do you bring!

His voice was low and clear, with the murmur of streams on twilight hill-sides. I bring you peace, he said, and rest.

A Brother of the Shadow, thou, I cried, to bring me these in the midst of warfare! I take no message from thee. Return to those who sent.

He stood immovable, as one above the turmoil of my days. A sighing wind passed by, scent-laden, bringing visions of the dew-drenched gardens it had passed, wide fields where cattle grazed knee-deep in waving grass, and rivers moved in silence. Slow smoke rose upward from some hidden home, melting into the tinted sunset clouds; and, with it, prospects of long hours of cultured ease, and gentle occupations in serene content, mingled old memories with future hopes. An ache crept over me: the Way was hard.

I looked at him. He stood before me tall and straight and beautiful.

You lie, I said. Those are the pictures of a passing world, a life of thistle-down and butterflies. On this stern battlefield where fights my King, where death and evil meet his upraised sword, I find a greater beauty—in his Face, and all it holds of purpose and of love. There be my joy, and all I ask of heaven! Go spread your lies where gnats may find them and reward your toil! Return to those who sent, and leave me to the hardness of my Way. Here every stone is streaked with his dear blood, and if I hasten I may follow close, hearing his voice above the endless din, sharing a weariness far too sublime to be surrendered for a dream of peace.

CAVÉ.

# BACKGROUND AND GLAMOUR

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**D**ESPITE all that has been said and written of the unity of being, and of the doctrine of correspondences which is its corollary, it may be doubted whether most of us make sufficient use of this doctrine in our approach to the more subtle and difficult problems which our studies present. If life be indeed one, we must have in what is familiar and commonplace perfect analogies for what at first seems unfamiliar and mysterious. The physical world must be a picture of the psychic world and of the spiritual world, reversed, perhaps, as a picture in a mirror, or drawn in accordance with some as yet uninterpreted method of perspective or projection—as flat maps are drawn in the endeavour to represent the round earth. But if the doctrine holds, as we are confident it does, there must be a perfect correspondence of some kind; and if we could form the habit of looking for such correspondences, of translating physical nature into terms of consciousness and spirit, rather than leaving it as though it concerned only matter, it should make our study of psychic and spiritual things far easier to us.

Of course we all apply this principle to some extent. We see in the succession of the seasons and of day and night, in the budding of the trees and the withdrawal of the sap to their roots, illustrations of the law of cycles, and of re-incarnation. The obvious fact that every stick has two ends—that it is impossible to cut off one end so short that it will have no other—may be seen as an analogue of the law of Karma; and each one of us could draw up his own particular list of the physical analogies which he has used and found helpful to a better understanding of theosophic principles. It is, however, not so much a collection of illustrations that we want, as the habit of mind which, avoiding the pitfalls of loose and indiscriminating generalization, still sees universal significance in every fact, and which so orders and marshals its entire experience as to make of it a background against which the immediate problem stands forth.

In reading recently a number of different books on psychoanalysis, psychotherapy, and autosuggestion, I was impressed with the lack of background in what I read, and in particular with the general failure to take adequate account of the duality that marks man's unconscious nature, as it enters into all his conscious life. Reflecting upon this, it occurred to me that it might be of use and of interest to sketch such a background, even though it were only an outline, which each student would have to fill in more completely for himself, but against which he could set up his own special psychic studies as a foreground. The aim of this article is, therefore, no more ambitious than to furnish a sort of photographer's curtain or backdrop, a rustic scene against which, indifferently, all sorts of figures may be posed artistically—or, if you please, to present Hamlet, with Hamlet left out.

Let me begin by recalling certain essential conditions for physical life as we know it—conditions which are so familiar that their significance is rarely considered. As Mr. Wilson pointed out in his *Ancient and Modern Physics*, we do not live *on* the Earth but far *within* it; on the surface of the solid ground certainly, but also at the bottom of the vast, covering ocean of gaseous substance, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon compounds, which constitute the atmosphere and are as real a part of the earth as are the solid rock and soil. Instead of likening our globe to an orange, therefore, it would be better to compare it to a peach, whose stone corresponds to the solid earth and whose flesh to the atmosphere; our physical life being confined to the narrow belt where these two opposites meet and interact one upon the other. Rise ten miles above the surface of the ground, or penetrate ten miles beneath it, and physical life such as ours is impossible. In comparison with the peach, the thickness of this belt, capable of supporting life, is about that of a thin sheet of paper. It is in this thin belt alone that the Earth presents the juncture and interaction of physical opposites which are essential conditions of physical life. It is only there that we find together, acting one upon the other, solid and gaseous substance, earth and air, water which quenches fire and fire which evaporates water—the four physical “elements” of the ancients.

This is the first characteristic of our background: *whatever life may be, it manifests only in the midst of duality, in the juncture and interaction of pairs of opposites.*

As this fact is basic to any true understanding of manifest life, it will be well to dwell upon it, and to learn to recognize and take account of it, not only on the plane of physical substance but on all other planes of manifestation. Thus, considering energy, rather than substance, we find the same duality, the same interaction. On the one hand there is the direct free energy that comes to us in the light and heat and magnetism of the sun's rays. On the other, there is that which lies latent, or is stored up from the past in coal and wood, in the myriad forms of organic nature and in the chemistry of the soil; the energy which acts from atom to atom, and that which is locked within the interior of the atom itself. Life is sustained only by the juncture of this free and latent energy, *by the interaction of what has been stored in the past with what is given free and anew each day.* Neither alone could suffice; both are necessary, and their action one upon the other.

Looking to our mental life we see that it, too, presupposes or creates duality, and manifests only in the interaction of opposites: the known and the unknown, the true and the false, the visible and the invisible, the open and the hidden. Our minds function only in such opposites. Could we move freely in the vast globe of mental stuff—mayavic substance—and pass in it above or below the belt of duality, we should enter regions where mental life, as we know it, would be impossible. The very basis of our logic is the opposition of the “A” and the “Not A.” Every concept we form recognizes or creates a duality. Not only the energy, but the meaning and the form of our thinking and our speech, are the interactions of what has been stored in our minds through the past—

our memories, our experience, our concepts and vocabulary—with what comes new and fresh as present, nascent purpose and inspiration.

It is the same with our moral life. Good and bad, better and worse, for self or for loyalty, for the temporal or the eternal—without such opposites morality would have no meaning.

So also with the emotions—the liked and the disliked, pleasure and pain, ease and hardship, love and hate, hope and fear—such dualities are the stuff of which the emotions are compounded.

There is no need to proceed further with lists that could be indefinitely extended. The principle they illustrate, the fact they prove, should be clear. We may, therefore, hold our first point established, and that, whatever we are considering, we may profitably consider it against the background of duality which characterizes all manifest life; but before we leave it we should look directly at the duality which is, perhaps, the most fundamental, the most intimate and the most mysterious of all—the duality of past and future, of which the present is but the juncture and interaction, and which, in one form or another, underlies and interpenetrates every other duality. Thus what is solid was at one time gaseous; water is the ash of flame, the matrix of future flame. The latent energy of coal was once free and radiant from the sun, and that which now comes each day anew to us, from that self-giving centre of our universe, was stored up in it through ages past. The words, the structure, the set forms and habits and concepts, through which my present purpose and thought must express themselves, were once fluidic, plastic, nascent inspiration. In every duality we can see something suggestive of this temporal duality of past and future, and the perception emerges that *the realm of duality and the realm of time are one and the same*.

We may turn now to an even more fundamental principle, and one which, if not featured in every background, must rob the whole picture of its perspective: *Beneath, above, or within every duality is an essential unity*.

Science makes this patent enough in the field of substance, for in the modern theories all material atoms are conceived as systems of electrons or ions—infinitesimal electric particles revolving around a central nucleus or “sun”—the differences between different substances owing their origin to the difference in the number and arrangement of these revolving electronic “planets.” In the field of energy it is equally obvious that we are dealing with two different states of *the same thing* when we consider the energy coming newly to us from the sun, or stored in a lump of coal. It is not so obvious, but it is equally true, in the domain of consciousness, in the fields of morals, emotions and intellect. The opposites are polar opposites, and *the duality is one thing which has become polarized into two*.

The study of languages offers interesting evidence in support of this thesis. In innumerable cases the same root appears in each of an opposing pair, and etymologists have asserted that originally the same word was used for both. Unity is the root of duality. The unity comes first, the duality second. They are not on the same plane; what is a unity on its own plane becomes duality

on the plane beneath—as a single beam of white light passing through a prism becomes polarized and spread out into the spectrum.

There is an inherent difficulty in making this relation of unity to duality clear in words, for, as pointed out above, our language is itself only an aggregate of dualities, the polarized refraction of percepts and concepts, so that whatever is put into words is by that fact represented in an aspect of duality rather than as a unity. But it is possible at least to suggest and indicate the relation. Thus there is first sensation, and afterwards its polarization as pleasure or pain. Duration suggests the unity of which past and future are the dual derivatives. Awareness underlies the distinction between the clear and the vague; and consciousness both transcends and is immanent in truth and falsity. Duality may thus be thought of as bearing the same relation to unity as adjectives bear to nouns. The word "book" stands for a concept. On its own plane, the plane of concepts, it is unmodified, itself, no adjectives adhering to it. But in the concrete world each book is a book of a certain kind, good or bad, long or short, interesting or dull, bound or unbound. So unity exists as unity on its own plane, but *manifests* on the plane beneath it always in duality.

With this established, we may enunciate a third principle, filling in, as it were, the space between the other two. *In the domain of our consciousness we ourselves create duality from unity and mark the point of juncture of our opposites.*

Once stated, this needs little argument. What are loved and hated are determined by him who loves and hates. Known and unknown are relative to the knower. Light and darkness depend upon the character of the vision that discriminates between them. What is better for one is worse for another. Positive and negative, before and behind, future and past, change their content with the position of the point from which they are seen or measured. The future becomes the past as we advance. The past reaches into and becomes one with what was future. The "Eternal Now" is different for each different individual; different with different moods or modes of consciousness of the same individual. We fall into a reverie, yield ourselves to memories and dreams, and are back again in our youth, or when we first looked out at the new world which Theosophy opened for us. Life then lay ahead, new, unknown, untrod—the future marked off sharply from the past, as different to our hope and thought as is the day from night. Yet now it is all past, yet one with the present; all one unbroken flow, one life, one purpose, one meaning, over which consciousness has moved through the years, illuminating and verifying it, as the beam of a search light may sweep over the shore, its narrow circle of light piercing the covering darkness and revealing in succession headland and inlet, forest and meadow, rock and sand. Life is one, and time is but the play of consciousness upon duration; but whatever is manifest becomes manifest in duality.

Thus we find man, on every plane of his manifest life, at the juncture of two opposites; and each of these opposites is infinite. He is as a ship at sea upon an infinite ocean. Wherever he is, he is the centre of the circle of his own

horizon, and as he advances it advances with him, limiting his vision but limiting nothing else. This circle is divided into two halves by the diameter through its centre at right angles to his course: The one half lies behind him, the other ahead. To move into the one is to move forward, to fulfil his purpose, to succeed. To move into the other is to move backward, to be temporarily defeated in his purpose, to fail. This is his condition irrespective of where he is, or on what course he sails, or what his purpose. From the moment there is any purpose, any course, any movement, the whole plane that it concerns is polarized into two opposing halves, whose juncture and disjunction are the point of movement.

If, therefore, we would symbolize man's manifest life, let us think of an infinite plane, divided into two parts by a straight line. On the one side of this line, let us say, the plane is coloured black, and on the other white. Here, on this dividing line, at the meeting of these two opposing infinities, each stretching away without limit, is man's life. The point of the line where he stands is the centre of the circle of his consciousness, of his horizon, which extends equally into the black and white portions of the plane, so that it, too, is half white and half black. This circle is his conscious life, his personality, his self-conscious self. The white half of the circle he calls his higher self; the black portion he calls his lower self. But in truth the circle limits only his consciousness of himself. Higher and lower alike stretch infinitely beyond it, unbounded, immeasurable. His life is the interaction of infinitudes, and though his consciousness is limited, he himself is not limited. He is infinite with the full dual infinity of the plane his life polarizes. Beyond the circle of his consciousness, his being continues unbroken. We may call it what we will, the unconscious self, or the sub-conscious self, or the super-conscious self, so long as we recognize that it is still the self—that, in Emerson's words, there is no bar or wall where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins—no bar or wall that separates him from the highest heaven or the deepest hell. Good and evil, light and darkness, spirit and matter, loyalty and self, future and past, are alike his in infinite measure, ascending and descending far beyond his ken, though he recognizes as himself but the narrow circle his self-consciousness illumines.

It is well to dwell upon this symbol, which we may find, in the form of a circle crossed by its horizontal diameter, in many ancient treatises on magic and alchemy. We shall understand our own lives better if we see them as lived always on an advancing frontier dividing infinitudes. Here is the little circle of our consciousness. Here we act and are acted on; transforming the future into the past, carrying the past forward into the future; liberating latent energy, storing and rendering latent that which is given us as free. Here we make the worse better, or the better worse. Here we stand between life and death and take of each what we will for our own. And as we choose and act, so the frontier moves, and our consciousness upon it.

As the ship, always at the centre of its horizon, encounters there waves and winds and currents which had their origin far beyond its limits, so man's

personal conscious life at each moment is affected by influences that reach it from the unconscious regions of his being. The forgotten past does not cease to act because it has been forgotten; nor does the future fail to draw him forward because he does not know its nature. As the surface waters on which the ship moves are supported by the ocean depths below, and as the power of the winds which fill the ship's sails is derived from the pressure of the higher levels of the atmosphere, so the good and evil which man recognizes in himself rest upon and are one with far greater good and evil of which he is unconscious. This same principle operates on every plane of his nature: that of which he is conscious is everywhere one with, supported and determined by that of which he is unconscious. And, conversely, every one of his conscious acts reacts upon and influences in some way and in some degree the whole infinite vastness of his unconscious being. Thus through the circle of man's conscious life, backward and forward between its pairs of opposites, stream lines of force and influence coming from infinite distances and radiating back again beyond his horizon.

In this last observation we are led to extend our consideration, from the background we have been attempting to sketch, to what must be the optical effect of its high lights and shadows upon any object placed in the foreground, and in particular upon our own personal consciousness. When any line of force, or wave motion, such as light or electricity, sound or radiant heat, passes from one medium to another of different density—as when a beam of light passes from air into water or through a pane of glass—there occurs the double phenomena of refraction and reflection. A portion of the wave is reflected back from the surface dividing the two media, and the remaining portion, which passes on, has its course deflected at an angle to that which it had pursued. It is for the latter reason that a straight stick, thrust at an angle into a pool of clear water, will appear to be bent sharply at the surface. It is not the stick that is bent, but our line of sight; and as we always assume this to be straight, it appears to us that the stick is crooked. Similarly if we aim the stick at a stone on the bottom, we shall miss it—for, making no allowance for this deflection of our vision, we have aimed where the stone is not.

Exactly analogous phenomena are caused in the field of consciousness whenever we look at an angle across the line which divides its opposites. When we look obliquely from the desired to the undesired, from past to future, from evil to good or from good to evil, our sight, passing at an angle from the one medium to the other, suffers both refraction and reflection. We assign a false position to everything we see, and whatever we were directly aiming at we should be sure to miss.

Let us remember, however, that this deflection of our vision takes place only when the line of sight is oblique to the dividing line or surface between the two media. If the line of sight be at right angles to the line of division, no deflection takes place. This means that it is always possible to see our own immediate step ahead, clearly and without distortion—for, as has been demonstrated at length, it is our own motion which creates these opposites in which



we live, and their dividing line is always at right angles to our course. Therefore, looking along this course we see truly; but when we turn our gaze at an angle to it, we invariably and of necessity see falsely. Thus it is that, as the *Gita* says, "the duty of another is full of danger." Illusion and delusion arise and surround us the instant we endeavour to contemplate it or turn our eyes from the straight way marked out for our own advance. It is not romance that "walks always on the other side of the street," but glamour and delusion.

Glamour is, however, more often the result of reflection than of refraction. In the early morning or evening, when we have lit the lamps in our rooms, and then stand at the window looking out into the half light of dusk or dawn, we may observe the physical phenomena of which glamour is the psychic counterpart. The light from without comes to us through the glass, and by it we see the outline of the landscape, the trees and shrubbery growing beside the house. But in addition to this, the light from the lamps, within the room behind us, is reflected-back to us from the window pane, so that we see also a picture of the lamps and of the furniture of the room, which, being a reflection, appears to us as outside the window; and the images of the transmitted and reflected lights are blended and superimposed one upon the other. *The lamp appears within the bush*, which thus seems luminous of itself, the table is seen suspended in the outer air, an image of ourselves looks back upon us from without. Thus whatever is illumined within the room is projected upon the external scene and made to blend with it in one composite picture to which no single reality corresponds. There is no lamp within the bush, though we think we see it there. The lamp stands behind us on our table, and the bush is lit only by the light of the sky. The figure that we see looking in upon us from beside a tree is but the reflection of ourselves looking out toward the tree. We mistake reflection for reality, and attribute to what is without that which is within.

This is glamour, the Maya that deludes us in all manifestation, the confusion of subjective and objective, the projection of images across the dividing line of consciousness, the superposition of opposites and the interblending of planes. By its action we project upon and ascribe to the objects of the exterior universe that whose reality is within ourselves, and clothe the bare inner realities with exterior forms as unrelated to them as is the bush to the lamp. It makes us judge others by ourselves, see a reflection of ourselves in all we look upon, so that our judgments of the world are seldom more than self-judgments.

The classical example of glamour is that which is associated with what we call "falling in love," though in using it there is always the risk that what is said of the counterfeit may be wrongly taken as applying to the real. Love itself is the most real thing in all this real universe, and the new heaven and the new earth that open to the lover's heart are a fore-vision of the soul's home and life, rarely understood, held with too little faith, too soon forgotten and allowed to fade. We are not here concerned with love, but with those fires kindled in the lower nature which give it the capacity to love and which love can transmute. From this fire arises an image of love, pure or impure, true or false, according to the fuel with which it is fed—the elements of the nature that

are given to it. The boy desires love—or what he thinks of as love—and this desire is as a lit lamp within him whose reflection and image he may project upon any girl he meets, whose appearance and actions are not too hopelessly at variance with it. Under the dominion of his desire he does not see her as she is, but as his desire would have the object of his love to be. He is not looking at her but at the image he has himself created. His inner image is one of beauty; he ascribes this beauty to her. He desires sweetness and goodness and cleverness; she is, therefore, sweet and good and clever.

It is quite clear in this that the boy is not in the least in love with that particular girl. The probability is that he knows less than nothing about her—for the less he knows the easier it is to substitute his fancy for the reality. At first sight it would appear that what he was actually in love with was his own self-created ideal. But as we examine this assumption we shall see that it can be only partly valid. If one really love beauty or truth, one is not at all given to mistaking ugliness and falsehood for them. Despite the proverb to the contrary, true love is not blind, but very clear sighted and jealous of every imperfection in what is loved. Blindness and confusion arise when desire is mistaken for love—from glamour—for desire is a light lit in the lower nature whose reflection is projected upon the higher, and seems to come to us, therefore, from the higher. The boy was not “in love,” but “in desire.” He desired romance, a worshipper and an object to worship, to feel that he loved and was loved, that he had won a great prize. Desiring these things his imagination created their image within his emotional nature, and by reflection this image was projected outward—as the image of the lamp is projected into the bush.

It would be easy to multiply such illustrations of the phenomena of psychic reflection and refraction, which not only tend ceaselessly to delude us as to our own nature and the motives which animate us, but which equally falsify our perceptions of circumstances and the external world. To see truly we must make our light single. This is why the conquest of desire and self must precede, and be a prerequisite of, the conquest of truth. So long as the lights of personal desire burn brightly in the lower nature, so long will their reflection be projected beyond the dividing line of consciousness and appear as, or at least mingle with and colour, the ideals of the higher. What we think pure motives will be actually very mixed, and evil will bear the guise of good. Yet little by little, if we understand how and why this comes about, we can correct or make allowance for it. If, in the reflection from the window pane, we recognize the lamp as that which habitually stands on our own table, this recognition prevents our really believing it to be in the bush outside. It is the same with psychic reflections. If we have become familiar, by persistent self-examination, with the contents of our lower nature, we shall recognize their reflections and not be deluded by their apparent displacement. Long before we can make our light single we can learn to make allowance for the cross lights we bring to bear on every object that we look upon, and if we set it against its proper background we can correct our false perspectives.

H. B. M.

# WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY<sup>1</sup>

A SHORT time ago, just after the recent unfortunate convention of Bishops at Portland, Oregon, in which such things as the "obey" in the marriage service were done away with, I asked a very dear friend of mine what was the trouble, if any, with the present day Bishops. His answer was simple, "They need Theosophy." About a month after, I left church accompanied by a near relation, after hearing Mr. T. start what promised to be an excellent sermon but which fell away and ended with a theory that I believed wrong. This was not the first sermon that had done this. I turned to the near relation and asked what he considered Mr. T. lacked. His answer, as the other, was simple, "Mr. T. needs Theosophy." In both cases I had been able to perceive that something was wrong; but, lacking in knowledge, had failed to perceive just what was needed. Two people, whose opinions I value highly, answered the same thing. Could I help but think the matter over? This thought came to me—it is my duty to fit myself to best serve the world in general and my friends. I then had to ponder how to do this. I realized that people, whose duty it is to fit themselves to the highest degree to serve their fellow men, Bishops and Ministers, had failed because they lacked Theosophy. Hence, it followed that I must gain some knowledge of this Theosophy in order to best prepare myself for others.

I have hitherto discussed the need of the Theosophy in me only as an aid to others; I will now consider it as an aid to myself only. I think that it is my duty to find the true religion in its highest, purest, and truest form. The easiest way to do this is to follow the example of people who have discovered the truth. The only difficulty is how am I to know who have. One might ask; but one who had truly found religion would be the first to deny it. Hence, I must discover the right models for myself. I have in the course of the past few years visited many different homes. In all save one there was a continual feeling of unrest and disorder. Somehow I was not sorry to leave these households. In the one place, however, there was a feeling of rest, calm, peace, and quiet. A really remarkable group of people were gathered there; but they in no way boasted about themselves. I was genuinely sorry to leave them. It so happened that these people had Theosophy. It also happened that this was the group that I, ever seeking for the truth, regarded as the people who had found the truth. Was it not obvious that I, in order to do what I had set out to do, follow that example, must gain knowledge of this

<sup>1</sup> This contribution from the youngest member of The Theosophical Society—when he wrote it, he was not quite fifteen years old—will be of interest to his elders in the movement, particularly to veterans and should be suggestive to inquirers also.—EDITORS.

Theosophy? Furthermore, it was promised for me that I would do my duty in that state of life to which it should please God to call me. With my father and some of my best friends, Theosophists, it was evident to me that my state of life lay with The Theosophical Society. I realized, therefore, that I was not only passing up an excellent method of finding the truth but also doing myself great harm by not joining. I should not be living up to my promise—to do my duty in that state of life, etc. I, therefore, joined The Theosophical Society.

JAY.

*When Time was not, but lay asleep in the infinite bosom of Duration, the face of the Eternal was still, and the face of the Waters was still, and the Light and Image of the Eternal, reflected from the Waters, returned again to It; and the Eternal and the Waters and the Image of the Eternal in the Waters were One.*

*The Eternal smiled, and Time awoke to behold it. The smile rippled on the face of the Waters, and from each ripple the Light of the Eternal radiated its Image, creating Space and Form and Number, and Beings from its One Being, and filling all with the Light and Image of the Eternal.*

*Beloved, thy Being is from the Smile of the Eternal.*—BOOK OF ECHOES.

*Those who adore God in the sun, says Ibn al-'Arabi, behold the sun, and those who adore Him in living things see a living thing, and those who adore Him in lifeless things see a lifeless thing, and those who adore Him as a Being unique and unparalleled see that which has no like. Do not attach yourself, he continues, to any particular creed exclusively, so that you disbelieve in all the rest; otherwise, you will lose much good, nay, you will fail to recognise the real truth of the matter. God the omnipresent and omnipotent, is not limited by any one creed, for He says (Kor. 2. 109), "Wheresoever ye turn, there is the face of Allah." Every one praises what he believes; his god is his own creature, and in praising it he praises himself. Consequently he blames the beliefs of others, which he would not do if he were just, but his dislike is based on ignorance. If he knew Junayd's saying, "The water takes its colour from the vessel containing it," he would not interfere with other men's beliefs, but would perceive God in every form of belief.*—"THE MYSTICS OF ISLAM," R. A. NICHOLSON.

# THEOSOPHY<sup>1</sup>

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**I**T may be asked how the single word, Theosophy, can stand as the title of a lecture. It is because Theosophy is at once the science of life and the art of life; at once a criticism of life and the method of living in the most excellent way. And life is the one thing that interests all mankind, everywhere and always. Life may be viewed and lived as a splendid manifestation of the Divine Spirit, or it may be lived feverishly, in the infatuation of the senses; but it is always the over-ruling interest, for the sake of which all else is dear. Therefore Theosophy, the science of life, is the supreme science; Theosophy, the art of life, is the supreme art.

In the past there have been many Theosophical Societies, societies for the study and practice of Theosophy, beginning many centuries ago. In the present epoch, in its present incarnation, The Theosophical Society was born nearly fifty years ago, in 1875. It began its work as a science of life by criticizing two great presentations of life: science and religion.

What was the condition of science, of religion, when The Theosophical Society began its work in 1875? It is not unfair to say that science was materialistic and dogmatic; that religion was dogmatic and materialistic.

We may take as characterizing the science of that time the famous pronouncement of John Tyndall, as President of the British Association, at Belfast in 1874: "We find in matter the promise and potency of every form of life," or "of all terrestrial life," as he later wrote the phrase. This may sound like a mere philosophical abstraction, but let us make it concrete. What does it mean in terms of human life? It means that our life is absolutely bound up with, and limited by, the material substance of the body and the brain; it means that "when the brains are out, the man will die." It means the complete extinction of consciousness with the dissolution of the body. It means unconditional death. It is not unfair to call that materialistic.

Not all men of science at that time were equally materialistic. Huxley was no materialist; he had the mind and spirit of a philosopher and was thoroughly convinced that the position of Berkeley's idealism is unassailable. But Huxley was, in certain ways, fiercely dogmatic. In 1860, the year after the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Huxley wrote to Darwin that he was sharpening his teeth and claws for the conflict that he foresaw Darwin's views would bring. And the conflict began immediately, with Huxley as the protagonist on the one side and Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, on the other. In their famous contest at Oxford, teeth and claws were vigorously used by both sides, and Huxley reached the climax of fiery denunciation by saying that he would not be ashamed to own an ape as his grandfather, but he

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<sup>1</sup> A lecture by Charles Johnston, on April 29, 1923, on the occasion of the Convention of The Theosophical Society.

would be ashamed to own as his grandfather such a man as Bishop Wilberforce. He did not name him, but drew instead a word picture which became famous as a piece of fierce invective.

That is not the spirit in which truth is sought and found. That is not the spirit in which students of Theosophy seek to penetrate the deep mysteries of life, to establish the science and the art of life.

If science was then materialistic and dogmatic, religion was dogmatic and materialistic. And we may come at once to the fundamental dogma; practically every Church, every division of religion, tacitly or openly held that salvation belonged to it alone. There were exceptions, as there were exceptions to the materialism of science. There were more liberal spirits, who followed Thomas Aquinas when he said: "If anyone born in barbarous nations do what in him lieth, God will reveal to him what is necessary for salvation, either by inspiration or by sending a teacher." But this was not the general view. The view broadly accepted was that, while the heathen and those of other religions might have their qualities, there was no expectation of meeting them in heaven.

We can find a good illustration of this mischievous dogmatic attitude in the quotation from a seventeenth century theologian with which F. Max Müller begins Volume I of *The Sacred Books of the East*, published in 1879. The intent of this quotation is, that we should study other religions to convince ourselves of the superiority of our own.

Once again, this is not the spirit of truth, the spirit in which truth may be sought and found. It is not the spirit of Theosophy.

So much, then, for the position of science and religion fifty years ago, at the time when The Theosophical Society began its work. What progress has been made in fifty years? What has been the result of the tremendous inspiration of Theosophical ideas on the thought and life of the world? What has been accomplished toward making the science of life more luminous, toward making the art of life more enlightened and more divine?

It is not too much to say that in large measure both science and religion have broken their bonds. Science is no longer in the literal sense materialistic. The Churches no longer speak of the heathen religions, but term them more politely "ethnic" religions, "ethnic" being the Greek word formerly rendered "heathen." There is some recognition at least of the fact that there may be religious truth, that there may be life and light and immortality in some of these non-Christian religions. The prefatory quotation in *The Sacred Books of the East* would now strike a discordant note: the suggestion that we should study the religions of others in order to prove the superiority of our own. Religious and philosophic thought have moved past the point where a process of that sort would recommend itself as a means of obtaining spiritual truth. Therefore, in religion, the constrictive power of dogmatism has in a sense been broken, as has the constrictive power of materialism in science.

Going back to the position of scientific materialism fifty years ago, there is a touch of humour in the thought that when Tyndall, in 1874, found in matter the promise and potency of life, he thought he knew what matter was. Today,

science is certain that it does not know. Matter in the old sense is gone, it has ceased to exist. Instead of the solidly substantial matter of Tyndall's thought, we have something subtle and elusive; as Professor Frederick Soddy of Oxford says, in his fine book, *The Interpretation of Radium* (1920, page 226): "inevitably as science proceeds, the solid tangible material universe dissolves before its touch into finer and still finer particles, the unit quantities or 'atoms' of positive and negative electricity." Matter in the old sense has ceased to exist; it has vanished, leaving in its place a tissue of electrical spray. Materialism has gone into bankruptcy with no assets.

We may take Frederick Soddy's book as a summary of the best thought of to-day regarding the physical sciences, including something of geology and astronomy. Soddy has a deeply intuitional mind, a wide sweep of creative imagination, a firm grasp of the subtle side of manifested Nature; in many ways, one might call him a Theosophical thinker. He has, indeed, given an admirable interpretation of the serpent of eternity which, combined with Solomon's seal, the key of Isis and the swastika, forms the seal of The Theosophical Society: "Consider the ancient mystic symbol of matter . . . a serpent, coiled into a circle with the head devouring the tail. . . . The idea which arises in one's mind as the most attractive and consistent explanation of the universe in the light of present knowledge is, perhaps, that matter is breaking down and its energy being evolved and degraded in one part of a cycle of evolution, and in another part, still unknown to us, the matter is being again built up with the utilization of the waste energy. If one wished to symbolize such an idea, in what better way could it be done than by the ancient tail-devouring serpent?" (page 181). And it has already been pointed out that certain of Soddy's cosmic theories are eminently "theosophical." Take, for example, such a passage as this:

"So far as physical science yet can deduce, the accumulation of thermal energy within a world containing elements undergoing atomic disintegration during the 'geological age' must alternate with a state of things which might be termed 'the incandescent age,' in which this accumulated energy is dissipated by radiation. This periodic cycle of changes must continue until the elements in question have disintegrated—that is, over a period which radioactive measurements indicate is of the order of tens or hundreds of thousands of millions of years" (page 179).

This idea of the cyclic return of the Cosmos, the magnitude of the figures and the comparison with the alternations of night and day are all very close to ideas held by many students of Theosophy, and set forth ages ago in the Indian *Puranas* and in sermons attributed to the Buddha.

And these are not the only points at which Soddy approaches Theosophical ideas. Take the passage immediately following that on the symbol of the serpent:

"It is curious to reflect, for example, upon the remarkable legend of the philosopher's stone, one of the oldest and most universal beliefs, the origin of which, however far back we penetrate into the records of the past, we do not

probably trace to its real source. The philosopher's stone was credited with the power not only of transmuting the metals, but of acting *as the elixir of life*. Now, whatever the origin of this apparently meaningless jumble of ideas may have been, it is really a perfect and but very slightly allegorical expression of the actual present views we hold today. It does not require much effort of the imagination to see in energy the life of the physical universe, and the key to the primary fountains of the physical life of the universe today is known to be transmutation. Is, then, this old association of the power of transmutation with the elixir of life merely a coincidence? I prefer to believe it may be an echo from one of many previous epochs in the unrecorded history of the world, of an age of men which have trod before the road we are treading today, in a past possibly so remote that even the very atoms of its civilization literally have had time to disintegrate.

"Let us give the imagination a moment's further free scope in this direction, however, before closing. What if this point of view that has now suggested itself is true, and we may trust ourselves to the slender foundation afforded by the traditions and superstitions which have been handed down to us from a prehistoric time? Can we not read into them some justification for the belief that some former forgotten race of men attained not only to the knowledge we have so recently won, but also to power that is not yet ours? Science has reconstructed the story of the past as one of a continuous Ascent of Man to the present-day level of his powers. In face of the circumstantial evidence existing of this steady upward progress of the race, the traditional view of the Fall of Man from a higher former state has come to be more and more difficult to understand. From our new standpoint the two points of view are by no means so irreconcilable as they appeared. A race which could transmute matter would have little need to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow. If we can judge from what our engineers accomplish with their comparatively restricted supplies of energy, such a race could transform a desert continent, thaw the frozen poles, and make the whole world one smiling Garden of Eden. Possibly they could explore the outer realms of space, emigrating to more favourable worlds as the superfluous today emigrate to more favourable continents. The legend of the Fall of Man, possibly, may be all that has survived of such a time before, for some unknown reason, the whole world was plunged back again under the undisputed sway of Nature, to begin once more its upward toilsome journey through the ages" (page 182).

Take the sentence "some former forgotten race of men attained not only to the knowledge we have so recently won, but also to the power that is not yet ours," and compare it with this: "Ages before the Royal Society found itself becoming a reality upon the plan of the 'Prophetic Scheme,' an innate longing for the hidden, a passionate love for, and the study of, Nature, had led men in every generation to try and fathom her secrets. . . . The *vril* of the *Coming Race* was the common property of races now extinct . . ." and it is clear that Professor Soddy, albeit unconsciously, is walking in step with the august author of the letters in the *Occult World*.



So much for the physical sciences, with their complete liberation from materialism. Let us now turn to the sciences which deal with life, taking as our text a very remarkable book written in this country, *The Origin and Evolution of Life*, by Henry Fairfield Osborn, published in New York in 1918. The book is as representative and as admirable as Soddy's.

Its key-note is a departure "from the matter and form conceptions" of the period we began by criticizing, and an advance toward "an energy conception of Evolution." It is true that Osborn does not reveal the origin of life, or the causes of the evolution of life, but he himself quite clearly realizes this. His mind is both reverent and intuitive. He quite frankly admits miracles of adaptation and heredity, and declares that "the germ evolution is the most incomprehensible phenomenon which has yet been discovered in the universe"; indeed, he speaks of the heredity-germ "inconceivable in each of its three powers" in terms that remind us of the Athanasian Creed, "there are not three incomprehensibles, but one incomprehensible."

Osborn speaks of the forms of life capturing energy from the elements, using this word much as Plato and the Orientals do; capturing energy from the earth, from the water, from the air, from the fire of the sun. And he rises to a high degree of scientific imagination, when he says: "We appear to inherit some, if not all, of our physicochemical characters from the sun; and to this degree we may claim kinship with the stellar universe. Some of our distinctive characters and functions are actually properties of our ancestral star" (page xviii).

There is a reminiscence in this of the famous passage in Plato's *Timæus*, which Dante quotes. We are kindred of the stellar universe. We are children of the sun. The essential thought of this valuable book is the movement away from matter, the movement toward energy, as the source of life. In sharp contrast with Tyndall, Osborn finds, not in matter, but in energy, the promise and potency of every form of life. The deliberate turning from materialism is thus as marked in the biological as in the physical sciences.

Here, then, we have the progress of the fifty years since The Theosophical Society began its work. What has Theosophy to say of this progress? Taking Theosophy as a science of life, a criticism of life, what have its students to say of the ground thus gained?

Let us take as our measuring rod Paul's splendid sentence in the letter to the disciples at Ephesus: "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Paul makes clear what he means by the measure of the stature of the perfect man when he writes to the disciples in Corinth concerning the triune man, body, soul, spirit: the body; the psyche or living soul; the life-giving spirit, from heaven. Paul is following a division earlier used by Aristotle, who distinguishes between the psyche, the living soul, and *nous*, the spiritual intelligence, which he holds to be immortal and eternal; a threefold division used with even deeper significance by Plato.

Body, soul, spirit: what do we mean by spirit, by spiritual life? We mean a life from which self has been dissolved; and, as self disappears, other selves

begin to come into view, until we behold the Supreme Self of all Beings, the Oversoul, the eternal Logos. We mean by spirit the threefold inspiration that Plato speaks of: the revelation of the true, the beautiful, the good; of the three in one, and that one the Logos. We mean the triad of the Vedanta, eternal being, infinite consciousness, everlasting joy; once more, the essential being of the Logos. We mean a consciousness which shall have that quality, that character; a consciousness, selfless, receptive of other selves, receptive of the Supreme; a consciousness illumined by beauty, truth and goodness; a consciousness immortal, eternal, in essence one with the Logos.

Here, then, is our measuring rod, the measure of the stature of the perfect man. Tried by this measure, how shall we judge the present attainment of science? We are children of the sun. Are we children of the Eternal, one in essence with the Divine Consciousness? What provision is there, in what we have quoted, for such a consciousness? What recognition is there even of the problem of such a consciousness? Soddy depicts our world melted by fervent energy, driven by the forces of radioactivity into space, as a vast sphere of incandescent mist. Where, during his age of incandescence, is consciousness, that spiritual consciousness which, in the view of many students of Theosophy, is the true eternal Being, compared with which the fiery mist is evanescent? Soddy shows hardly any recognition of that problem. He writes, it is true, of the precarious tenure of life, of its disappearance during the incandescent age, "to be inaugurated and consummated afresh, if at all, between the ending and the beginning of each new cosmical day," the age of incandescence being in his view comparable to day, while he compares the age of geological evolution to night. He seems, therefore, to have no conception of spiritual consciousness as the eternal reality, for whose sake, as the Sankhya philosophy teaches, the whole process of Nature exists. He does not even appear to realize the truth that was so plain to Huxley: that consciousness is the one thing of which we have first hand knowledge; that we are indebted to consciousness not only for all our knowledge of objective fact, for all our observations, but also for our divination of the meaning of these facts and observations. All his wonderful observations of radioactivity dwell in consciousness; all the profound insight with which he has interpreted them is a mode of consciousness; that mode, in fact, which Aristotle called *nous*, and which he held to be immortal and eternal, because of its quality of divination.

We should think that Soddy must conceive his own perceiving mind to be one of two things: either a real spiritual consciousness, or a whirlpool of those electrical units to which he reduces all matter. But that a swirl of electrons should form a concept of the Cosmos, seems to us a philosophical absurdity.

To go back again to Osborn's eloquent passage: We are kin of the stellar universe, partaking in the nature of our father, the sun. A thought of real profundity and beauty; but what of man the immortal? The sun is in a sense immortal. We have evidence that the sun has been in existence, practically unchanged, for a hundred million years. The warmth of our bodies is the heat of the sun. But whence do we inherit the light in our souls? Must there not

be, as the Masters of all religions have taught, a spiritual Sun, a Sun of righteousness, whence we draw that light? If we be heirs and children of the sun must we not be, by the same measure, heirs and children of the infinite Logos the Oversoul, drawing thence our immortality, drawing thence that spiritual light through which Soddy and Osborn interpret life and nature? Here again is the measure of the stature of the perfect man.

We do not know what are the religious convictions of the two men whom we have quoted, as representing physical and natural science today. They may well be religious men. We find in both the spirit of reverence and intuition, with much that is entirely consonant with Theosophical thinking. But where do we find in the two books we have quoted any revelation of the spiritual man in his immortality, in his escape from self to the life of the Logos, in his partaking of the beauty of holiness? There is hardly a trace from cover to cover.

These two noteworthy books cover the field of biology and the field of physical science. They show a great liberation from the materialism, the constricted bondage of Tyndall's day. Science has started from that fixed point, has broken away from its limitations. Where has it arrived?

We may say the same thing of religion. No longer is there the same dogmatism, the egotistic self-assertion of sect against sect. Officially the Church of Rome has not abated anything of its exclusive claim, but the general temper of members of that Church is without doubt more liberal. Religious feeling and thought, like science, has moved away from the fixed centre of dogmatism. Where has it arrived? The Theosophical standard, the measure of the perfect man, is spiritual experience; not the outward observation of psychic appearances, but the inner experience of spiritual realities. Let us take this as our measure, and let us ask whether we shall find anywhere, in any of the Churches, anyone who will say: "I know of my own knowledge that the spirit of man is immortal, the child of the Logos, the heir of Divinity." Many will say that they know this through tradition, through the teaching of the Church. The Churches do hold this knowledge in a vague and traditional way. But do we find a readiness on the part of their teachers to come forward and say: "Through my own spiritual experience, through the illumination of my own consciousness, I know that the spirit of man is immortal, the child of the Logos, and that, in virtue of that sonship, the spirit of man is destined to enter into the full glory of the life of the Logos?"

These two views of life, therefore, have set forth from a certain point and have gone a certain distance, but they have not reached the desired haven. Take a comparison: the journey from Dover to Calais, a distance of twenty-five miles. The two boats have pushed out from Dover. The harbour with its enclosing piers is left behind. The boats are in mid-channel. Some of us may have crossed from Dover to Calais in the days of the small packet boats, and we may remember the charm of the centre of the channel as a resting place. If so, we know also that, in spite of the charm of resting there, there was an impelling desire to push on, to leave the centre of the channel and to land in France. So we wish, in our more momentous journey, to leave the troubled

water of the channel, to reach the harbour of the knowledge of spiritual man. This is the challenge of the Theosophical Movement to the sciences and the Churches.

But the problem is first of all our own, as students of Theosophy. It may depend on students of Theosophy to a degree we hardly realize, whether science and religion shall complete their journey, or remain like the fabled coffin of Mahomet in the interspace, leaving earth but not reaching heaven. Shall we, students of Theosophy, work with such wisdom, such devotion, such ardent faith, such effectiveness, that we may take advantage of this great liberation of science and religion, this breaking of the iron bonds that bound them fifty years ago? Have we the will, have we the courage and determination so to work and think and live that The Theosophical Society may be a mighty force, potent enough to carry science and religion forward from mid-channel to the haven where they would be? Or are we to fail in our magnificent opportunity, leaving the two barques in the fretful centre of the channel?

Shall we be content with a science of life that lacks the definite certitude of the immortality of the spirit of man? Shall we be content with an energy concept of evolution, splendid and vital though it be, and great as may be the advance which it marks, a concept able to say: "We are children of the earth, we are children of the waters, we are children of the air, we are children of the sun," but which cannot add: "We are children of God, we are children of immortality"?

Again, shall we rest content with a religious concept of life, largely undogmatic, tolerant enough toward other religions, suffused with general benevolence, given to institutionalism, busy with social service often undistinguishable from Socialism, addicted, as Emerson said, to the distribution of herb tea and blankets; yet without firm conviction, without genuine experience of immortality? No amount of herb tea and blankets will make up for the immortality of the soul.

Or, to look at the sinister side of this absence of strong convictions, shall we be content with a Church tolerant in the face of evil doing, unwilling to denounce crime, ready to bow before the former recipients of herb tea and blankets, giving flattery instead of doles, even condoning assassination if political profit seems to come from it, with a moral limpness that goes back to the invertebrate period of the biologists? Or shall we work for and demand religious teaching which shall speak with authority, as the Masters have always spoken; shall we demand teachers who shall know of their own knowledge that we are heirs of immortality, that we are destined to break the bonds of self, to inherit the kingdom of the Logos, the splendour of Divinity, the living consciousness of spiritual truth, of the beauty of holiness?

If we demand a science which shall speak with authority of immortality, a religion which shall speak with authority of immortality, and this Theosophy does demand, then we must first live up to our own ideal. It will be futile for us to set as an ideal for scientific attainment, the certitude of spiritual things, while we ourselves seek no certitude. It will be futile for us to ask for a Church

which shall have certain knowledge of God, of the Divine, of our immortality, our oneness with the Logos, if we ourselves do not seek the spiritual experience which shall certify these things.

While it is true that this applies with special force to students of Theosophy and members of The Theosophical Society, I cannot see how anyone in this audience can escape a measure of responsibility. What are those who hear these things willing to do about them? Are they willing to look forward to a science which has ceased to be materialistic without becoming spiritual? Will they be content with a Church which has ceased to be dogmatic without attaining to real knowledge? Will they be content to take their station on either of these barques perpetually lingering in mid-channel, or are they determined to push on to France?

While I cannot see how you may escape responsibility, such responsibility is something God alone in His wisdom can judge. But when you stand, in the words of the ancient parable, before the Great White Throne, and the Judge asks: "What have you done to combat materialism and dogmatism?" if you answer, "I was waiting for The Theosophical Society to do it!" this would seem to me to be a difficult and embarrassing position. Personally, I should like to be able to say: "I have tried to do my part; I have fallen short a thousand times, but I have loyally and honestly tried!"

If science and religion in the coming years are to make the harbour, to gain definite knowledge of man the immortal, the true spiritual man, the heir of divinity, then it would be well for students of Theosophy, for members of The Theosophical Society, for all who have the vital sense of human life as it ought to be, diligently to try and examine themselves, to see what we, what you and I individually, are going to do about it. Nothing will be accomplished without effort. Nothing will be attained without faith, without enthusiasm. As the Sanskrit proverb says, nothing happens without a why. And we must be the why, or we must explain the reason of our failure.

I think that there is only one way in which we shall make real headway. That is, by learning, through whatever means we can, from whomsoever we can, the laws of spiritual life, and by faithfully living according to these laws. If we do this, we shall thereby awaken in ourselves the powers of perception and the powers of action which will, in due time, give us experimental knowledge of immortality. We must seek to discover the laws of spiritual life, to learn them, try them, test them, follow them by wise experiment and experience. This is an experimental science.

In following certain sciences, astronomy, for example, men undergo extraordinary hardships. There are the adventures of eclipse expeditions, the long vigils, rigorous personal discipline. In order to see the details of a faint nebula, it may be necessary to sit for hours in darkness, to prepare the retina of the eye. Certain observations with the microscope require a like withdrawal from the light of the world, an entering into quietude and darkness. It is a law of the eye that, if it has been exposed to bright light, it cannot at once respond to faint illumination; otherwise we should see the stars in full sunshine.

Scientists have found out that law, and they follow it in their search for truth.

This is only a symbol of the rigorous training that students of science are willing to undergo, and do undergo, following out the light of their science. It is one of a thousand examples that might be given. In this, at any rate, science sets a superb example. Science shows us the honesty and zeal with which we must proceed, the conditions under which success in our search is possible. Let us seek the laws of spiritual life. Let us obey them to the letter. The reward will be an awakening unto life.

We move as shadows among shadows. We need an awakening unto life, the life of the spiritual man. We need to come alive. Saint Paul speaks of those who were dead in trespasses. This is a true figure not only of Paul's time, but of ours; not only of them, but of us also. We are dead until we come to life. And we can come to life by discerning the laws of life and by obeying them, and in no other way.

If students of Theosophy are willing to do this, if they have the wisdom and the courage and the fidelity and the loyalty to follow this course, and to follow it to the end, then one may confidently say that fifty years hence, though science may not have reached the final goal, though religion may not have gained full illumination, yet there will be among students of Theosophy a genuine science of life, a true art of life, based on real experience, a firsthand knowledge of our immortal nature. We shall have waked up. We shall have come to life. We shall know through our own experience that we are immortal. We shall not need to go for testimony to Plato's *Phædo* or to the *Epistle to the Corinthians*. There will be genuine knowledge. There will be genuine wisdom. There will be genuine light.

Here, then, is our problem. Here is our task. Here is our superb opportunity. And it is not too much to say that the future of mankind will depend, and does depend, on the way in which we meet this spiritual opportunity. Let us, therefore, seek the wisdom and power of Masters to help us. Let us use every power we possess, wisely and courageously, faithfully and loyally. And let us embark on this high adventure realizing that we owe to the Divinity our boundless gratitude, gratitude unspeakable, for an opportunity so superb, so magnificent.

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*I am wholly without doubt in the existence of the good Mazdayasnian [Zoroastrian] faith, in the coming of the resurrection and the later body . . . in an invariable recompense of good deeds and their reward, and of bad deeds and their punishment, as well as in the continuance of Paradise and in the annihilation of Hell.*—PATET ERANI.

# AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

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## VIII

### THE NEW KINGDOM (THE EMPIRE)

**O**F the once splendid City of the Horizon of Aton there remains to-day hardly even a trace, so unsparing was its mutilation, so complete its final destruction during the terrible reaction which followed the ultimate downfall of the Aton faith; and as no other city, even of a later civilization, was ever built here, the casual modern visitor now sees little more than a yellow, sandy plain stretching away to the hills which hem it in on every side. Though we are not all able to call up unaided the imagery of bygone scenes, archæology does for us what most of us cannot do for ourselves, and by its enchantment there springs again, from the bare, windswept expanse, the moving pageant of intense and varied life in the long distant past. The Royal City of Aton spreads itself out before us in all its ancient beauty; once more we see the glistening, white-walled temples and palaces which Akhnaton built; we walk in the sweet-smelling gardens which he loved, and we enter into the daily life and activity which stirred and glowed in the Holy City. We can even follow the roads into the desert along which the King swept in his chariot, the roads which led in all directions to the confines of the sacred area, chosen and set apart for Aton.

As is almost invariably the case in Egypt, our chief source of information is the necropolis, and it is from the elaborate work found in the tombs of the King and of his nobles and priests that we are able not only to reconstruct the life in palace and market-place, but, what is of far greater importance, that we are able to study the Aton worship at its source, and learn almost from the very lips of the extraordinary young Pharaoh himself, the message which he gave to the world of the boundless love of God for His creation,—a message by no means new in Egypt, but which, passing through the luminous heart and mind of Akhnaton, reaches us with a new force and power.

It was, as we have seen, in the fourth or fifth year of his reign, that the young High Priest of Aton moved, with a comparatively scanty following, to Akhetaton, which by this time had become a splendid royal residence city. On the edge of the wide expanse of rich cultivated land which stretched between the Nile and the desert behind, stood the "House of Aton," the temple, facing the river and dominating the whole scene. It was spread over an enormous area, though the sanctuary itself occupied only a small part, and it was enclosed by

high walls, inside which were wide, successive courts, bordered by shady colonnades, each court with its central altar always piled high with fruit and flowers; small pomegranate and persea trees, set at short intervals, giving added touches of colour. All these courts were open to the sky, and the sun searched every corner with its brilliant light. Passing to the far eastern end of the enclosure, the innermost part of the temple was reached,—the shrine, the Holy of Holies, where special temple services were held and which was, indeed, the heart and centre of the religious life at Akhetaton.

In front of the temple enclosure, sloping gently down to the river, were the wide cool temple gardens, full of a brooding peace, where stretched long, shady walks for the priests to wander in, and where, from certain chosen spots, could be seen, far out in the broad river, the little lonely island which it encircled as it swept majestically past on its way to the sea. Here too they could watch the busy river craft, with bulging sails and high cabined decks, which passed up and down stream in countless numbers. In these gardens, directly in line with the axis of the temple, was a huge, sunken, alabaster-lined, water-filled tank, with steeply sloping sides, down which steps ran. It was the sacred lake of the temple, and in it, carefully tended by the priests, grew the "holy flower," "the flower which was in the beginning the Glorious Lily of the Great Water." Both the white and the blue varieties were kept in this hallowed spot,—the blue lotus which uncovers its heart to the noon-day heat; the white lotus which dreams, open-eyed, through the night.

Near at hand, and also facing the river, Akhnaton had built his own palace, in the midst of palm and acacia groves, where the birds sang all day, and sunlight and shadow shifted endlessly. Rare flowers and shrubs grew everywhere in the luxuriant palace gardens, for Akhnaton had an absorbing love for all growing things. Here and there, too, were small, delicately constructed kiosks, indispensable to the Egyptian, with vine covered columns supporting light roofs, quiet resting places in the hot hours of the day; while out under the blazing sun were clear pools of water teeming with aquatic plants of all kinds, and alive with darting, many-coloured fish. In the palace grounds were the royal store-houses, with shelves piled high with sealed wine jars, with fruit and vegetables, with poultry, game and fish. A little farther away were the royal stables, and we can peep into these and see the horses standing in front of their long troughs, with soft, velvet noses stretched out expectantly as they wait for their dinner, their delicate small ears pointing eagerly forward, most realistically.

The palace itself was full of great breezy halls, with beautiful, painted pavements executed with the most intricate and elaborate care, picturing wide, marshland scenes, the tall, waving papyrus, sedge grasses and slender rushes, and representing with a wholly new realism, the movements of wild creatures, the beasts of the field and fowls of the air. The walls were covered with naturalistic scenes of daily life, or enriched by dados of flower and leaf design, poppies alternating with sunny, wide-open daisies; great bunches of clustering, purple grapes; persea fruit blended with corn flowers, and the lotus with its



slender calyx and half open buds. Even Queen Nefertithi's pavilion can be located in the innermost palace enclosure, for her name and titles, interwoven with designs of exquisite delicacy, have been found in abundance, and it is easy to imagine her, the Great Lady of the Two Lands, the Mistress of the Palace, living and moving about in this rich setting which suited her own exquisite person so well. She, too, it was, no doubt, who tended the many small alabaster altars which were to be found all through the palace at every important point, seeing that fresh flowers and fruits were always laid upon them, and making of the palace a place of worship second only to the great temple, under whose shadow it stood.

Scattered about the central group of temple and palace, and stretching away to the east, were other smaller temples, and the residences of the nobles who had chosen to follow their King from Thebes, each building standing in its own garden of clustering trees and brilliant flowers, of vine-covered trellises and shady orchards.

Daily life in the City of the Sun was evidently centred round the royal family. Since it was the King who alone was responsible for the new religion, for the building of the great, new city, for the many-sided new life lived within its limits, so it is natural that he should become even more the centre of all activities, the pivot upon which all things revolved, than had been the case with most of his predecessors. Thus we see him under many guises, for we learn much from the numberless tomb reliefs, about the state functions, the temple services, and the private life of the King.

We see him, as High Priest, officiating at the morning sacrifice; the priests bestirring themselves in the temple, preparatory to his coming, the temple servants bringing the day's offerings of fruit and flowers, of baskets piled high with bread and cakes. We see him reverently standing before the altar, incense burner in hand, reciting the ritual of the day.

Or he drives out of the palace gates, on his way to some public ceremony, his tall-plumed horses galloping swiftly ahead along the roadway, while a military escort speeds on in front, clearing the way. There is a sense of forward rush and sweep which the artist has caught most admirably,—that sense of motion so characteristic of this time.

Still again the King is seen rewarding one of his nobles for some service rendered, while the Queen and one of the young princesses, standing beside him, talk together, each bending toward the other, the drawing showing a remarkable grace and freedom and life-like quality.

Or else it is a gorgeous pageant, staged for the receiving of tribute, when foreign emissaries arrive to do honour to the Pharaoh, showing that Egypt's power in Asia and Nubia was at this time still unshaken.

What strikes us particularly in all the reliefs, only a few of which we have been able to touch on,<sup>1</sup> is the evident desire to represent people and events

<sup>1</sup> For excellent drawings of all the tomb reliefs of this period refer to *Rock Tombs of El-Amarna*, by N. de G. Davies. Also, *Monuments Pour Servir À L'Étude Du Culte D'Amon En Égypte*, by MM. Bouriant, Legrain, Jéquier, which appears in vol. 8 of *L'Institut Français D'Archéologie Oriental Du Caire*.

as they actually were, in great detail, and with a marked and deliberate accuracy.

While life at Akhetaton had the traditional share of regal state, it is none the less a simple, wholesome gaiety, and an emphasis on family ties which are the most arresting features because of a realism heretofore untouched. The love of home, so noticeable in the Egyptian from earliest times, was with Akhnaton deeply accentuated. That autobiographical impulse, which had made the noble, as far back as the Old Kingdom, wish to be immortalized in his tomb side by side with the wife and children he had loved in life, refusing to be separated from them in death; or to be shown as taking part in some favorite sport, generally accompanied, even here, by a large family,—found for the first time an echo in one of Egypt's Pharaohs, and we recognize in Akhnaton that profound love of wife and children and of home associations, which is, in reality, one of the hall-marks of the ancient Egyptian. So, out of countless scenes representing the royal household, all of which are portrayed with a freedom and candour quite new, we can choose any we like,—they all show a simple, natural, unaffected domesticity.

Now we find the King, his official duties laid temporarily on one side, resting in a remote part of the palace gardens, in the cool shade of one of the kiosks. The Queen, standing beside him, pours a refreshing drink into a cup which he holds out, while the little princesses play about, one coming close up to him with hands full of lotus flowers, which she offers.

Or we have a glimpse into one of the palace chambers, where Akhnaton is seen playing with his children, who sit on his knees or climb up to his shoulders, while the Queen sits affectionately beside him, holding his hand.

Or again Akhnaton and Nefertithi drive out together. They are seen talking earnestly, confidentially, Nefertithi turning to look up into Akhnaton's face,—all of it shown with an astonishing ease and mobility of line.

Still again the King and Queen are driving together, apparently very rapidly, for the Queen grasps the side of the chariot to steady herself. One of the children, also in the chariot and knowing herself unwatched, pokes the horses with a stick,—probably the reason for the rapid motion! It is evidently a scene which actually took place, represented realistically, true in the smallest detail, and, like most of the art of this time, without precedent in Egypt.

The lives of the nobles and courtiers reflect the life of the palace. Now it is worship in the temple (and this really occupies the largest share), now it is the rigid ceremonial which court etiquette compels; again it is a life of marshland sports, fowling and gaming. The Egyptian of the Empire, happy at home with his garden, his vineyard, his flowers and his fruits, loved also to roam into the wilder districts, led on by his intense interest in life's varied activities and pleasures. The "out of doors" always made a strong appeal to the Egyptian, and he is seen at all times following his craving for country pastimes, though at this period the picture is drawn with constant thought for movement and life.

Meanwhile, down by the river were the quays, where the river boats—

making a forest of tall masts with the familiar close net-work of rigging—were moored, and where the populace gathered to watch the unloading of the latest imports from abroad. Each scene is represented with such realism that we can feel ourselves eagerly sharing in the activities of the water-front. Here we see the bearded, long-robed Asiatic working shoulder to shoulder with the thinly-clad, clean-shaven, gracefully slender Egyptian; here too we see the Libyan with the tell-tale feather in his headdress, or the thick-lipped, curly-haired Nubian, busy with his wares brought from the far south. A little apart we see some fishermen mending their nets. One, thoroughly occupied with his work, has no time to be loquacious. Another idles, while he talks to a third who loiters about. Evidently these two have much to say to each other, an amusing story or just friendly chatter. A woman, standing on the bank, bends forward, gesticulating to a man who is fishing from a tiny boat some distance from shore. He turns and calls cheerfully back to her, perhaps to reassure her that he will not fail to bring home some fish for the children's dinner! Two men, carrying a lightly built table heaped with kitchen-garden stuff, pass by, jesting over something. One turns his head as though to make some whimsical retort, or to give a mock rebuke to his fellow. Realism has burst the fetters of convention, and we see the everyday Egyptian, as in fact we have always known him, wholesome, talkative, sunny, unquenchably humorous, living and working once more before us.

So, piecing together the evidence supplied in the tomb reliefs, we follow the different phases of existence in the City of the Sun,—the lives of the royal family in the palace, that of the priests in the great temple, of the nobles in their villas, or of the common folk on the river front. It all unrolls before us and tells us a consecutive, animated story of the busy, happy, sun-lit life at Akhetaton.

What was it that made the realism of this period so spontaneous? What was the religion which moved Akhnaton so deeply that he was able to create a whole new world? Why was it that in their imagery of nature, found particularly in the painted pavements and wall decorations of the palace, the best artists of his time have glimpsed, with unprecedented and unerring insight, the hidden, mysterious Life underlying all manifestation? For never before have we been so aware of the ecstasy of life as we are during this period. There had been a rich exuberance, a refined, luxurious savour in the art of the reign of Amenhotep III, both splendid and contagious, but now there is a rarefied beauty, an exaltation which flames visibly in every line, in every form. Looking at the tremulous reeds which fringe the river banks, we can actually hear them brushing lightly, each against the other, as the rippling water curls and slides between them. We can feel and hear the movement of the wind in the trees, the noisy rustle of the date palms, the soft shiver of the acacia; we can see the bending and nodding of the slender, purple thistle, or the lazy floating and swaying motion of the delicate water plants, in the dark, wind-stirred pools. With rapturous burst of song the birds rise up out of the tall papyrus waving on the borders of the canals, where the irrigation has brought its

blessing of fertility. With the freedom of unfettered joy in their own vigorous life, the little wild animals spring lightly over the wide stretches of field and marshland. There is a kind of ravishment in every movement, conveying, in the subtle way peculiar to this time, a sense that all things in nature are thrilling in response to the great gift of boundless and bountiful life. Never in the best art of this period do we look at life as we see it with our physical eyes only. Always back of it we feel the One Life whispering and beckoning to us behind the veil of its own different and countless flowerings. Why was the need for giving expression to the underlying realities of life so compelling in the spirit of this time?

There are two very definite reasons, both, in a way, peculiar to Akhnaton. The desire for realism in the scenes of court and family life sprang from an ingrained love of truth, so strong that it manifested itself in an effort to represent everyday occurrences unveiled, and as they were actually seen, stripped of those restraining conventions whose laws and moulds had persisted through thousands of years. Akhnaton was a breaker of moulds in all departments of life, not least in the art of his day; but, in shattering the old moulds, whether of art or of religion, he remodelled the fragments into new and lovely forms, and, in the case of art, into forms truer to nature. Unqualified truth was to him the only possible basis of existence, and there is a constant emphasis upon it, such as has not been met with till now,—nor do we meet with it again. As a boy he had been represented under the protection of the Goddess of Truth, and his motto from his earliest years had been: *Ankh em Maat*, "Living in Truth."<sup>1</sup> He was spoken of as "The Prince of Truth," and this was his first and most important title. The spread of truth, as he saw it, was the object of his life, and one of his ways of proclaiming truth was to represent the daily life in temple or at home, graphically and in minutest detail. Akhnaton was an honest soul. What he thought or believed, he said, and he was unafraid. What he saw, he recorded as part of the great pageant of life, and therefore in its own way true. He had watched the deadly poison of sham corroding both religious and social ideals in his beloved land, and he would have none of it. Perhaps he carried his love of realism in the ordinary relations of life too far, missing, as has often been said of him, a certain kingly reserve and dignity; but this criticism is usually made by those who have not undertaken a special study of the period, or of those social and religious cross-currents which were responsible for the conditions of his time. We are less likely to feel repelled if we refuse to take him out of his setting, recognizing the forces against which he fought, and the causes which helped to make him what he was.

When we come to the realism in interpreting nature, we find the same insistence on truth, but in a somewhat different guise, we might say on a higher scale, since in nature there are no shams which need to be exposed. Akhnaton,

<sup>1</sup> The phrase "True of Voice," which is to be found from the time of the Old Kingdom onwards, can hardly be said to rank in the same category with Akhnaton's motto, since it had a less specially individual significance. It was used particularly in the case of the "justified dead," where it was largely a funerary, ritualistic password to secure a safe passage through the underworld, and in late times was much abused.

in his own peculiar and particular fashion, had a deeper, more unerring sense of the actual presence of God, a more intimate closeness, a more constant, outstreaming love, than had been met with since the days of the Old Kingdom, when Egypt was at the summit of her spiritual glory. Yet even in those days the "living, everyday consciousness of the Divine" had sounded a different note, had given us a more majestic, but less intimate touch. With Akhnaton, however, this sense of closeness, of warmth, of inseparableness breathed through all that he said or thought or wrote, and it is the explanation of the intense sympathy and understanding shown, through the art of his time, towards nature in all her manifold expressions, whether of plant or of animal life.

The Aton worship as interpreted to his people by their King was known as "The Teaching." The god himself was spoken of as the *living* Aton, and the sun's disc (also Aton) was his outer form only, for there was the unmanifest as well as the manifested Aton. A rather confusing phrase in constant use when referring to the ancient Sun-god (who, as we remember, was closely associated with the new religion) was: "Ra in his Aton," and this has been sometimes defined as meaning merely Ra in his outer form, the Aton or solar disc; hence the statement by some writers that the followers of the new religion were nothing more than "disc worshippers." The teaching of Akhnaton does not support this idea, and the phrase should be read with an ascending, not a descending sweep in the Hierarchy,—not Ra manifested in his physical vehicle the sun, but Ra lost in his greater and higher Aspect,—the Son in the Father. Interpreted thus, we get the key to the Aton worship, making more lucid Akhnaton's own interpretation, and his claim that Aton transcended all former conceptions of Deity.

In the "Beginning," Aton was, and the phrase: "While thou wert alone," becomes almost a refrain in the ritual. He was, in addition, so at one with his creation that the whole infinite and varied universe was but the expression of Aton's love. This was not, as in the old days, for Egypt alone. Aton had created Syria and Nubia as well; the "Islands of the Great Green Water" (the Ægean Islands) were his, and his love penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth. There were neither natural nor racial limits; all races, all countries alike, were held together by his love. This emphasis on love as *essential* to Deity, and the universality of this love, were the unique gifts which Akhnaton offered to the world. With irresistible force it blazes out, and we hear this young Pharaoh singing: "Thou art Father and Mother of all that Thou makest." "Thou bindest all lands with thy love." Aton is the "Lord of love," his love is "great and mighty"; it is "like the multitude of the sands of the dunes, like the scales of the fish in the streams, or the hairs of the cattle," and it will last "till the swan grows black and the crow grows white, till the hills rise up to travel, and the deep runs up the river." Aton loves the least of his creatures: "He gives life to cattle of all kinds," and to "all flying and fluttering things with all kinds of reptiles which are on the earth."

Aton was never pictured anthropomorphically, as had been every other god

in Egypt without exception;<sup>1</sup> but we find him everywhere symbolized by the sun's disc with many down-streaming rays. These rays, unique in the art of Egypt<sup>2</sup>, represented the physical expression of his out-flowing, illimitable love, and since this all-penetrating love was so essential a part of the Aton religion, it is easy to see why there was such prominence given the rays in the ritual, as well as in the art. The only approach to anthropomorphism is to be found in the tiny hands at the ends of the rays, but we must look on these hands as symbols, just as the rays are symbols, for they carry benediction in the form of the *Ankh*, the Sign of Life, indicating a life-giving power in the rays themselves. Thus we read: "It is the breath of life in the nostrils to behold thy rays." "Thy rays embrace the land, even all that thou hast made." Aton is "Lord of rays for giving light," and we find Akhnaton spoken of as: "Thy child who issued from thy rays." "Thou hast formed him [Pharaoh] by thine own rays." In the reliefs the King is never shown, either in temple, in palace, or driving abroad, without being under the protection of these radiating, earthward-streaming rays, the tiny hands often seen supporting him, as though to represent the Divine solicitude,—a touch which emphasizes the intimate nature of the Aton faith.

So we see that Aton made the universe out of his own substance, moved by the magnitude of his love. He had created "that which was not," and he was the indwelling life of his creation. He was the Living One by whom all things, both great and small, were nourished and sustained, the loving, ever-present Father, and it is in the Great Hymn to Aton, as we shall see, that the young King poured out his heart, in praise and thanksgiving, to his god.

HETEP EN NETER.

<sup>1</sup> The most ancient symbol of Ra was, as we know, the pyramid, the pyramidal apex of the obelisk (essentially a solar monument) being the sacred portion. But Ra was also represented anthropomorphically, as stated in a former article.

<sup>2</sup> There is mention of the rays of the sun as early as the Pyramid Texts, where they are spoken of as the Sun-god's arms; indeed they are referred to, from time to time, through the unnumbered centuries, and they evidently played some part in the temple rituals; but until Akhnaton's time they had never been emphasized to the point of actually being represented in tomb reliefs.

(To be continued)

# THE CREST JEWEL OF WISDOM

ATTRIBUTED TO SHANKARA ACHARYA

## II

**A**MONG all means of liberation, devotion, verily, is the most potent. The fixing of the heart on the true being of the Divine Self is declared to be devotion.

Others say that devotion is the fixing of the heart on one's own real Self. He who has attained to the qualifications already described is fitted to discern the real being of the Self.

Let him draw near to a Teacher who has attained to wisdom, from whom liberation from bondage may be learned, one who knows the holy teaching, who is perfect in purity, who is not moved by desire, who is wise in the wisdom of the Eternal;

Who has entered into rest in the Eternal, who has won the great peace, like the flame when the fuel is consumed, who is an ocean of compassion that seeks no return, the friend of all who appeal for help. (35)

Drawing near to the Teacher in reverent devotion, with the loving service of one who seeks the Eternal, and thus winning his good will, let him ask what he seeks to know concerning the true Self:

"Master, obeisance to thee, friend of the world bowed down, ocean of compassion, save me, sunk in the sea of life, bending on me thy steadfast glance, which rains down righteousness and compassion;

"For I am burned by the flaming fire of passional life, hard to quench, I am driven to and fro by the storms of contrary fate, I am full of fear. I come to thee for refuge; save me from death, for I know no other safety!

"The mighty ones who have attained to peace dwell in righteousness, bringing life to the world like the coming of spring; they, who have themselves crossed the dread sea of passional life, aid others to cross it through compassion that seeks no return.

"It is the essence of the very being of those of mighty soul to seek to heal the sorrows of others, as the nectar-rayed moon of itself cools the earth, scorched by the fierce fire of the sun. (40)

"Pour out upon me thy words of immortal life, which bring the happiness of the sacred teaching, as they issue from the vessel of thy voice, clear, restoring, purifying, inspired by thine own experience of the essence of the joy of the Eternal; Master, I am consumed by the fiery flames, the scorching heat of this passional life! Happy are they on whom thine eyes rest even for a moment; they are thereby made acceptable and become thine own.

"How may I cross this ocean of passionate life? What pathway is there for me, what way of safety? I know none. In thy compassion guard me, Master! Save me from the pain and destruction of this life set about with death!"

The mighty soul, his eyes wet with tears of compassion, looking on the disciple speaking thus, who has appealed to him for help, who is burned by the flaming heat of the fires of this life beset by death, straightway sets him free from fear;

Full of wisdom, in his compassion he begins to instruct in the truth the disciple who has come to him in reverent service, seeking liberation, who has rightly mastered the qualifications, whose heart has gained stillness, who has attained to quietude:

"Fear not, wise one! Thou art not in danger; there is a way to cross the ocean of this life beset by death, whereby the saints have gained the other shore. That way I shall reveal to thee. (45)

"There is a way of power, which destroys the terror of this life beset by death; by it crossing the wide sea of this world, thou shalt attain to the supreme joy;

"Through right understanding of the essence of the teaching of wisdom, the most excellent illumination is brought to birth, through which comes the destruction of the illimitable pain of life set about with death.

"The voice of the sacred teaching clearly declares that the means of liberation for him who seeks liberation are faith, devoted love, meditation, union. He who stands firm in these, to him comes liberation from the bondage to the body which is forged by unwisdom.

"This life beset by death comes from bondage to that which is not thy true Self, because thou knowest not thy oneness with the Supreme Self. The flame of illumination kindled by right discernment between the false and the true Self will burn up the works of unwisdom root and branch."

"Master, hear in thy compassion! This question I ask; hearing the answer from my Master's lips, I shall gain my end: (50)

"What indeed is bondage? How does it come about? What is its support? How is one set free? What is that which is not the true Self? What is discernment between the false and the true? Let this be declared."

"Happy art thou who hast attained thy goal; through thee thy family is blessed, because through liberation from unwisdom thou seekest to become one with the Eternal.

"Sons and kindred may free a father from his debts; but other than a man's self, none can free him from bondage.

"The pain caused by a burden weighing on the head may be relieved by others; but suffering from hunger and thirst can be removed by none, unless the man himself eat and drink.

"When the sick man rightly uses medicine, he is restored to health, but not through the right actions of another. (55)

"The true being of the real must be seen by one's own eyes illumined by clear wisdom; it is not enough that thy Teacher should see. The true form of



the moon must be known through one's own eyes; how can it be understood through the eyes of others?

"How could another than oneself untie the cords that bind through unwisdom, through desire and the fruit of works, even in a thousand million ages?

"Not by Yoga nor by Sankhya, not by works nor by knowledge, but only through awaking to the oneness of one's true Self with the Eternal, does liberation come, and in no other way.

"The form and beauty of the lute and skill in making its strings to sound may bring delight to the multitude; they cannot establish the power of a monarch.

"Well uttered speech, a waterfall of words and skill in setting forth the sacred texts and learning are for the delectation of the learned, but do not bring liberation. (60)

"When the supreme reality is not known, the reading of the scriptures is fruitless. Even when the supreme reality is known by the mind only, the reading of the scriptures is fruitless.

"A network of words is like a mighty forest, causing the mind to go astray; therefore the reality of the divine Self should be sought earnestly from one who knows the real.

"Unless he be healed by knowledge of the Eternal, what profit is there for him who has been bitten by the snake of unwisdom, whether through the Vedas and the scriptures, or through charms and herbs?

"Sickness does not depart by speaking of medicine unless the medicine be drunk; liberation comes not through speaking of the Eternal without immediate experience of the Eternal.

"Without dissolving in thought the visible world, without knowing the reality of the divine Self, what liberation can men gain from outward words, whose fruit is mere sound? (65)

"Merely by declaring, 'I am king,' without destroying the enemy, and without gaining the wealth of the kingdom, none can become king.

"Through right directions, through digging and removing the stones and earth above it, the buried treasure is brought forth, not by uttering the word, 'Forth!' So through the teaching of one who knows the Eternal, through careful thought and meditation is to be gained the pure truth of the divine Self, concealed by the working of glamour, and not by subtle reasoning.

"Therefore wise men must earnestly strive themselves to win liberation from the bondage of the world beset by death, as they would themselves use remedies for sickness.

"The excellent question which thou hast asked to-day, in accord with the sacred teachings, of deep import like a Sutra, should be asked by those who seek liberation.

"Give good heed, wise one, to what is declared by me; through hearing it, thou shalt in truth be freed from the bondage of the world of death. (70)

"The first cause of liberation is declared to be complete detachment from

all things that are out of the Eternal; then quietude, control, endurance; then the renouncing altogether of all works done through personal desire.

"Then study of the scriptures, thinking out their meaning, with prolonged, continuous meditation on the real by the disciple; then gaining liberation from the bondage of wrong thinking, the wise man even here attains to the happiness of Nirvana.

"The discerning between the real Self and that which is not Self, which is now to be understood by thee, I shall straightway declare; hearing, understand it within thyself.

"By the wise, that is called the gross body, which is made up of these substances called marrow, bone, fat, flesh, blood, skin, epidermis; consisting of trunk, chest, arms, feet, back, head, limbs and the divisions of limbs;

"It is known as the seat of the delusion of 'I' and 'my.' Ether, air, fire, water and earth are the subtile elements. (75)

"When compounded with each other, they form the gross elements, which build up the gross body; they are the materials of objects perceived by the five senses, as sound and the rest; their purpose is, to teach the soul through experience.

"They who, fascinated by these things of sense, are bound by the strong bonds of desire, hard to break, ascend and descend, carried downward, upward, forward by their own Karma as a headlong messenger.

"Each one fascinated through one of the five senses, by sound and the other powers, these five, deer, elephants, moths, fish, bees, go to their death and are dissolved in the five elements; how can man escape, who is fascinated by all five senses?

"Things of sense are more penetrating in the hurt they cause than the venom of the black serpent. The poison slays only him into whom it enters, but things of sense destroy through mere beholding.

"He only who is free from the great snare of sensuous desire, hard to escape from, builds for liberation, and not another, even though he know the six scriptures. (80)

"Those who falsely fancy themselves detached and seeking liberation, striving to reach the further shore of the ocean of passional life, seized by the shark of their desire, sink in the midst of their journey, caught by the throat and swiftly carried downward.

"He who slays the shark called sensuous desire with the sharp sword of true detachment, gains the further shore of the ocean of passional life, carried forward without hindrance.

"Death is the end of him who sets forth untimely on the rough way of sensuous life, with intelligence obscured; but he who goes forward guided by a loving, righteous Teacher, through union with his true Self gains his end and his reward. Know this to be the truth.

"If thou hast the ardent desire for liberation, put sensuous desires away from thee like poison; ceaselessly, reverently love acceptance, compassion, endurance, rectitude, quietude, control, as the essence of immortality.

"He who, neglecting the duty of each moment, the freeing of himself from the bondage caused by beginningless unwisdom, forgetting that the body exists for the soul, is wholly absorbed in feeding it, thereby slays his own soul. (85)

"He who wishes to find his true Self, yet is engrossed with the feeding of his body, seeks to cross the river grasping a crocodile with the thought that it is a log.

"Fascination by the body and its powers is the great death for him who is seeking liberation. He alone is worthy to seek the path of liberation, who is free from fascination.

"Slay fascination by the body, wife and children, that great death; conquering it, the saints go to that supreme home of the all-pervading deity.

"Formed of skin, flesh, blood, sinew, fat, marrow, bone, full of waste and decay is this gross body, deserving condemnation.

"Built up of the elements mingled fivefold, through the Karma of previous lives, is this gross body, a house for the experience of the soul; its state is waking consciousness, perceiving gross objects of sense." (90)

The personal life, finding delight in outward objects through the external senses, rejoicing in garlands, sandalwood and women, through the perceptive power of the Self, finds its activity in waking consciousness in the body.

This gross body, through which the spirit of man engages in all outward life, know that it is but the house of the householder.

The inherent tendencies of the gross body are birth, decay and death; its periods are the six ages beginning with childhood; its rules are differences of race and order of life, with their afflictions; it receives worship, dishonour and honour in all their forms.

Its powers of perception are hearing, touch, sight, smell, taste, which make sensuous objects perceptible; voice, hands, feet, the powers that put forth and reproduce, are its powers of action, through which it engages in works.

Its interior powers are called mind (Manas), intelligence (Buddhi), the personal sense (Ahankara) and imagination (Chitta), with their activities. The function of mind is the gathering together and separating of impulses; the function of intelligence is to reach a judgment regarding what is perceived; (95)

The function of the personal sense is the thought of "I" through the attribution of self-hood; the function of imagination is to hold the consciousness steady on its object.

The vital breath consists of the forward breath, the downward breath, the distributive breath, the upward breath, the uniting breath; they are modified by function and form, as gold and water are modified.

The subtle body is said to be made up of these eight groups: voice and the other powers of action; hearing and the other powers of perception; the forward breath and the other vital breaths; ether and the other subtle elements; intelligence and the other interior powers; together with unwisdom, desire and Karma.

Hear concerning this body, which is called the subtle, and also the form body,

and which is composed of the five elements not commingled fivefold; it is the field of the experience of the fruit of Karma, through the imprints of tendencies; it rests on the inherent sense of separateness; it is the vehicle of the real Self.

Dream is its distinctive state, in which it grows through substance of its own building; when in this dream-consciousness it attains to the power to act, the intelligence, based on the manifold impressions made during the time of waking, shines forth; for in this state a higher Self becomes luminous, having a vesture of the substance of meditation; it is an independent witness, nor is it stained by the separate acts of the physical body.

(101)

C. J.

(To be continued.)

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*Love is where the glory falls  
Of Thy face—on convent walls  
Or on tavern floors, the same  
Unextinguishable flame.*

*Where the turbaned anchorite  
Chanteth Allah day and night,  
Church bells ring the call to prayer  
And the Cross of Christ is there.*

—HAFIZ.

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*He who disregards his reputation is not what a man should be. He who is not absolutely oblivious of his own existence can never be a ruler of men.*—CHUANG Tzu.

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*He who never identifies himself with his body and mind, and does not grieve over what is no more, he indeed is called a Bhikshu.*—DHAMMAPADA.

# ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

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THE Student looked at us. "You are a poor lot," he said. "You think you're tired. There was talk at the Convention about Kings. Someone ought to have quoted,—

'From times when forth from the sunlight, the first of our Kings came down,  
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown.'

I quote it now for contrast: to suggest a synthetic picture of your opposite. You're not tired. You think you are; you imagine you are. If I could make you sufficiently mad—regally angry—you'd scintillate, all of you, and the Recorder's work would be half done."

"Scintillation in this heat would be sulphurous: it would be wiser not to try it. I can give the Recorder something better in any case. I have with me a series of comments by Cavé, beginning in 1914, on the inner record of a younger student, which will interest all of you, and which will be of greater value to readers of the QUARTERLY than anything we could improvise. Shall I read them to you?"

It was the Historian who made this pacifying suggestion, which one and all of us welcomed with relief; so he read aloud to us, first explaining that the recipient of these comments had taken great pains to copy them, in the hope that they might be used for the benefit of others besides himself:

"You have such depths of doubt to contend with! There *must* be trust. Why is it so hard to trust Him who has sacrificed everything for you? It is not and never can be a question of me or of any of the others. We are nothing: He is everything. You must plunge in, body and soul; shut your eyes and grit your teeth, and plunge! Better a thousand times to die heroically than never to do anything because fearing the risk. Your lower nature has to be forced of course. How can you expect your lower nature to like it? But that is not *you*. Disassociate yourself from it once and for all and be done with it. What peace. What relief. Believe me, any cross of His giving, is a feather weight in comparison with those we place upon our backs. 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light.'

"Trust Him. Give Him that—your eternal fealty, and the flame of love must come, a passion of love as more and more we see what He is—glorious Warrior and King. Do not take the attitude with yourself: I must try to feel. Take the other attitude: I *do* feel, and feel intensely, love, devotion to the Master, passion for His Cause. When your mind tells you otherwise, say it lies; say it with all the force and heat you can. Because you are turning on an enemy, the traitor in your gates who is betraying you and your Cause.

"And the 'mechanics' are something like this: the *mind* does not feel, of course not; it can be flooded over by feeling; but so long as it remains analytical it cannot be flooded, for the analytical faculty is not constructive and vital, but destructive. It tears to pieces. Here you see your barrier to be what is called in the East, 'Wrong Self-Identification.' So long as you permit your personal consciousness to remain in an analytical mind, so long as you call it yourself, *I*, just so long, of course, you will not be conscious of feeling. You will have only blurred impressions of them; and if you try (as you often do) to drag them into the sphere of the mind, they become pale and lifeless there. You are caught in the snare of mind (the 'Slayer of the Real'), and you must 'slay the Slayer' by refusing any longer to identify yourself with it. You are *not the mind*; it is your instrument, *not* you,—as if a man had a wonderful machine and were so fascinated by its performance that he thought himself *it* instead of himself. We should say that man was a lunatic; but we appear to be just such lunatics to those of the Spiritual World, and much of their gentle charity towards us, is due to their appreciation of our condition.

"You must, by effort of will, refuse to identify yourself with these things that trouble you—doubt, suspicion, lack of intensity, and the rest. One and all, they are mental miasma. You must struggle for this separation hour by hour and minute by minute during the day—keeping on with grim determination when grim determination is all you have, and looking upon it as a hand to hand encounter with a traitor in your citadel, with whom you have come to grips at last. The fight must go on, perhaps in the dark, or only in faint light; but if you continue, the dawn is sure to come; and the main thing, as you can readily see in that simile, is not to let go, not to let him overpower you.

"Please remember what I have said, that your main trouble is wrong Self-Identification; in Faber's phrase, that is your 'ruling passion.' You are the blade, not the scabbard. Think of yourself as a Knight of France, who is dedicated with passionate devotion to the most superb of all Causes, the most superb of all Leaders.

"Vanity, you query? Is it vanity to recognize the fact that you are a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman,—not a Bowery tough? It is realization, acceptance of fact, is it not? Realize the *facts* of yourself, of your life. Emancipate yourself from the delusions in which you have been living. Come back from the world of dreams and shadows into the sunshine of real life and consciousness.

"But so long have you been living in those delusions, to such an extent have they hardened about you, that you must fight them inch by inch; though as a result they may suddenly disappear any hour. Think of the hand to hand struggle in the citadel, and set your will and heart firmly and sternly to the task.

"You may seem at times to be alone, but you never are. The Powers for whom you are struggling are ever mindful, never desert us, never leave us to our fate, always bring the reinforcements that we need."

"The next comment," the Historian continued, "cannot well be understood without a brief quotation from the record which gave rise to it,—as follows: ' . . . For a good deal of the time, tried simply to be sitting in His presence. . . . Just at the close a stronger sense of Him. The close of my meditation is often marked that way—before I am aware of the time, as if the final benediction got through. Then the clock strikes.' This is the comment."

"Do not try to sit in His presence; kneel there inside, whatever the outer posture may be. We need to give ourselves every assistance and reminder; and that should always be the attitude of our hearts, which is in no way incompatible with the utmost of intimacy.

"Naturally you will get more towards the close, as even though not immediately aware of the time, your mental time-sense is aware, and so something of the tenseness is relaxed which makes you so rigid with anxiety.

"Do try all you can to relax. Kneel there in His presence and feel His love pouring out upon you and calling for your love and assistance in return. O the promises, the promises! If you could realize the half you would rush toward them, so great would be your desire: and the most you could imagine in your wildest dreams would not be all—but you must win them."

"Again I must quote from the record: 'I tried to relax and to keep so and think I did to some extent anyway. I do not seem to be able to relax and to hold any desire and driving power. To relax and to plunge simultaneously seems to be beyond me. I think I am afraid to relax for fear of my mind flying off to idleness, to other matters.' Then the comment."

"To relax on one hand and to plunge on the other—that is more the way of it. Let go; but as you do so, reach out to the Master and your picture of Him, so filling your mind with that, that no other thoughts will interest you. You must be keenly interested in what you are trying to do, and to see and feel. Let your imagination go, let your feeling go, but start them off—by effort of will if need be—in the one direction, the Master; and with intense interest as to what may happen. Does that make it any clearer?"

"The next comment, with the record that evoked it, seems to me to be particularly important," the Historian continued. "The record says: 'Seemed again very vaguely and dimly to see His wounded feet before me, and, kneeling, tried to draw near. Feeling that brought me to the verge of tears. Then the words from H. P. B. in "Screen of Time" came into my mind: "A lot of use that is"—with the feeling that *will* was what was needed, not emotion, and the feeling passed. (a) Later the words: "Underneath my sorrow, fee the everlasting arms," came into my mind with the feeling of His arms upholding me. This brought back the feeling and took me again to the verge of tears.' This is the comment."

"(a) Here was where you made a serious mistake. If you look back to the "Screen" you will find that H. P. B. did not say that until after a long period of repentance and passionate emotion on Mrs. S——'s part. You are 'icebound' as you say. What you need above all things is to melt,—melt until everything of coldness, hardness or doubt has been utterly dissolved. Frankly, I should rejoice if for six months without intermission, you could sob your heart out in floods of weeping every morning for two hours. You need it to break yourself up, to get those barriers down. After that there would be little self-consciousness left! Perhaps this may seem unhealthy or extravagant to you. Nevertheless I can but repeat what is my profound conviction. No one must be ashamed of tears. Sometimes—often—we must be ashamed of what *caused* the tears; and then the tears of our weakness and humiliation may wash away that cause. Have we not need to reproach and blame ourselves for *coldness*? What sin so wounds His heart as that? If you could realize how He suffers from it! You will see in this experience how the second time you were brought 'to the verge of tears,' in spite of your previous effort against it. . . .

"The way to get away from your 'vanity' is to disregard it, and to *act as if*,—as if there were no vanity, throwing yourself forward in spite of this as of any and all obstacles.

"Do you not see that until you can *feel* it is impossible for you to *will*, since will lies the other side of desire?"

"Later, referring to another entry, there is this comment."

"All emotion must seem noisy by contrast; but to know the real peace, His peace, we must go through the storm and stress of battle and feeling first. Your nature needs to be torn up by the roots—that is what most people need, because they have become rooted deep in so much of error and misunderstanding and ignorance. So—as fast as we can stand it—our natures are ploughed up, that the Lord of the Harvest may have a good crop from fertile fields. Re-read how *Light on the Path* explains all this process, telling us finally that the flower blooms 'in the silence that *follows* the storm; not till then.' The whole nature of the man must be utterly dissolved—'seem to be utterly dissolved,' the book says,—that we may understand the dissolution as the essential process of resurrection, the losing of life that we may find it."

"In August, 1914, there is this comment."

"I am glad you realize these gains, for you need the encouragement they give, and they are genuine.

"You cannot continue to meditate upon and strive after some realization of His love for you, without being melted in its flames as your consciousness approaches it,—without a growing and ever growing longing for His unutterable loveliness. And see His need to-day! Cannot this war, with all He has planned and striven after involved in it, bring clearly before you His need?



His need of love, of devotion to the death, of glad willingness, nay thankfulness to sacrifice everything to Him and for His sake? Think what He can accomplish in the world, think how triumphantly His Kingdom could come, if He had a corps upon whose unflinching valour, tireless enthusiasm, wholehearted devotion and intelligent obedience He could confidently lean! And day by day, hour by hour, as He battles on, in spite of our forgetfulness, too often, O unspeakable shame, in spite of our treachery, He calls us and waits for us, and forgives us and endlessly, endlessly loves us. If this war mean nothing else to us, let it bring some realization *home*—home to the quick—of our Master, of what He is doing, of what is really happening, of what life really is, and so shake us out of our sleep and our dreams and this dreary dullness and dumbness which the drug of material life and psychic stimulation puts into our blood. Will you not try as you read the war news and feel your pulses move, to use it as a means of realizing what His fight is? That the *war is on*; has been all along; will be until we bring it to a finish: and that He calls each one to his place and his duty. The tragedy of it is that we do feel these things at times, and then like babies, our attention is diverted by the first little bauble or the first little pain that comes our way."

"Do you remember how we felt in August, 1914?" the Historian asked. "The strain was almost unendurable; yet I happen to know that the next comment was the fruit of experience. The record was dated August 23rd; the comment probably was written about a week later—well before the Battle of the Marne."

"Also please remember another thing: strain cannot come from outer circumstances. *Strain can only come from within ourselves.* When a man is master over himself, he is master over his circumstances, and in that sense of strength and self-control finds both peace and joy, whatever the outer difficulties may be. Without that self-mastery, there can be no peace but an ever-growing inner discontent and disgust which will darken the brightest circumstances, and in time demoralize the whole nature. Whatever the cost, live up unflinchingly to the highest and purest standard you can see—that is the price each one of us must pay for his own soul; and the power and joy it brings are worth any small sacrifice or struggle it may cause. If you fritter such feeling as you have, in lesser things day by day, how can you expect to gain that passion of devotion for Him for which you truly long (that I know), and of which He has such need? 'Think *constantly* of My love,' your notes say; that means all the time. But with how many other things are you perpetually occupied, that preclude constant thinking upon His love? And, believe me, this can never be true of *duties*."

All of us were grateful to the Historian, but none more so than the Recorder. The "Screen" had bothered him. The Historian's contribution had lifted us to the eternal verities; had helped to restore our sense of real values. T.

# LETTERS TO STUDENTS

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June 22nd, 1915.

DEAR ———

You ask to what extent is ——— to be developed along Roman lines. My answer is—not at all: in no way whatsoever. There is a great gulf fixed between Rome and everything for which the Chapel and ——— stand.

\* \* \* \* \*

It would be a serious mistake to permit Rome to monopolize such devotions as that, for instance, of the Sacred Heart. Also it would be a great mistake not to acquire the ability to read some book about convent life and the training of disciples in schools of that sort, and not to extract from such reading the same impersonal light that you are able to find in the *Gita* or *Tao-teh-King*. You are not a Hindu, and it has never entered your head to offer "ghee" to the Gods. You are not a Romanist, and it has never entered your head to become a nun and live in a convent. I hope it never will. You are intended to do something much more difficult, that is, to live in the world as a disciple. Learn what you can, with that object in view,—from *Gita*, *Tao*, *Sutras*, as from manuals for nuns. Digest and assimilate impersonally, asking yourself always what the Master would wish you to do about this or the other doctrine or admonition. But of course conquer *prejudice*, if really you find yourself guilty of it, because, as a Theosophist, you should be able to welcome truth from all and every source.

I am not a bit worried about your relations with ———, or about you in any particular for that matter! If you peg away and do your best it will work out all right. All you need *try* to do is to be a well-bred woman. Not a thing more is required. Let affection come. It will in time, and will surprise you with its force and fervour.

We are comfortably settled here, but I find that the hour's travelling a day, takes a lot of time. It is worth the journey to get into the quiet and pure air of the country however.

With kind regards to all the household, I am

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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June 30th, 1915.

DEAR ———

To grow in love for the Master involves one of the paradoxes which we find so constantly in the spiritual life.

To love the Master we must know him. To know him we must obey him. To obey him we must love him. Like everything else in the spiritual world,

one thing involves another,—all others. That is the reason why perfection in any one virtue will carry us into Heaven. We cannot be perfect in any one direction without being perfect in all.

\* \* \* \* \*

Self-consciousness is a form of vanity. Look out for it.

With kind regards,

I am sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

July 12th, 1915.

DEAR ———

I think you will find in the *Autobiography of Sœur Thérèse* answers to all the questions you ask in your letter to me. Please read the book with the idea of getting replies to your mental queries. It is infinitely better for you, always, to work these things out for yourself rather than to be told them. In the one case you know them. In the other, they remain things you have heard which require verification by your own mind and heart.

If any problem remains after you have finished the book, I shall be very glad to try to throw light on it. I am of course referring to these particular questions. I shall be glad to hear from you about anything else.

With kind regards,

I am sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

July 24th, 1915.

DEAR ———

I have carried your letters around in my pocket ever since they arrived, hoping to find an odd moment to answer them, but I didn't find time even to send you a line of apology for the delay.

So far as your future is concerned and your possible return to ———, this is so purely personal a matter, that with every desire in the world to help you, I should not dare to advise.

So far as the incident is concerned, the matter of the little expedition suggested by ———, and your treatment of it, I hope you will pardon me for saying that your action was deplorable from every point of view. Among other things, it was not well-bred, which is one of the things you must be.

You spoke of Sœur Thérèse's habit of offering up little acts of sacrifice, and that your trouble is not realizing your opportunities of service and sacrifice; and then you tell of this incident, where you had an obvious opportunity to do something you did not want to do, in a kind and gracious and cheerful and willing way—and didn't.

Part of the effort must be not merely willingness to be sacrificed, but the will and desire and energy to seek out the opportunities. You not only did not seek this out, but refused it when offered.

We are all alike in such matters. I say this because I do not want you to have an overwhelming "conviction of sin" and to be depressed and discouraged. Remember that after all, it is not what you do, but what you want to do, your motive, that counts. We are all of us making hideous mistakes all the time, but if the Master sees that our desire is in accord with his wishes for us, he pardons unlimited mistakes and omissions.

I can see no reason why you should not make *constructive* criticisms of the household management to ———. It will be good practice for you. The point, of course, is to be sure your comments are absolutely free from any malice or ill-humour.

I have read your list of questions for self-examination, with pleasure and interest. They seem to be very good,—and very severe. You will be a saint when you can pass a single day and mark yourself a 100!

Perhaps the best way to get at the positive side of the tendency to criticize is to make a deliberate practice of dwelling on the virtues of people. Take ———, whom you find uncongenial in many ways. Your mind instinctively seeks justification for this feeling, and can always find it. Instead, therefore, of fighting this tendency of the mind, do you take the other tack and deliberately go over in your mind, ———'s virtues. You can see what fine qualities she has in a great many directions. What do her faults and peculiarities matter in contrast with such an exhibition of virtues: how petty and insignificant they are: how mean of you to select these faults, instead of her good qualities, to dwell on. So with others. You can work up quite an enthusiasm over any person, *who is trying*, by this method.

Remember also it is not a false enthusiasm, or on a false basis; it is the truth. The real ——— is all those things you see and can admire in her. The rest of what you see in her, or in yourself too, for that matter, is not the real self, but excrescences, accretions from the past, bad habits and tendencies only temporarily attached to the soul; things that will be shed in time, and which you must learn to dissociate from the real person and help to get rid of.

The real *you* is quite incapable of doing an ungracious thing, I assure you. The congeries of forces which centre around the real *you* have all sorts of possibilities in them if they are allowed free play. Do not allow them freedom. Deprive them of life and strength by refusing to recognize them as yourself, as a real part of the real you. They actually are not, and will soon wither and disappear if treated consistently in this way.

With kind regards,

I am sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 7th, 1915.

DEAR ———

I do not think a concentration of interests on the Chapel and what it stands for, is likely to lead to small-mindedness and narrowness: quite the contrary.

I know of no people who are as catholic and as general in their interests as the group of people with whom you associate. It is true that we are not very much excited over theatres or the various forms of amusements, or what is called "society," with which most people fill their time, and which are the basis of contact between most people: therefore we do feel somewhat cut off from ordinary human intercourse of the common type, simply because we cannot enter very enthusiastically into the typical interests and life of these people: but it is they who are narrow and restricted, not we. After a while, as our sympathies grow, we can enter into their lives as a mother enters into the very silly games of her child. She does not do it well if the child feel that she is not really keen about it. No; if you concentrate on what the Chapel stands for, you are concentrating on what is best and highest in religion, politics, art, music, literature, and every department of human life. It is not narrowing, I assure you, even if it be sometimes a little lonesome, owing to the comparatively few people who can live in this atmosphere.

I do not think you should worry about this. It may seem to you that the first effect of discipleship is to narrow and to concentrate your interests to a doubtful extent; but this is at the worst only a temporary condition, leading to an indefinite expansion of true interests.

As for day-dreaming; it is a big subject and I can only make a suggestion or two.

The personality, that elemental life in each one of us, craves sensation so intensely—it cannot be satisfied—that if the circumstances of one's life do not provide it with sufficient, it will manufacture it with the imagination, or seek it vicariously through trashy novels or the theatre, etc. Like everything else that is not as it should be, we use a divine power for improper ends or in an improper manner.

You will find that in order to satisfy this craving for life, or sensation, you have to increase the intensity of your imaginary picture—or to put it differently, the colours must be made more and more vivid. If you imagine yourself rich, you must increase the wealth in order to maintain the sensation; if you imagine yourself with power, you must go on wielding more and more power to satisfy this hunger for sensation. In a word, there is no limit to this practice: and of course it uses up force, a real force, in a useless direction to say the least, and therefore, is wrong, or if not actually wrong, is at least wasteful and undesirable.

As for the proper cure, that is also a big subject for a letter already very long. I think perhaps the best thing to try to do, or the two best things are: (a) try to live so intensely, to feel the actual romance of life, its battle, its constant warfare, that your craving for sensation is satisfied in actual events and in normal ways. Incidentally, I should try to curb this desire for sensation, and try to realize that it is not the real *you* that wants it, but only the elemental life in you which, sooner or later, must be curbed and transmuted; (b) when you do find your imagination running away from you—as you often will—take charge of it and force it to work on problems you give it, or in directions you select, and make these, so far as you can, matters that concern the higher

life. Imagine yourself a disciple, living a perfect life here in the world: you can ring the changes on this to an indefinite extent.

The practice of exterior obedience is absolutely essential to the acquirement of inner obedience. How can the inner obey until the outer is brought under absolute control, and how can this be done save by repeated experience? You need not worry about being placed under ————. You will have to want it very much more than you do now before it would be possible.

I am afraid the T. S. Library will have to wait.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 11th, 1915.

DEAR ———

It may be rash of me, but I am not as disturbed over your "badness" as you seem to be. I think you will recover! As a matter of fact you are tired out and need a good rest. The week end at ———— and your coming vacation should fix you up in fine trim.

In the meantime try to realize that depression and discouragement are always activities of the mental and psychic side of our complicated natures, and that your real self is standing aside, serene and poised, and often amused by the gyrations of your personality. We can, with effort, sink back into this quiet place, and get its strength to carry with us into the daily struggle. That is what meditation really is:—one of the things, at any rate.

So take heart of grace and go on, accepting what comes, including your own limitations, and all will be well.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 18th, 1915.

DEAR ———

There is nothing whatsoever the matter with you except that you are tired.

Be patient with yourself. Try to remember that you are not that tired and nervous personality. It is the Master's child. He has entrusted you with its bringing up. Think how patient—even though at times strict—he would wish you to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

With kind regards,

I am sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

September 9th, 1915.

DEAR ———

The Master's work is whatever he gives you to do. His great purpose, his unalterable resolve, is the spiritual regeneration of everyone in the world: his

specific desire for you is your regeneration. Therefore he places you, first, where life will bring to bear on you the influences that will enable you to grow, if you react to them rightly. He tempers the experience to your strength and capacity. The soul is *never* called upon to do more than it *can* do easily, although it is often called on to do more than it does do. Secondly, he places you where, while living your own life, in the kind of environment you need, you can also help in the general work, so far as you are yet wise and strong enough to do so. The two things always go hand in hand, as he never wastes anything. We gradually learn a little of how to help others, but almost always it is by what we are and what we do, rather than by what we say or write or attempt to teach. We realize this more and more. Therefore, as we grow wiser, we spend more and more time and energy on ourselves, as the best, quickest and simplest way of helping him and forwarding his work.

Your vacation rule must necessarily be different from your ordinary rule, but *have* a rule that covers your varied activities. Make it comprehensive, not restrictive. It is your duty to have a nice time, to enjoy yourself, and to get well and strong. I hope you are doing all these things.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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September 16th, 1915.

DEAR —

I can hardly say that I am glad to hear that you have been bad; but, having been bad, I can at least point out its uses. You will now have a standard with which to contrast your future conduct; and, above all, when you feel depressed and discouraged hereafter, all you will have to do is to compare your actual performance with your present state of wickedness. Think what a comfort and relief that will be: and see how we can get good out of evil!

Seriously, however, I refuse to worry about your depravity. It may be very great, but I am convinced that you will get over it, and I cannot for the life of me see that inability to maintain some particular routine or Rule of Life because you are keeping house for brothers and friends, is very wicked.

Do not go into the reforming business. The Lord can attend to it a lot better than we can. Be yourself, your best self, and be content with nothing less than this. If you are this, you will find that unconsciously you bring to others the "influence," the help, the inspiration and the example they need. As a rule, any kind of preaching actually repels, and produces just the opposite effect to what we want. Even when people ask for advice, about nine times out of ten they do not really want it, and react from it.

We must learn to be as patient with other people's troubles and slowness and inertia as the Master is with ours. Think what we must cost him daily, hourly!

I hope you are getting a good rest.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

September 22nd, 1915.

DEAR —

Your fundamental mistake is in supposing that you have nothing to give. Take the Ante-Chapel after the service: there is not a person there who would not be glad of your friendly greeting; there is not a choir-girl who would not be made happier by your smile, by the mere sound of her name.

Never mind "getting." Give. You feel that you have nothing to give. Good. Then give the Master. Say to yourself: after all, I am a soul; I contain something of his life. I will pass that on to others. Perhaps they will not see it, know it. Never mind: they will feel it later because it will be his love, his well-wishing, that I shall have given.

You wish them well, do you not? That is sufficient. Wish a little harder, a little more consciously; and above all recognize that your well-wishing is a trickle, through you, of his infinite well-wishing, and be happy that you have so much to give. Most of your trouble arises from lack of self-confidence: not of confidence in yourself, but in yourself as part of himself. You are a centre of his life. You need to meditate on the miracle that you are, and on the daily, hourly miracles you can therefore perform.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 25th, 1915.

DEAR —

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There is one specific comment I want to make on an early letter where you ask about helping the Master help the multitudes of poor and wretched people in the world.

"If you were alone on a desert island, and if your only outer occupation were picking yams, you could give endlessly to all the world. It is not propinquity that gives opportunity; it is your mere existence on this plane. But it is better to do what you do with a *particular* rather than a general intention,—asking the Master to use your effort for this or that purpose."

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With kindest regards, and best and sincerest wishes for your further progress towards the Place of Peace, I am

Faithfully yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 27th, 1915.

DEAR —

I am sorry to make one of my letters to you a scolding, but so it must be.

I very much appreciate your kind references to me, but you are not living up to what I have tried to suggest to you, in writing about yourself in the gloomy and depressing manner you do. It is the opposite of humility: it is a subtle form of vanity and pride; it is self-centred and morbid.



There *are* no trivial things in the inner life. You know this. Holiness is the doing of common things heroically well; not doing heroic things. There is nothing so insignificant as not to be worthy of careful thought and prayer. Where else would you expect to find yourself deficient save in a multitude of "little things"?

You are trying to become perfect. That means, among other things, your manners and your manner, every instant of the day; your inner attitude towards others, as well as your outer behaviour; the conscientiousness with which you do your ordinary duties; in a word, all the minutiae of daily life.

Your desire to live a higher life is not going to make you perfect all at once; it is going to throw all these things into relief and to show you how badly you do them. That is not a cause for discouragement and depression, if rightly understood, but for satisfaction that your increased knowledge of yourself and your defects, will enable you to correct your faults and to live more nearly to the standard of your ideal.

You have, as a matter of fact, done very well, and I am pleased and proud of you,—save this last ebullition of vanity and lower nature.

Do not forget, also, that your failure would be my fault, and everything you say in condemnation of yourself, is a direct reflection upon me! I refuse to admit that I have been so inefficient and ineffective! It would be nearer the truth, perhaps, to regard yourself as being promoted.

With my best wishes,

I am sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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February 13th, 1918.

DEAR —

There is no need to feel distressed. Why should a single article convert you to a new way of thinking? Old habits are not so easily overborne, and you cling pretty tenaciously to your opinions. So do I, so I can sympathize with you. But I do find that my mental obstinacy and prejudices wear away in time, and yours will too. I see the truth in many things now which I thought preposterous ten or twenty years ago. It is really not so much changing your opinion, as enlarging it: or, to put it in still another way, it is a question of seeing both sides of a question. Most people only see one side and are so occupied with that, that they miss the other side entirely.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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May 2nd, 1918.

DEAR —

. . . I wish you had obeyed your several impulses and written me. What am I for? But before I can hope to help, or even to sympathize, I must know about what you are talking and writing. Vague references to plans upon which you had set your heart do not help you, or me. What you need more than

anything else, is to get such ideas and plans and hopes and fears out, past the barrier of your shyness and natural reserve. Tell them to some one, whether they be good, bad or indifferent; but especially if you are a little ashamed of them. You will never see them clearly yourself, until they are in the sunlight. Remember we are all very much alike.

I shall be glad to talk over the matter, or to have you write me, if, and when, you feel so inclined.

Sincerely,  
C. A. GRISCOM.

June 9th, 1918.

DEAR —

I return a recent letter about which I had hoped to talk to you.

These intimations of the inner world are just exactly what do first happen as our lower nature gets under some kind of control and ceases to be a barrier, and as our higher nature breaks through to our consciousness. They happen, of course, long before we are conscious of them, and very much more often than we realize.

The Master works ceaselessly, and feverishly, if you like, but it is not often that we become aware of it. It is wholly a question of our condition. You can have a definite consciousness of him, and of his care and solicitude and love, at any instant of the day or night when you can raise yourself above your habitual level, to that plane of consciousness which is able to be "aware" of these inner activities. This is what meditation is, and does.

I hope to see you soon.

Yours faithfully,  
C. A. GRISCOM.

October 16th, 1918.

DEAR —

Continued effort over a period of weeks and months is inevitably followed by a reaction, under the influence of which we are very likely to do something which is entirely contrary to the spirit of the efforts we have been making, and which leads us to think that our efforts have been a failure. This is not true. No effort is a failure. All such an experience means, is that our efforts were not sufficient to overcome some of the more outstanding evil propensities of our nature. The thing to do is to hang on until we get the courage to undo the wrong act by confession and reparation.

So far as your friend is concerned, I see no reason why you should not invite her to ———, and then use your common sense as to how far to go. It never does any good to force a situation of that kind. On the other hand, there is no reason that I know of, why the natural and obvious thing should not be tried.

With best wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours,  
C. A. GRISCOM.

October 25th, 1918.

DEAR —

If you find that confession is easy I think it must mean that it is incomplete. You either confess to the fact and not to the sentiment of your fault; or you make a private confession of a public fault; or do it in some other way that saves your pride. Seculars always confess in private; but religious are nearly always required to make public confession, usually at the full daily meeting in the chapter room of the monastery. Confession is, of course, an immense relief; but I do not think you are the type of person who would find it easy.

. . . Nor am I surprised that resentment and mental criticism should be your stumbling block. It is a dreadfully pernicious and subtle fault, as I know from experience. Its seat is self-love,—self-will; as is obvious enough if we analyse it. We resent treatment accorded our self only because we place such a high value on our self, and have such an exaggerated idea of what we are entitled to in the way of treatment. It is, obviously, the reverse of humility. I think, on the whole, that the most effective means to rid our minds of such thoughts is to tell them to the Master. Tell him all your criticisms and resentments; the way you have been treated, etc., etc. You will find that the trouble has a way of shrivelling up if you will do this; and you will begin to see things again in something approaching true perspective.

You should make it a rule never to think of what other people are thinking of you. The only opinion that concerns you is the Master's opinion.

You must not be morbid. If a failure leads to discouragement or morbidness, it is, again, self-love, and is weak. I do not like to think of you as weak. I would rather you were bad!

Yours sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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*Christ died for the world, to save it from the curse of death under which it is; not a future death of misery, but an actual death of worse than misery; a death which involves our liking that which is evil. . . . Sin truly is damnation, though to us it is pleasure. That sin is pleasure to us, surely is the evil part of our condition. . . . Christ saves us, not from suffering, but from death; not from pain, but from that which makes us flee from pain.*—JAMES HINTON.

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*Life, like fire, is conserved only by communicating itself.*—ALFRED FOUILLÉE.

# T·S·ACTIVITIES

## REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

On Saturday, April 29th, 1923, at 10:30 A.M., the Annual Convention of the T. S. was called to order by Mr. Charles Johnston, Chairman of the Executive Committee. At that hour the meeting place of the New York Branch, 64 Washington Mews, New York, was filled with delegates, members-at-large, and members of the New York Branch,—the day-time sessions being only for T. S. members. Mr. Johnston was nominated and duly elected as Temporary Chairman, and Miss Julia Chickering as Temporary Secretary. On motion, it was voted that the Chair appoint a Committee on Credentials. The Chairman indicated that the primary duty of this Committee was to determine the standing of the Branch which each delegate present represented,—it being a Convention of Branches represented by delegates. Hence he would appoint to this Committee,—Professor Henry Bedinger Mitchell, Treasurer of the Society, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, Secretary T. S., and Miss Martha E. Youngs, Assistant Treasurer.

### ADDRESS OF THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN

MR. JOHNSTON: While the Committee is attending to its task, it will be my great pleasure and privilege, as Temporary Chairman, to bid the Convention a very sincere welcome. As the years of The Theosophical Society multiply, the Conventions become more vital, more intense, more potent for the future. I happened to remember, as I was coming to the Convention this morning, a great Convention in India, in 1888, where many Oriental countries were represented, not only India, but also Ceylon, and Japan, besides many European races. I recalled also another Convention, one held in this city in 1897, when the flags of all nations were displayed and there was an uproar of enthusiasm. The condition has changed. Instead of surface extension, we are getting depth, power, force. One is led to consider this. The fiftieth year of the Society is approaching. A diploma signed last night showed that this is the sixth month of our forty-eighth year; and many of us, who have studied the history of the Society and the cycles of its history, are inclined to look at the present with special care and special vigilance, because it represents the approach to one of those cyclic points. Some members will remember that just twenty-five years ago there was a very vital and decisive Convention in Chicago—a great divide in a most literal sense. That was before the Society had completed its twenty-fifth year, but it marked a period of intensive preparation, of trial, of testing, of stress, which The Theosophical Society went through for two years before the twenty-five year point was reached. Therefore if we are inclined to believe, as many of us are, that the fifty-year point of the Society will be not less vital and not less decisive than the twenty-five year point, we shall also be strongly inclined to believe that the year or two before that anniversary will be a time of preparation, of great potentiality, a time when the seeds, let us say, of the new twenty-five year period will be germinating.

That is the thought which I wish to offer for the consideration of the Convention. During the period twenty-five years ago, those of us who remember it vividly will recall the darkness, the depression, the obscurity,—and yet the inward light, intensely shining. While there is no reason to suppose that the present two years will be characterized by darkness or depression, they will not, for that reason, be less vital or less full of potentiality for the future. And we shall perhaps be wise to look on this Convention as an opportunity to gain light, inspiration, balance, wisdom, force, intensity, and enthusiasm for that eighteen month period of transition, of germination, which will extend from now until we reach our fiftieth birthday. The result

will depend enormously on the individual attainment, individual effort, individual aspiration, wisdom, force, power, devotion, selflessness of each member of The Theosophical Society. The opportunity, therefore, is tremendous; the responsibility is equally great; and I ask that we use this Convention to strengthen our sense of responsibility and to realize more fully the splendour of our opportunity.

#### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: Your Committee begs to report that 19 Branches are represented, entitled to cast 93 votes, and representative of a much larger number of members. These branches are:

Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela	Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
Aussig, Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia	New York, New York
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio	Norfolk, Norfolk, England
Hope, Providence, Rhode Island	Pacific, Los Angeles, California
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Indiana	Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
W. Q. Judge, Gateshead, England	Sravakas, Salamanca, New York
Karma, Kristiania, Norway	Toronto, Toronto, Canada
Krishna, South Shields, England	Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela
Middletown, Middletown, Ohio	Virya, Denver, Colorado
	Whitley Bay, Whitley Bay, England

It was moved, seconded and carried that the Report of the Committee on Credentials be received, placed on file, and the Committee discharged with thanks. The standing of delegates and proxies now being determined, the Chair called for nominations for the permanent officers of the Convention. The following were duly nominated and elected: Permanent Chairman, Professor Mitchell; Permanent Secretary, Miss Perkins; Assistant Secretary, Miss Chickering. A vote of thanks to the Temporary Chairman was then passed.

#### ADDRESS OF THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

THE CHAIRMAN: Once again you permit me to serve as your Chairman; once again I have to thank you for a privilege which old memories have made as dear to my affections as it is honourable in my esteem; once again, therefore, it is my function to add my words of welcome to those with which Mr. Johnston greets us; it is again mine to welcome the members and delegates of The Theosophical Society to its annual Convention,—to welcome you *home*.

For this is home. Here we come, once a year, from our distant outposts, from strangers in the strange land called the world, to meet our brothers in our Father's house,—the house our Elder Brothers have prepared for him, and us. Here, at least for a day, we may speak and hear our native language, understand and know that we are understood. Here we may lay aside that galling watch and guard on eye and voice, which the world compels, and open our hearts unabashed; speak our thought simply, as it rises in our mind. Here what is most intimate is most fully shared and comprehended, for here we are at home; and these Conventions of The Theosophical Society are very particularly and strictly family affairs.

If there be any one here to-day who does not feel that this is so, who feels at home rather in the world than in this atmosphere, then I think he has come here under some wrong impression. I know of no brotherhood which is so free and so open as is ours—the nucleus of a universal brotherhood. We welcome all who wish to come. We ask them only one question, and all who will answer it are free of our fellowship. But that question is precisely this searching one of their recognition of the brotherhood that binds us,—their recognition of the blood-tie of the soul. If they have no feeling or consciousness of this, then they are foolish to come here. We are sorry but they have no value for what we have to give, for the best we have to offer is contained in that one word *home*. Here the soul is at home.

"Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn." "That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds." The muses, the gods, are here,—for here are our

hearts and their hearts. Here is our homeland, made fair by the nobility of those who have inhabited it.

I wonder if we are all conscious of our great family, visible and invisible, gathered round us,—the comrades of the present and the helpers of the past,—for all are here. Here are focussed the life, the endeavour, the thought, the force, the spirit of all who love Theosophy; of all who, at any time, in any race, serving that which they loved, poured out their life into it, and so merged their lives with its life, so that they live for ever in it, with its immortality. Live for ever! There comes to my mind an echo of that splendid story of the war,—“Arise, ye Dead!” We all know it: that last wounded soldier in the French trench, who rose, calling to his dead fellows to rise once again to repel the attack. And yet, though I think of it now, it is not pertinent in the way it might at first appear. For here there are no dead, but the living. Once life is poured forth, once it commingles with this great stream of life which is the Theosophical Movement, once it claims its heritage as the soul, the illusion of death ceases. And it is not we who call to our dead to arise and help us in our combat; it is they who call to us. We can hear their call here. It resounds in every silence. We can hear it clearly: “Arise, ye Dead!” But it is we who must arise,—arise from the death of our material lives, from the corruption of our tomb, lay aside our grave clothes, take the bandage from our eyes, and stand clear-eyed as they, the immortals, our great brothers of the past, those who have built this house of life in which we meet, those whose spirit lives here and speaks to us to-day. It is their call we hear. We do not need to call to them.

As I listened to Mr. Johnston's review of our recent history and of the cycles through which our Movement has passed, I was reminded of the opening lines of Emerson's Essay on History: “There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent. Of the works of this mind, history is the record.” That mind is Theosophy, the mind of God and the wisdom of God. It is that mind we seek to know,—recognizing the dimness of our vision, the smallness of our capacity, yet earnestly seeking to understand, and most earnestly striving to follow its will for us, and to live by what we learn. It is of that mind we are the servants, the agents, if we will be, and so co-workers with it in the history of the world.

As the light of that lamp upon the table passes first through a globe we can hold in our hands, and then radiates out in ever widening spheres beyond the reach and scope of any human measurement, so with the works of this universal mind. At their inception, close to their origin, we can compass them; for their infinite inspiration and quickening power radiate from simple spiritual principles as from a point in space. They flood and fill first the minds and hearts of those who understand and serve them, as the light of the lamp fills its globe, and the room in which it is, before passing through the door and windows to the outer world. So Theosophy enacts its works, so history is written, first in The Theosophical Society and Movement. Here in the Society we see its works in miniature, on such a scale that we can grasp their interrelation and unity. In the world we see them expanded, thrown on a gigantic screen. Here we lay our hand on principles, on causes. There we see their effects,—and in these effects, the significance and infinite potency of the causes that produce them.

As we look out into the world to-day, what is it that we see? Confusion, turmoil, ruin, tyranny. Tyranny under the guise of freedom. And perhaps nothing can be of more moment to us than to strive really to understand this tragic paradox that the world presents,—that at a time when freedom is universally acclaimed as the rightful heritage of all men, at a time when it has been made to appear to them as their highest good, they have substituted for it a tyranny as binding and as crushing as the world has ever known. Yet important as it is, we cannot pause to dwell upon it now and I desire to note only one aspect of it. What we see thus written large in the world we may also find verified within the limits of our own immediate experience, and in recognizing the motives that make for evil and tyranny in ourselves we can learn the causes of the evil and tyranny in the world. When we desire that our own will may

be done, when freedom means to us freedom to follow what we ourselves desire or propose, when self-will over-rides principle and law, then chaos and turmoil reign in our minds, and under the name of freedom we experience the tyranny of self.

Little by little the evidence accumulates that the world is itself coming to see that it has mistaken the nature of freedom. Book after book has come to my attention recently dealing with one central theme,—that all government by the will of man is tyranny. It matters not whether it is the government, the imposed will, of a king or emperor or aristocracy,—though these must of necessity be better than what the world has to-day substituted for them—the imposed will of the crowd, of the “proletariat,” of the unintelligent, the unfit, the incapable. So long as it is the imposition of the human will, acting in and of and from itself alone, it is tyranny.

Whatever mistakes this country of ours (America) may have made, and it has made many; whatever may be the absurdities of its declaration of independence—that all men are born free and equal, when no one is born free and no two are born equal; its founders had at least one true perception,—that the only just government, the only *free* government, must be a government of law; a government of principles not of men.

That is the perception which the world needs to-day. It is the great lesson which the world as a whole, and which we as individuals need to learn. There is but one freedom, the freedom of obedience. There is no free or just government which is not government by divine right. There is but one power in all the universe that can rightly impose its authority on another, and that is the power and the authority of the universal mind,—Theosophy, the mind, the wisdom of God,—and its laws.

It is that we may know these laws better that we are members of The Theosophical Society. It is that we may make them known more widely and more truly that we devote our lives. It is to further them that we meet here to-day. And so, in the name of that high purpose, I open this Convention of The Theosophical Society, and ask that we shall proceed with our appointed business.

It was now moved, seconded and voted that the Chair appoint the usual standing Committees. The Chairman stated that his appointments would be announced a little later, and called for the reports of officers, beginning with that of the Executive Committee.

#### REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. JOHNSTON: The first principle regarding the Executive Committee is the principle of continuity. We realized, many years ago, that we were at one time electing and constituting the Executive Committee in a way which left a chasm of discontinuity in every Convention. That is, after the Committee reported, it ceased, for the time being, to exist, and at the close of the Convention a new Committee was elected or the members were re-elected. The present system under which only one third of the Committee goes out of office each year, provides that two thirds shall remain in office, and therefore that we get an unbroken continuity throughout the administration of The Theosophical Society, just as we should have, and as I hope we have, an unbroken spiritual continuity in the inner life of the Society.

If the destinies are propitious, if all has gone with harmony, without dislocations, without movements of disturbance from within or without, then it is the fortunate duty of the Committee to report through its chairman that there is no history to record for the year. Nobody has been blown up; no one has been mortally wounded; no one has starved to death. Therefore in that sense the less history we have the better the Society is doing. And there is a deeper view that I am going to ask you to take of this. Two great Conventions were mentioned a few minutes ago. One was in India in 1888, preceding by no great period a rather vital disturbance in the Society. Another was held in 1897, when the flags of all nations were displayed and we had a kind of League of Nations. It immediately preceded an explosion and a very violent explosion. Therefore the antithesis is very marked. Instead of a display of fire works we have a quietude and a display of force which is much less vulnerable. Remember, the Society has not made the progress which our Chairman outlined without arousing the forces of opposition, of darkness, of destruction. These chaotic upheavals have been proof

of that. Where there are seeds of discord, of discontinuity, cleavages in the armor, that is the opportunity of the force that opposes, that forever denies all that struggles into spiritual life. Therefore, if we find ourselves to-day in a period of quietude, of serenity, of intense inner life, we should offer our devout thanks to all the divine powers, because it means that we are more potent for our work on the one hand, and on the other that we are less exposed to the powers that constantly seek to destroy us. So we have something more than a record of the fact that we have no history, in the sense of disaster, to record. We have to record a very definite and vital and potentially promising fact. We have that serenity, that depth, which will gain life at the same time that it may guard us from danger.

It was suggested that other members of the Executive Committee might wish to report on points which had interested them, or had passed through their hands, and that perhaps Mr. Hargrove would be willing to say something about the situation in Germany.

MR. HARGROVE: I said what little I have to say on that subject, in a recent letter to one of the German members, which I asked him to be good enough to pass on to others. I have no copy of that letter with me. Perhaps, however, in the Report of our proceedings, an extract from that letter may be included at this point [as follows]:

"I want you, please, to tell the other members in Berlin that we have received several letters from them asking why it is that a charter has not yet been granted for a Berlin or German Branch, and also asking why it is that the Executive Committee has not yet replied to these various applications. I want you to tell your fellow members that if they will try to imagine the reasons for this delay and for this silence, I think they may be able to solve the problem for themselves. They cannot be so foolish as to imagine that the silence is due to indifference, or to any unkind motive. What they will discover, I believe, is that the members of the Executive Committee necessarily foresaw that the German members as a whole would have to be subjected to another real test of their ability to recognize the theosophical principles underlying a situation somewhat similar to the situation which existed in August, 1914. It certainly did not require any clairvoyant or unusual faculty to foresee that the German members must again inevitably be subjected to such a test,—certainly not subjected to it by the Executive Committee! but by great Karma itself, which is only another way of saying, by the combined wisdom and power of the Lodge, and by those still greater Powers which the Lodge represents on earth.

"The test has now come. France has occupied the Ruhr basin. What is the attitude and feeling of each German member? Is it a right feeling or is it a wrong feeling? Is this feeling based upon right understanding, or upon a misunderstanding of spiritual law? I am not asking these questions for the purpose of obtaining answers. I am suggesting that each German member should examine himself in the light of his experience in 1914. Whatever the true answer may be, the facts will develop in the course of time, because all hidden things will be revealed in the course of time,—revealed by the members themselves, by their own actions.

"This is the reason why so many letters, and so many questions about a charter for a German or Berlin Branch, have not been answered. We are still waiting. It is not for us to decide. It is for the German members themselves to decide. This does not mean that it is for the German members to announce: Now the time has come! Further delay would be unjust! It means that the German members will decide the fate of Theosophy in Germany, and perhaps the fate of Germany itself,—not because of their decisions or opinions or protests, but because of what they reveal themselves to be.

"I have sincere sympathy with all your questions, and am sorry that I must answer them so briefly.

"It is true of nations as of individuals, that when great sins have been committed, there must be a return to ordinary standards of decency before there can be any thought of the heights of discipleship. If either man or nation has sinned, there must be a genuine desire for reparation before it can be said that there is any real change in character or in tendency. I do not believe that any door is ever completely closed; I do not believe that either man or nation is doomed to annihilation,—that is, so long as 'time' still exists. The phrase used in



'Notes and Comments,' October, 1918, 'sentence of damnation,' was not used in the theological sense, but instead, in the sense in which one might say that a hopeless drunkard is 'doomed' to sink into the gutter. In other words, I agree with you absolutely when you say that '*every possible spiritual effort* on the part of the German members . . . ought to be made, in order to save whatever can be saved of the German nation.' Personally, I should go further than that, because I believe that the fate of Germany and of the German nation is in the hands of the German T. S. members to an almost incredible extent."

There are things on a different subject that I want to say, and it would not be your wish that I should attempt to sugar-coat them. While the truth necessarily is in itself sweet, I do not believe that it is always advisable, even if one were capable of doing so, to represent it with that flavour. In years past, it has been almost necessary to represent certain phases of the truth in a light made as attractive as possible, because for beginners in the work, if the truth were represented otherwise, repulsion instead of attraction would result. Children, after all, need an allowance of sugar with their diet; but little by little, as people grow up, they are supposed to think less of sugar or of the taste of sugar for its own sake, and to desire it, if at all, merely as an element in their diet.

Mr. Johnston has reported for the Committee, and has already intimated indirectly that whatever concerns the soul of man, whatever affects the soul of man, necessarily must concern us, must concern The Theosophical Society, must concern your Executive Committee,—and there are few things that do not affect the soul of man. Let us look briefly at some of the more obvious things: there is the whole field of art, the whole world of science, the development of nations, methods of government, the domains of literature, music, religion—all of these things vitally concern us, because all of them are means used by the spiritual world, by the Logos itself, to bring about the growth of the human soul. And therefore at these annual Conventions of the Society it would seem fitting—and I believe that as the years pass more and more attention will be paid to these things—it would seem fitting briefly to review the developments that have taken place during the preceding year under these different heads. I hope that at future Conventions it will be attempted.

Mr. Johnston suggested that we are approaching the close of a cycle, the beginning of a new cycle. He suggested that the seed of the future has already been sown. I am inclined to believe that the future of the individual member is going to be settled at this Convention. The future of the individual member, at the Convention in Chicago in 1898, was settled at least two years before that Convention met. We shall see. In any case the main question is whether the individual member is going to permit himself to be weaned. A weaning process has to take place,—a weaning, of course, from self, fundamentally, but a weaning also from some of our pet illusions.

Take religion—and I speak of this particularly because The Theosophical Society during the last ten years has become more and more active, through its members, in the field of Christianity; more and more work has been done in various Churches. And what has not always been understood is this: that Theosophy represents an esoteric interpretation of exoteric religion. There are stages always. There is the esoteric interpretation of Theosophy itself; the deeper truths. But in relation to the outside world, in relation to exoteric religion, Theosophy itself is profoundly esoteric; and if the individual member of the Society, the student of Theosophy, were to allow himself to be swamped by a purely exoteric interpretation of religion, he would be a traitor to the cause of the Masters. It is very important that we should realize that law is universal, and that once we recognize a law as a law, it must apply of necessity to every department of life. It seems to me that one of the laws which we ought to have recognized is that there are certain stages of growth which repeat themselves further on in a different way; or, to express it differently, that you may have a condition in infancy which is entirely normal and healthy; that infancy has to be outgrown, or ought to be, and that what is right for infancy is wrong for maturity, but may become right again at some future stage. Let me illustrate by speaking of ritual, of ceremony. You will find among savage tribes a complete dependence upon ritual and ceremony, a proper dependence; but that

stage has to be outgrown and a condition has to be reached at which there is supreme indifference to, utter detachment from, ritual and ceremony. That is the intermediate step, a stage in growth. It is not a finality. Nothing is final in growth. Beyond that step you have a third step. The infant stage having been outgrown; complete detachment having been attained, you must now acquire the ability to use ritual and ceremony as a means to an end,—the ends of the soul itself, the ends of the Lodge.

Those stages are not always passed through healthily. If you stop to think about it, there are very few human beings who pass through any stages without abnormal processes intervening! And you often find that those who are in a transition state are entirely negative, that their growth is negative; and therefore, instead of detachment, you sometimes find repulsion from ceremony and detestation of ritual. Now detestation is the opposite of detachment; it is a negative form of attachment. I speak of this merely by way of illustration. Ceremony, ritual, outer observance, in the infant stage, is a prop, a necessity. Then the soul has to learn that it can get along without any of those things; that they are not necessary. It becomes detached. Thirdly, there is the stage when such things can be used effectively. So it is with every doctrine under the sun. So it is with the exoteric teaching of Christianity.

Tragic would it be if a student of Theosophy—accepting things literally which may be “true” for certain people at certain stages of development—were to think of the great Master Christ as a man in a down-and-out Mission might properly think of that Master. I am afraid that here or there, even among students of Theosophy, there are many illusions. How would it be, for instance, if a student of Theosophy were to think of himself as walking up Fifth Avenue, hand in hand with a Mahatma! Yet there are some who have created that kind of an illusion for themselves because it is a pleasing illusion. If you think of a man in a down-and-out Mission, who, spiritually speaking, is a babe in arms,—if you think of that man really turning at last from death to life, from bestiality to spirituality, you could believe that all the kingdoms of heaven would wish to help him, and under divine law might be permitted to do things for him—for that babe in arms—which it would be impossible to do for an adult. But think of your own experience—think of a nursery; think of a father, of a mother. The father presumably has other things to do besides dandle the baby. Even the mother occasionally may have other things to do; and therefore, when it is possible, they employ trustworthy servants, and at times leave the care of the baby to some servant. Are we inclined to leave out all intermediate grades between the Masters and ourselves? Do we wish to remain perpetually in the condition of babies being dandled? We cannot remain for ever in that condition, even if we wish to do so, because the boy of twenty who still insists upon wearing a bib and going around in petticoats has to be cared for by the State, has to be looked after not by nurses, but in a straight-jacket. And so it is in the spiritual sense, in the Theosophical sense. In other words, if we could permit ourselves as students of Theosophy to become so confused, and so to belittle Theosophy itself as to imagine that what is true for a man in a down-and-out Mission, ought perpetually to be true for ourselves also,—we should thereby betray the cause of Theosophy and betray the Masters.

Madame Blavatsky, as you know, brought to the western world a knowledge of Masters. Knowledge of Masters had always existed, even in the western world, but only among the very few. She proclaimed their existence to the many and thereby gathered around herself all sorts of people, mostly curiosity hunters. One of the first things that happened was that Masters were inundated with appeals for souvenirs! People wanted precipitated letters; wanted advice about money matters; were having domestic troubles and wanted to be saved from the results of their own acts. So Masters complained at last that they had been compelled to surround themselves with an aura of defence, or astral “stone wall,” so as to protect themselves from this everlasting importunity. H. P. B. gave notice accordingly. What was the mistake that had been made by those students of Theosophy? They had tried to drag Masters down to their own level; they had not tried to lift themselves to the plane of the Masters. And my hypothetical student of Theosophy travelling up Fifth Avenue hand in hand with a Mahatma, is doing the same thing. Masters do not lend themselves to that kind of self-indulgence. If anyone supposes Masters are going to engage his servants for

him, he is mistaken; and there are many other plain, everyday duties which have to be performed by the individual himself, performed as duties and performed by himself, though with all the help that he can get from his own soul and from the Lodge. And he will get all the help he needs if he will perform those duties for the benefit of the Lodge, and as an obligation that he owes himself. But can he expect angels to wait upon him, so he can do these tasks of daily life without effort?

Let us not blink the facts; many of us are working for the Church, but there is hardly a Church on the face of the earth that is not in the last stage of decrepitude, a disgrace to the Masters; and yet there are students of Theosophy who think of their Church as if it were an eternal reality. It is my belief that the Lodge has considered, many and many a time, whether it would not be necessary to wipe the Churches off the face of the globe,—whether there was anything left there to save. Once in a while the *QUARTERLY* receives questions such as: Why do you make so much of the Roman Catholic Church? If they only knew the ingenuity that it takes to find the good in that Church! And I say exactly the same thing of the Protestant Churches. It would be tragic beyond words if after all the instruction we have received, all the help we have been given, we were to lose our sense of perspective, of proportion, when it comes to such elementary facts as these.

So we have to wean ourselves, if that still be necessary, from some of our illusions; and of course, every one of us is in need of being weaned from some illusion. Let us hope, however, that there are not many of us who need to be weaned from such illusions as I have been speaking of. It has often been necessary for some of us to address a gathering of infants in arms, and to speak accordingly; but, as our Chairman said, at these meetings of The Theosophical Society we do not proceed on that basis at all. We proceed on the basis that in so far as it lies in our power to do so, we wish to speak the truth as we see it, and not only wish to speak the truth as we see it, but strive to speak it. What is it all about, if not about chelaship? What is The Theosophical Society for, if not for chelaship? I know that in years past there have been members of The Theosophical Society who have said: I am not interested in chelaship; I do not want it; I am interested in reincarnation and Karma, and I like to talk about reincarnation and Karma. Well, there is room for such members in The Theosophical Society, of course,—room for all kinds and conditions of people in The Theosophical Society. But speaking as an individual member, and for the moment forgetting my representative capacity as a member of the Executive Committee, it seems to me that the real purpose of The Theosophical Society is to uplift the banner of the Lodge, to move that banner forward into the world; and that what we are asked to do at this Convention, the appeal that is made at this Convention, is to move forward with that banner of the Lodge. What does that mean? If it does not mean chelaship, it means nothing. It does not mean that we are called upon to proclaim from the housetops something about reincarnation and Karma and the seven principles of man. The Lodge does not care in the least whether the average person believes in those things or not,—because the Lodge knows that mere belief in those things is not going to alter a person's will in the slightest degree, or his life in the slightest degree, of necessity. No; it means chelaship; it means growing up. It means, in effect, leaving infancy, leaving the bottled-fed and the spoon-fed stage, and finally reaching that point at which a child takes a knife and fork in his own hands and feeds himself. He has got to learn to do it, and if, every time he tries, he begins to weep and says he cannot hold his knife and fork and does not know how, I assume that his mother finally says: Don't eat anything at all; go without until you learn,—and that she says this, not from impatience, but from true consideration and love.

What really concerns us is the problem of chelaship; and if there are illusions anywhere, there are illusions under that head. The word has been sugar-coated, has been softened—oh yes, of necessity—and we no longer speak of chelaship so much as of discipleship; and most people try to persuade themselves that there is a distinction without a difference. Yet what do you read in *Letters That Have Helped Me*, in that concluding chapter by Mr. Judge? Is Paradise just around the corner? Are the Masters on their knees to you, begging you to do this, that and the other thing, and to accept of their graces? Nothing of the kind! What is said is: If you want it, take it; but if you want it, realize that you will have to go after it with

everything that you are, with everything that you have; that absolutely nothing may be held back; you may have to wait ten incarnations before you hear a whisper from the Lodge; and unless you can do it in that spirit, you may as well stay where you belong. You cannot talk that way in a Mission for down-and-out drunkards, because it would not be true for down-and-out drunkards. You are not trying to turn those men into chelas,—at least I hope not. Some people try to turn their tame canaries into chelas, but that only means that they do not understand chelaship. We have got to revive the older idea, the older truth. Intermediate stages are necessary; transition states are inevitable; but we now should have the ability to read the earlier literature with understanding. Let us remember this: at the time those things were written, there were not, I suppose, as many as three members in the Society who understood a word of it. Such things were mysteries, were unintelligible,—the proof of which is that out of all the membership of those earlier days—those very early days—you know how many remain.

Why was it that the Masters had to put up that wall to protect themselves? It was because, as I have said, individuals were trying to drag the Masters down to them, instead of trying to lift themselves to the plane of the Masters. But what does that mean? Conscientious students of Theosophy have tried to lift themselves by their shoe straps, as it were, to a state of blankness, and have believed that if they can make themselves sufficiently blank they will, in some way or other, have shifted their own level of consciousness to the level of the Masters. What it must mean, it seems to me, and will seem to you, is that to lift ourselves to the level of Masters is to be concerned about the things which they concern themselves about. Instead of being so interested in totally unimportant things, in trivialities and child's play, we have to become interested in real things, in the things of the eternal; and the things of the eternal are not vague and abstract things. They are intensely concrete and real. If a man's soul is at stake, is not that a reality? And so we can test ourselves by finding out whether we are chiefly interested in things which affect the souls of men.

Let me go back to my illustration of the servant. When it comes to hiring servants, I do not see that it makes such a lot of difference to the soul whether you happen to get a good one or a bad one. It may be much better for your soul to get a thoroughly bad one. It may help you to acquire patience, discretion, and so forth. Why should the Lodge exert itself to pick out a good servant for you or for me? Better to get a bad one, perhaps, if you see the thing in terms of the soul rather than in terms of personal comfort and satisfaction. What it means is that we have to rid ourselves of this everlasting habit of balancing the agreeable and the disagreeable. It does not matter whether we have a pain or not. If there is work that we ought to do, then pain is a means to that end, and not an obstacle. Think of H. P. Blavatsky. A book was written about her by a Russian, a cur, and the worst "friend" she ever had. But what does he admit—even that scoundrel? He says that when writing the *Secret Doctrine*, and when two or three doctors had declared her at the point of death, she would tear herself out of bed in mortal anguish (his own word), and would write for six hours on end. Her pain was a means and not an obstacle; and until we, in our turn, learn to adopt that same attitude toward all the things of the personality, we may as well understand at once that we are only playing with chelaship, only playing with the Lodge; that we are treating the Lodge itself as yet another toy.

We shall have other opportunities in the course of the day, perhaps, to discuss these problems, and perhaps to counterbalance some of the aspects of the question which I have tried to present. It is almost impossible for any one speaker to present more than one side of the truth; and that, of course, is one reason why the Conventions and Branch meetings are held: that we may put together various portions of the truth and in that way strive to bring together the whole.

I said with deep belief that it is at this Convention that the individual member is going to decide—whether he be conscious of it or not—what action he is going to take, which way he is going, two or three years from now. We are responsible to the Lodge, responsible not only to those whom we hear of, and may know of, as Masters, but to all others in the Lodge. And the Lodge is not in some spot on earth and nowhere else, is not in some spot in the spiritual

world and nowhere else. I so often wish that newer members were more familiar than they are with the earlier literature of the Movement. If they were, they would have read, for instance, of those centres on the earth's surface which correspond to certain centres in man, and that one of the functions of those who are of the Lodge is to keep alive here, there and elsewhere those ancient fires, lit ages ago, that the souls of men may feel and remember when their day dawns. So it is that, apparently wandering over the face of the earth, here to-day, elsewhere tomorrow, are those messengers of divinity, men like ourselves, working in ways unseen but vital, for the salvation of the race. The Lodge is visible as well as invisible; and if we would serve the Lodge, as we do in our hearts desire to serve the Lodge, we must learn at last to see life in those same terms—not merely as matter to be turned from, not merely as evil to be shunned. That is not the way to understand life. We must learn to see it and to use it as a window into the invisible. We have to see things at last as the Lodge sees things. It is the tendency to-day, as all of us know, to see things in a gross and material sense; to take that which in itself is spiritual and to turn it into corruption or into folly. Modern music, modern painting, are examples of that lunatic tendency in man. How do we see life? How do we see our own environment? How do we see our difficulties, our temptations, our trials? Let me use an illustration from art itself. You know the paintings of Turner, of Claude Lorraine. Do we see life in those terms? Do we see life as radiant? Do we see the invisible through the visible? Or do we see life either as dull and stagnant, or as some poor, mad cubist sees it—a whirling chaos?

The Chairman, after referring to Mr. Hargrove's address, announced the appointment of the following standing committees:

*Committee on Nominations*

Mr. Charles Johnston, *Chairman*  
Mrs. Edith G. Armstrong  
Miss Celia Richmond

*Committee on Letters of Greeting*

Dr. Archibald Keightley, *Chairman*  
Dr. C. C. Clark  
Miss A. F. Hascall

*Committee on Resolutions*

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*  
Dr. T. L. Stedman  
Miss Theodora Dodge

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 28th, 1923

A Report on the work of the year could easily be compiled in statistical form; or we could present a set of cards, one for each member, on which is recorded every letter (other than routine orders and notifications) received during the year. Some cards are quite blank; others have many entries. But surely we need not conclude that work is not being done for the Society, simply because members have not written to the Secretary. The Branch Reports and the correspondence of the year clearly indicate that greater solidarity is being sought throughout the Society. This is shown in many different ways. For example, in the extent to which different Branches are using for their meetings material found in the QUARTERLY. Those of us who live in English-speaking countries have little notion of the devoted effort made by certain members in Europe and in South America to render the magazine available for their fellows. They carefully parcel out the laborious work of translation, exchange their product, and then study together and compare views. It would not be fair to speak only of the effort to make the best intellectual use of our magazine and our books. The reports show, in a marked degree, a deepening sense of responsibility for the truths entrusted to us as T. S. members. There is a feeling of obligation to make them part and parcel of everyday life, in loyalty both to those great ones who have gone before and to those who come after us and who will perforce inherit from us. The growing attention to Study Classes is also significant, as is the tendency to start new work with a Study Class instead of risking the premature organization of a Branch.

Another means of "keeping step" has been discovered by many Branches, in their use of the fortnightly notes on the New York Branch meetings. In some places the notes are used

as material for discussion at public meetings; in others as an outline for the work of Study Classes; in others as a means of uniting a scattered membership in some common activity and thought. Branch Secretaries are gladly undertaking the work of manifolding the notes for their distant members; others are providing copies for their loan library. Many letters have been received which indicate that this focussing of thought and attention on a particular set of topics has been found genuinely helpful; and that it has encouraged contributions on these topics from local Branch members. In the beginning it was promised that all questions sent in would be answered. At the time, it might have sounded like a perilous opening of the door to a flood of inquiries, but very few questions have come: they would still be welcome!

Outsiders often ask, "Who is your President?" How many members could answer? Not so long ago this question was raised among a number of members who happened to be together. Various names were advanced. Yet the fact is that such an office does not exist in the Society. The Executive Committee, with its six members (plus the Treasurer, *ex officio*), has the responsibilities that usually devolve upon a president. These points, and others which all Branches would wish to understand, are clearly set forth in the Constitution and By-Laws, a copy of which will be sent to any member, upon request.

A significant feature of the year's correspondence has been the number of strangers who have been attracted to Theosophy through coming upon the *QUARTERLY*, as if by chance, in some library. The series of articles of which such inquirers generally write is Mr. Griscom's "Letters to Students." So his work still goes on, not only in the hearts of those who knew him, but also in the lives of many who delight in the inimitable directness and loving insight which speak through his letters. Yet only those who lived close to him could appreciate the difficult outer conditions—strain, continuous ill-health, high-pressure daily routine—from the midst of which these letters sprang, with their characteristic poise and their note of joyous trust. Thanks to the continuance of the Propaganda Fund, it is now possible to put the *QUARTERLY* into all the public libraries that ask for it—and there are many where the magazine is regularly received and genuinely appreciated.

A word about our Secretary Emeritus, Mrs. Gregg: She is able to write few letters, and has been obliged, with advancing years, to lay aside all her accustomed work for the Society, though she is still very glad to see her friends. There are days full of pain, and there are days when she is quite comfortable—but through them all the T. S. is always closest to her heart.

Many New York members have generously helped in the routine of the Secretary's office. The magazine envelopes have been addressed by Mrs. Helle, Mrs. Vaile, Miss Graves, and Miss Goss. Other details are in the hands of Miss Youngs, Miss Lewis, and Miss Wood. We are immensely indebted to a member of the Society who provided funds, not included in the Treasurer's Report, for the employment of assistance in correspondence and in other work for which no volunteers were available.

What, it is sometimes asked, *can* a member-at-large do for the Movement, alone, and away from Headquarters? A personal reply is sometimes difficult, because the qualifications and aptitudes of the inquirer are not known. There is one general answer—he can *be a light*. The light may be a very tiny one, but if it burn steadily and brightly, who knows what storm-tossed traveler may be sent to find shelter and a new start on the journey. That rests with the higher powers, while the keeping of the light rests with each isolated member. He has to get from within himself enthusiasm, the desire to make his Theosophy contagious, and the steady drive to keep him day by day at his appointed post. He cannot hope to do this unless he asks himself frequently—What does the Lodge want me to do? What was I put here to do? It is safe to say that every live Branch of the T. S. owes its existence to just such pioneer work. How else are we to construct that building which the next Messenger ought to find awaiting his use? Can it be built by occasional fleeting thoughts given to Theosophy, or by idly wishing for companions in Theosophy? The Great Companions have given us too much not to require more than that of every single one of us.

Respectfully submitted,

ISABEL E. PERKINS,  
Secretary T. S.

It was moved and seconded that the report of the Secretary be accepted with thanks—thanks not only to our Secretary but to all those whose help she so generously and completely acknowledges. Carried.

MR. HARGROVE: This, as we know, is the only Society which has a right to the title, "The Theosophical Society," as founded by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875.

I should like, incidentally, to call attention to the fact that no member of the Society receives any sort of pecuniary reward for any work done for it, directly or indirectly. I happen to know something of other societies calling themselves Theosophical, and I am sorry to say that in every case, so far as I am aware, the most important people in them are in some way or other supported by their writings for Theosophy, or by their speeches for Theosophy, charging admission to their lectures; or they receive salaries for the work which they do. As I understand it, the one employee, referred to in our Secretary's Report, is a stenographer who is not a member of the Society. No other individual who works for The Theosophical Society or for the QUARTERLY in any way derives financial benefit from his work or from his membership. I think that is a splendid situation.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: Perhaps our Secretary Emeritus is very much in our minds. We miss her presence here to-day, those of us who recall how gladly we welcomed it throughout the past. I should not like the Secretary's report to be passed over without some further reference to Mrs. Gregg. Sometimes we have sent her from the Convention a bunch of flowers. I do not know whether such would be your pleasure to-day. (It was moved and seconded that this be done, and unanimously carried.)

As the next business was the report of the Treasurer, Professor Mitchell requested Mr. Johnston to take the Chair.

#### REPORT OF THE TREASURER

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: First of all, the Treasurer should, I think, express his own thanks to the Assistant Treasurer who, throughout the year, has done all the labour which attaches to that office, so that the Treasurer has only had the privilege of answering certain letters which came in with the dues. The keeping of the dues, depositing of cheques, paying of bills, have all been carried out by Miss Youngs, as Assistant. It is her tabulation, checked by the books here on the Chairman's table, which I beg to present to you to-day.

#### APRIL 28, 1922—APRIL 27, 1923

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Disbursements</i>	
Current dues.....	\$527.52	Pension.....	\$240.00
General contributions.....	1182.67	Printing and mailing the THEO-	
Propaganda Fund.....	962.50	SOPHICAL QUARTERLY (5 num-	
Subscriptions and donations to the		bers).....	3101.66
THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY....	736.65	Postage.....	66.54
	\$3409.34	Stationery and Supplies.....	24.24
1924 Dues prepaid.....	104.00	Miscellaneous.....	4.23
	\$3513.34		\$3436.67
Balance April 27, 1922.....	1547.87	Balance April 27, 1923.....	1624.54
	<u>\$5061.21</u>		<u>\$5061.21</u>
<i>Assets</i>		<i>Liabilities</i>	
On deposit Corn Exchange Bank,		1924 Dues prepaid.....	\$104.00
April 27, 1923.....	\$1624.54	Excess of assets over liabilities...	1520.54
			<u>\$1624.54</u>
		HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL,	
		Treasurer, The Theosophical Society.	
April 27, 1923.			

**PROFESSOR MITCHELL:** You will recall the way in which the Propaganda Fund originated, and what was said at the time with regard to it. The cost of paper, the cost of labour, and all costs connected with publication have very greatly increased. I know of no magazine, with the exception of the *QUARTERLY*, that has not had, as a consequence of this, to increase its price. The *QUARTERLY* has not done so, but sells to-day for the same price as twenty years ago. We have discussed it from time to time, and have always decided that we did not wish to raise our price; that the magazine was the one means of official propaganda which the Society employed, and that we wished to make it possible for every member, no matter how poor, to afford it; that we wanted also to enable members to send it to Public Libraries, where it might be seen and found by those who are seeking what it gives. Therefore, since we were unwilling to increase the price, we created this Propaganda Fund—not only to cover the extra expense of the *QUARTERLY*, but also to enable us to publish in pamphlet form such articles and papers as might be generally helpful. At the time, we urged members not to contribute to the Fund more than they could afford; and I wish now to repeat that request.

Referring to the fact that the receipts for the Propaganda Fund were lower this year than in last year's report, the Treasurer said that year before last we faced a real need. We were short of money, had had to borrow to pay for the *QUARTERLY*, had had to receive a special contribution of five hundred dollars in order to meet our bills. The situation had been placed before the members, and they had responded most generously. At the Convention a year ago, the Treasurer had, therefore, been able to report that the Society's finances were again in good condition. In the current year there has been no critical need, and it was doubtless for this reason that the contributions to the Propaganda Fund had fallen off.

The Treasurer explained that under the head of Disbursements, the chief item is the printing and mailing of the *QUARTERLY*. This year there had been included in the Report payment for five numbers of the magazine. Usually the April number had been left over for the next year—no funds being available to meet the bill until the new dues came in.

Mr. Woodbridge and Mr. Mitchell, among others, expressed very earnestly the wish that Mr. Griscom's articles should be given permanent form.

Upon motion, the Treasurer's report was accepted, and the thanks of the Society extended to the Treasurer and to the Assistant Treasurer. Professor Mitchell then resumed the Chair.

The Chairman stated that the next business before the Convention was the report of the Committee on Nominations.

#### REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS

**MR. JOHNSTON:** The principle of the continuity of the Executive Committee has already been touched on. Therefore there are only two out of the six elected members to come up for election at each Convention. The Committee on Nominations has conferred and has decided to propose for re-election, the two members who went out of office this year, namely, Judge McBride of Indianapolis, and Colonel Knoff of Norway. It happens that they are both representatives of the class of which Mr. Hargrove spoke, who have been in the Society for a very long period of years, who have summered it and wintered it, and who have that mature experience which is always exceedingly useful in directing the course of the Society for the future. Further, the Committee proposes that we shall re-elect the Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer of the T. S., and the Secretary and Assistant Secretary.

It was moved and seconded that the Secretary be empowered to cast one ballot for the officers nominated. This was done; and after announcements about other meetings, the Convention duly adjourned until 2.30.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION

The Chairman called first for the report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting.

#### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

Dr. Keightley read letters from Colonel Knoff of Norway, a member of the Executive Committee, and from Branches in Sweden, in Czecho-Slovakia, in England, in Venezuela,



and many distant places; and also referred to numerous other letters, one and all of which brought good wishes. A cablegram from Norfolk, England, was also read, and various greetings from Branches in England. It was moved, seconded, and carried that the Committee on Letters of Greeting be discharged with thanks. [The Letters of Greeting are given in an Addendum to this Report.]

#### REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: We used to have resolutions year after year, representing the feeling of the Convention about various matters. At one stage of the Great War, the Society in Convention assembled could contain itself no longer, and expressed itself about the war, or rather about the principles underlying war in general. At that time, this country was still priding itself on its neutrality and on its superiority, and therefore the resolutions passed by the Society at that time were representative of the soul, rather than of the lower Manas of the United States of America! That fact was recognized by the Society. I think we may say that we had no illusions on the subject. But because officially the country was still neutral, when those resolutions were read by members in Germany they waxed virtuously indignant, and wanted to know why The Theosophical Society had an opinion about such a subject as war, and demanded that hereafter, before the Society express any opinion about anything, three months notice should be given to every Branch in the world, no matter where situated. It did not seem to matter at the time how much notice had to be given, and the result was that at our next annual Convention, we put something in the By-Laws to the effect that hereafter we should give this notice. As matters now stand, anybody who has an idea as to a resolution, three or four months ahead of the Convention, should forward it to the Secretary at Headquarters. No one has ever done it, because, so far as I am aware, everyone is too busy three or four months ahead of Convention to work out a cut and dried programme regarding resolutions. Some one, I think in England, several years ago, wanted to know why these resolutions were not submitted to Branches before Convention. There is an excellent reason. The fact is that all of those resolutions were drafted at luncheon during the Convention. They reflected the spirit of the Convention. Someone had a very slim lunch, and produced a resolution instead of eating. The reason why the resolution was not sent to England or Germany or somewhere else, was that there was not time between luncheon and 2.30 to do it.

So we have lost the habit of drafting resolutions. After all, if this Convention does not say something in very clear and penetrating tones, without the aid of a formal resolution, it is a pity. If anyone here were to try to put in the form of a resolution that which he believes to be the real resolution of the Convention to-day, I think it would be almost impossible to phrase it adequately, and even if it could be phrased satisfactorily, it would not be the resolution of the Society as such, but rather the combined resolution of the different individual members present,—which is a totally different matter.

There are three stock resolutions that we are in the habit of passing:

1. That Mr. Johnston be authorized to reply to the letters of greeting.
2. That the Convention requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to the Branches.
3. That the thanks of the Convention be expressed to the New York Branch for its hospitality and for the use of the room in which meetings were held.

As Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, I suggest that the Convention pass those three resolutions, and then that individual members so express the real resolution of the Convention that readers of the report of the Convention will be able to interpret that resolution for themselves.

These resolutions being duly passed, the Chairman called for the reports of visiting delegates, and of Branches, or of members-at-large.

#### REPORTS

MRS. GITT: I am greatly interested in church work, and I never intend to give it up, because the Christian Master is my ideal. In fact I came into the Society in order to get a better

understanding of the Christian teaching. So, as a member-at-large, I am giving special attention to the churches. There is a religious revolution going on in Washington now—the people have lost confidence in the churches. To me it is very significant that the churches can no longer get women to teach in their Sunday Schools; salaried men are being brought in to do that work. It means that the women are finally getting tired of the stupidity of the churches; they want some activity, and they are therefore turning their attention to other organizations. The clergy has indeed a very difficult situation to meet. It is not strange that many ministers freely admit that they are greatly alarmed. Some of them are making what I consider the mistake of openly abusing all other organizations, from the pulpit. Others are making a heroic effort to hold on, confident that in the end, people must turn to the church for light and guidance.

MISS RICHMOND: I always feel that I hate to add one word to a thing as perfect as the Convention always is. In that little corner of Massachusetts where I come from, there is not very much to report, but I hope there is a spark of fire there that will some day be kindled into flame. One of the friends who was there last year has moved away [And has since joined the T. S.]; the other meets with me when she can, and when she cannot, I hold the meeting all by myself.

MRS. GOOD: I am sure I convey to you the hearty wishes of the Pacific Branch. We hold our meetings at 7.30 on Sunday evening. They are conducted informally. Topics are chosen, provided by those present. We have devotional reading at the beginning and end of all meetings. Last year, we had two new activities,—one, a correspondence course, in which we endeavoured to draw into greater unity our members who are scattered. We have members from Oregon to Texas, and even those nearby are, in many cases, living outside of Los Angeles, and do not get to the meetings regularly. The other activity was started by request of a lady who asked that a Study Class be formed for the study of *The Secret Doctrine*. Mr. Leonard undertook the work, and the class is held on Wednesday at noon. Mr. Leonard has kept the room open each day during the noon hour. We have circulated the *QUARTERLY*, sending it into Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico. Some of the clergy have requested copies. Our meetings generally have been more largely attended. We have new members, and it seems on the whole that there has been greater interest.

THE CHAIRMAN: Many of us here to-day will remember our pleasure a few years ago in having at the Convention Mr. Leonard and Mr. and Mrs. Box, representing the Pacific Branch from which Mrs. Good now brings a greeting.

MRS. REGAN: I do not know that there is very much more to say for Hope Branch this year than in the past, except that we have had the inestimable privilege of having the notes of the New York Branch meetings. They have helped us to increase our understanding, and that is just what we need so much. We have reached the point where we know it is not enough to be sincere, not enough to be good. We have got to have understanding. We have had visitors from the Study Class of the members-at-large in Providence, and also have attended their Study Class, and that has helped us to increase our understanding.

MRS. GORDON: While I am a member of the Middletown Branch, I have not been an active member recently, having changed my residence. But I still consider myself a member, so I offer to this Convention the heartiest greetings from that little band of workers. It is a small membership, but I think many of the members are very sincere and in earnest. I keep in correspondence with some of them, and I feel that they are doing what they can. As to the activities of the Branch at present, I am not informed.

MRS. DANNER: I am afraid I cannot give any greeting from the Branch in Pittsburgh, but I am sure I can bring a very hearty greeting from Mr. Hodby whom I had hoped to see here to-day. He told me sometime ago that the *QUARTERLY* is in great demand in his bookshop. It is always such a pleasure and such a source of good to us to attend the Convention, that we are very happy to be here this time.

MRS. KILPATRICK: I did not expect to speak this afternoon, but I am very glad to bring my greetings and to say how much pleasure it gives me to be here once more. I have been living for two or three years in the northern part of California, and so far as I know, no representative of this Society is in the same neighbourhood. I am struck with the feeling that exists there, as

all over the world to-day,—the excessive freedom on the part of all people, especially of the young; yet there are cults springing up on all sides which testify to a search on the part of the people for the truth. Whatever the people are expressing to-day, it is at least genuine. There is no pose about it, and they are not going into it from any conventional reason. In so far as that may be a hopeful sign, I can bring that with my greeting.

MR. DANNER: I feel so much like one of the infants Mr. Hargrove referred to, that I hesitate to speak,—not because there is nothing in my heart to say, because no one could go through the morning that we had this morning and not feel much. I was particularly struck by what was said about coming home here. I do not think there is any word which means more to us. Some of us had one of those famous lunch conversations to-day, and you may be surprised to know that there is a resolution passed already, as to what we are going to do next year when we come home again. My regret is that there is no possible way whereby these infants or babes in arms might be brought home occasionally, to get this wonderful spirit and contact which means so much to anyone who is struggling as most of us are. Mrs. Danner and I do not represent officially the Pittsburgh Branch—I do not know why—but we are glad to bring a greeting from every one of those good people who are striving to do their best as they see it. And I wish there were some way in which all of them, or some of them, could have the privilege, as we do, of coming home once a year to meet the members of this wonderful family.

MR. VAIL: I think the feeling that has impressed me most to-day has been in line with what Mr. Hargrove said this morning about the time having come when we have got to be able to grow up; to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. We cannot expect to have help all the time. I have been so impressed in my own case, with the great kindness of numerous friends in the T. S. who seem to have showered goodness upon me. And yet I have felt from time to time that it is up to me in the long run; that until I settle down and do it myself it will not be done, no matter what wonderful opportunities are afforded me, no matter what encouragement may be given me by my friends. So if there is any resolution to be made, it will be the resolution that the time has come to stand alone and to go ahead.

MRS. LAKE: Our little Study Class in Providence is holding together, and we are trying to do the best we can. We all look forward to our weekly meetings with great happiness, and I think we all feel that they are really the greatest thing in our lives, because we get there our inspiration to go on, to try and live our lives according to theosophical teaching as we have been able to grasp it. And while I myself feel that I am very much of a babe in arms, I hope and trust that I may learn to stand alone.

MR. HARGROVE: I should like to express, on behalf of the older members here, our deep gratitude to some of those who have spoken, who have made us feel that they are heart and soul in the Movement. They have made us feel by what they said, that they have really given themselves to the work. Mr. Danner, I am sure, will understand that there is the right kind of baby and the wrong kind of baby! There is the teething, puling, impossible little thing who persists in being a baby when it ought not to be a baby; and there is the perfectly fascinating baby for whom you will do anything in the world. Mr. Danner called himself a babe. From one standpoint, all of us are babes. Other people may not think we are nice babies, but at least we can try to be. While it is true that every one of us, relatively speaking, in comparison with somebody else, is still in the infant school, we can at least look round and see what we can do to lessen the burden of responsibility which an infant, just because it is an infant, necessarily is. One of the real troubles with the Theosophical Movement, past and present, has been that there are not enough nurses to go round,—either in the Lodge or out of it! Once in a while, when perhaps we have reason to accuse ourselves of still being in the condition when we need a nursemaid to take care of us, let us see what we can do to get out of that condition. There are such innumerable people who need nursemaids, such tremendous demands upon what might be called the nursemaid caste, that if, by withdrawing ourselves from that condition and moving up, we can relieve the situation, can lighten the burden in that sense,—I believe the joy in heaven would be boundless.

Then I want to speak of something else. Professor Mitchell, this morning, spoke of democracy, of mob rule. I want to connect that, if I may, with something that I suggested about the

stages of growth. As an illustration, the use of ritual and ceremony was mentioned,—the first stage, when man is dependent upon ritual and ceremony; then the intermediate stage when he acquires detachment, ceases to be dependent upon it, and becomes indifferent to it; then the third stage, when he learns how rightly and wisely to use ritual and ceremony for the purposes of soul, for the purposes of the Lodge. Let us try to think of that in terms of government.

Back in the early days, there were Adept kings,—those who were members of the Lodge, and who in that capacity ruled the nations. Most of the people whom they ruled were ignorant, were in the earliest stages of infancy, were unable really to appreciate their rulers, but accepted them with childlike, blind faith. It was necessary that in the course of ages that acceptance should become conscious. Blind faith was not, and could not be sufficient. There had to be developed self-conscious, deliberate co-operation, self-conscious choice and obedience,—no longer the acceptance of infancy, but the grateful, whole-hearted acceptance of maturity. The world had to pass from the one stage to the other stage; and, referring to the transition stage, I spoke this morning of those who adopt a negative attitude toward ritual and ceremony, who hate it and rebel against it,—showing that, instead of being detached, they have developed a sort of psychic measles, in spite of which they may ultimately attain the true detachment.

In methods of government, I do not regard democracy as an inevitable phase of growth. I think democracy may be compared to a condition of psychic measles through which the world passes because it is exceedingly difficult for the world to do anything normally. So, as a stage toward the attainment of self-conscious and deliberate acceptance of God-given rule, man devised this strange thing that he calls democracy. It is not for me to imagine what the normal method of growth would have been; perhaps monarchical government was normal. But using the analogy of ritual once more, let us see what happened in England when there was a revolt against too much ritual in religion. The Covenanters, the Roundheads, whitewashed the interior of cathedrals, and beautiful paintings and marbles, and then felt that they had gained emancipation because they had daubed on the whitewash. In exactly the same way, human beings who at first accepted the rule of Adept kings like infants, with blind faith, little by little began to assert themselves, and little by little got rid of the Adept kings and got kings after their own hearts,—that is to say, plain ordinary kings, with nice comfortable vices like their own, so that they felt much more at home with them. Later, as people became more and more self-assertive, they got rid of their kings. Then they held a town meeting, and set up one of themselves, putting him as President in the place of the king. It gave them a sense of freedom. Of course it was "measles" from the standpoint of the real, but doubtless it was—I will not say inevitable, because it was not; but they did just as the Roundheads did, and saw in whitewash, in ugliness, in the hiding of that which symbolized reality, an evidence of their own emancipation. So a modern man sees democracy, or the town meeting, or the vote. He sees them as ends in themselves. Once you have them, you have it all; once you are rid of the king, and have the right to choose your own idiot in the place of the king, you have it all. You have mob rule. Because, sugar-coat it as you choose, what we have in any democratic country—by which I mean England, the United States, France—any democratic country where every man has a vote—is rule by a majority, rule by weight or by number, and not by intelligence. I do not mean that intelligence is enough, but intelligence would at least be a beginning, and it is ridiculous to suppose that mere bulk is going to supply more than bulk. It cannot supply intelligence.

All we need to do is to think of what Theosophy tells us of the government of the Lodge, because, whatever we know about that, we must also see as the objective for humanity as a whole,—the Lodge being the prototype toward which humanity is moving from the stage of blind faith and acceptance, through whatever intermediate stages it creates for itself, to that supreme goal. And the Lodge is not governed by bulk or by numbers—nothing of the kind. The Lodge is governed by those who are best, who are greatest, who are noblest, and who are recognized as best and greatest and noblest. Nor is government imposed upon its citizens,—far from it! It is enough to raise a finger in protest, and the government ceases, because protest means that the individual is no longer a citizen of that kingdom. If he does not like it, he certainly need not have it! Yet that government is adored, because it is known to be great-

est and noblest and best. There will be no solution for the ills of the world, no real solution, until the same kind of government is recognized as desirable; and long before we get it or can become fit for it, we must recognize it, at least intellectually, as desirable beyond all else in life. Think for one moment, if you will, of the confusion in the world to-day. Think of the interference with natural law, with the law, let us say, of supply and demand; think of the need for interference in other cases. Think what it would mean if we had wisdom and unselfishness and strength in the seats of authority. But then think also of what would happen if we did see those qualities there. Some of us might rejoice. Some of us might have it in us to adore that power and goodness; but would the majority of us feel that way? Would there not be bitter complaint on the part of this section and that, because their particular rights were not being recognized, because their particular weaknesses were not being pandered to? It is not difficult to see how far the world is from having earned the right to such guidance. It is one of the purposes of the Theosophical Movement to hold that up as the ideal, to advance that as the solution, and then, with its eyes wide open, to work zealously and perseveringly for that advent of wisdom on earth. We shall have Adept kings again, let us hope, let us pray, in the course of ages, if we members of The Theosophical Society, students of Theosophy, understand why we must have Adept kings, and work with that end in view.

There is no other solution. A man, of course, at first has to realize that he is not capable of governing himself. It will take him a very long time to learn that, I am afraid. Even to-day, in this country, think of the pride and satisfaction there is just because we have no king! A negative attainment, from any standpoint! Yet the attitude, generally speaking, is that because we have no king, we are superior to those who have one. I do not mean that we want Mr. Harding or Mr. Wilson crowned as king in Washington! That would not solve the problem, excellent as either or both of them may be. We cannot go at it that way. We must see the ideal and work for it; and we have to work for it, not so much by words, as by seeing, each one in his own life, just what it means—that kingship of the Adept in one's own life. There is the solution. There is the road. Only when there are enough individuals in a nation who follow that road and who follow it faithfully, can there be attainment by the nation to which they belong.

The nation has a soul just as each individual has a soul, potentially in any case, and you can see, if you study the life of a nation, the means by which it gains self-consciousness. You can see how little interference there is in the life and development of that nation, the infinite respect for the rights, for the free will, for the choice of that nation. And therefore you can rest assured that there will be no interference in the life of the individual at any point, unless and until that interference is desired more than anything else on earth.

Mob rule necessarily means chaos. The government of the Lodge can be thought of as a triangle pointing upwards. Mob rule can be thought of as that triangle pointing downwards. It is the reverse of the real. If we turn to the literature of to-day, there is, as our Chairman said, a growing realization of the hopelessness of the modern solution,—protests from all quarters against this man-made god which they call democracy,—the idea that one man is as good as anybody else. People are finding out that there are differences between men; finding out very slowly that one man may be born with more wisdom than another. As they accumulate that experience, it undermines their faith in the progress supposed to have been made when the head of the last king was cut off. They discover that nothing really was gained by cutting off that head, except by the king himself—for he got rid of his subjects! So, little by little, we learn: and as we learn (the members of The Theosophical Society), we hope that the world learns with us.

MR. PERKINS: I had to go to Court the other day, being called as a witness. It was the very lowest, simplest Court that we have in the city, one of our little Magistrate's Courts where small offences against the rules and regulations by which we conduct our lives (fire laws, traffic laws, and so on) are tried. As I sat there for a half day, waiting to be called, I found it a very interesting picture of life, as we know it in our own lives from day to day. The first thing noticeable was the fact that none of the dozen people making up the Court, from the Judge down, none of the hundred and fifty people sitting around waiting to be called, no one of the whole lot of us

had the slightest expectation that any justice was going to be done in that Court after we had been there fifteen minutes. It was very easy to see how many of those new citizens of the United States, how many of those in attendance who were not yet citizens, were gaining their first knowledge of the fact that in this country they did not necessarily get into a place of law when they got into a Court; not necessarily into a place of justice. There simply was not any there. It was in watching the proceedings of the Court that a little light came to me,—watching the Judge particularly. He was not a bit interested in justice or the law or any such foolishness as that. There were some regulations, and people could testify or not; it was entirely a matter of personal preference whether you brought witnesses or did not; whether you testified or not, the result was exactly the same.

As I watched that Judge, I found that there was something in me that worked in just the way he was working. This Judge was acting naturally, he was doing what would be considered the right thing for a magistrate in his position to do; doing what he had been put there to do. There is something in me that does just what he does. There was a succession of these little cases. I probably heard half a hundred of them. I found that that man was dismissing those cases very much as something inside me dismisses and judges and acts upon and determines a succession of little events of life, not upon principles of justice, not upon revelations of truth that may have come out of similar little incidents, in the past; he was judging these things with speed and celerity, getting them out of the way, doing as he pleased and as the people who put him in that job wanted him to do. He was deciding the events of the moment as he wanted to,—as something in me does. I asked myself two or three times how much more trouble it would have been to have decided these cases rightly. No more trouble! How much more satisfaction was he giving himself or anybody else by deciding them in the way he was deciding them, as compared with the way they ought to have been decided. No more! Yet we do the same in the succession of little events during the day. Each one of us knows in his heart that there is no compromising with them, that there can be only one decision which will make it unnecessary to go back sometime and pick up things and do them over, if we do not do them right. We know what we ought to do. Inevitably we know. And I said to myself that I was going to try to use that experience in that Magistrate's court, where I had a chance to look in from the outside, where I was not very directly concerned. I was going to try to use that experience as a leverage on my own acts, to incite justice in myself where I am so continually the judge of little matters. That Judge ought to have referred those decisions to something much bigger than himself and outside of himself. He ought to have referred them to the Great Justice that comes down to us from above. And when Mr. Hargrove was speaking, I thought of that incident, and thought that each one of us, if he will, knows that these little decisions from moment to moment, are not tiny things. Each one of us is making a succession of little decisions in his own mind and heart which, whether he knows it or not, will have very far-reaching results. We can decide these matters on Convention day—these matters of moment to moment daily life—if we live in the clear light of the teaching which has come down to us. I believe it is really simple if we will, and if we will insist upon its being simple and being within our control.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: It has been said that the banner of the Lodge should be carried forward, and I was struck by the fact that it is not the mere placing of that banner on a hill to be looked at, but almost as if that banner were being carried forward at the front, on a battle line, up a hill. We all feel how disgracefully far we have lagged behind. Perhaps the first step would be to look at the ground in front of us. If it is our duty to go up the hill, a quagmire may be in front of us where we must pick our way from hummock to hummock, or there may be a mass of jagged rocks. Perhaps our first step, in answering the challenge to act, would be to look and see where we stand. The law of correspondences prevails. Look around in this country. Those of us who are situated here, follow the great western Master, and if we recognize the tendency in this country to substitute the whitewash brush for the Cross, it strikes me we could take that great drama in Palestine and look for hints to-day in handling our present life and our own souls.

Modern people like to turn away from Judas Iscariot. Yet was he not the instrument used by the Black Powers in their attack on the Master? What traces are there in the present day

of what Judas Iscariot symbolized? He sold the Master for money, and he sold him with a kiss. Look for those principles in politics. Do we not find men offending against the very first of the three steps suggested in "Lodge Dialogues"—loyalty, humility, love? All that has been said to-day is a challenge to arouse in ourselves loyalty. Thirty pieces of silver represented to Judas Iscariot, comfort. Then he probably liked to have a kindly picture of himself, which was symbolized by the kiss. Everywhere to-day the democratic principle is demanding the right to this and that, without the performance of corresponding duties. The same thing is true of the Church. I do not know that anything has brought home to me my own blindness more than the objection of four Christian clergymen to the protest against the killing of a man who stood for the Church in Russia. They said Russia had a right to do what she pleased, a right to kill a traitor, and that we had no right to interfere. Men claim to serve under a Cross which they are betraying, and they do it with the shocking hypocrisy of saying that they do it for the love of the Master. It should make us look within ourselves for treachery covered up by the pretence of good will, and by the self-satisfaction and self-indulgence of believing that we love that which we betray. We should take from this Convention a grown-up feeling of determination to overcome anything in us of what Judas Iscariot symbolized, and, for the love of the Master, to follow the banner of the Lodge.

MRS. CORYELL: At this Convention, would it be thought wise to make any protest against the persecution of Christianity by the Soviet government? As we have received our life, since 1875, from the sacrifice of a great Russian, I wonder if the Convention would consider this a proper thing to do.

MR. MITCHELL: The Convention is already on record with regard to Bolshevism, having declared it the opposite of Brotherhood.

THE CHAIRMAN: Where could we stop? If we protested against the condition of affairs in Russia, I do not know where we should draw the line,—there is so much against which to protest. Since we are already on record, is it your wish that we place ourselves on record again?

Mr. Woodbridge read a quotation from Madame Blavatsky, as it appeared in *The Theosophist*, Vol. I (October, 1879), p. 7-A:—"Unconcerned about politics, hostile to the insane dreams of socialism and Communism, which it abhors—as both are but disguised conspiracies of brutal force and sluggishness against honest labour; the Society cares but little about the outward human management of the material world. The whole of its aspirations are directed towards the occult truths of the visible and invisible worlds. Whether the physical man be under the rule of an empire or a republic, concerns only the man of matter. His body may be enslaved; as to his Soul, he has the right to give to his rulers the proud answer of Socrates to his Judges. They have no sway over the *inner man*."

MR. HARGROVE: Cursing is a lost art—that is the trouble! It is useless merely to talk to Bolsheviks. H. P. B. would have been equal to it, but I doubt the abilities of our Committee on Resolutions in that respect! Seriously, what can be said? You protest against the murder of one more Priest, and a Priest, after all, is no more than a human being. They have killed people like flies. They killed the Priest because he was a Priest, yes. But they killed human beings because they were human beings, and they began with the Czar and his family. There are some of us who have not forgiven them for that, and who never will. I do not know why this latest murder got the attention of the American public as it did. Murders have been committed wholesale ever since the Bolsheviks got control. It is hell let loose, as everybody knows. I am more than willing to protest against hell let loose; but it is not going to impress hell in the least; while if we as individuals are not an embodied protest against Bolshevism from beginning to end, we have no right to call ourselves members of this Society. If anything could be gained by formulating a protest, I should be delighted, but the Committee on Resolutions would need all the help that the Society could render, for I am afraid we are not equal to it!

DR. CLARK: It seems to me that a protest might make it seem far off from us, and it is not so far off from us as it might appear. In connection with this Convention, there came back to my mind those words of Christ, "Many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." They did not hear the truth, and yet the little glimmer of light that they did

see, enabled them to make themselves into prophets and righteous men. Now our position to-day is certainly not less than that of those people who heard the words of Christ. It was Divine Wisdom, it was the Masters of the Lodge who launched into the world this Movement, this Society of which we have the privilege to be a part. We know that it was by great effort that those people made themselves prophets and righteous men, by living up to the glimmer of light and truth that they perceived and heard. And if we do not make the resolution to follow that banner of the Lodge, to obey this teaching of Divine Wisdom, what else is there for us? The force that can make can also unmake. What can save us from becoming like the Russia of to-day—except to follow the Lodge?

MRS. CORYELL: I was not thinking of the murder of any one man, but of the effort which apparently is being made to destroy any form of religion, any form of spiritual effort. Young people are being brought up in the most frightful conditions so far as any spiritual life goes. If it were proper for us to make a protest—we who seem to serve as leaven—I feel that we should be carrying the banner forward, and that it has been defiled. They might kill each other as they wish, but when they defile the banner we are supposed to follow, I feel that we should do something.

In the discussion that followed it was suggested that if any protest were made, it would need to be sufficiently comprehensive to include the Socialist Sunday Schools in the United States, where things are taught against religion which are quite as monstrous as the things taught to children in Russia. It was also suggested that the protest of all others that ought to be uttered is a protest against the disgraceful supineness with which this country and Europe accepted even the outrage of the murder of the Czar and his family, seeing that the Bolsheviki are acting according to their own hideous nature, and are living up to their professions, while the more civilized nations are not living up to their professions, because, while claiming that they do not believe in such barbarities, they none the less permit them to pass without a word of censure. Total ostracism of the Bolsheviks, it was urged, would be the least that one would have a right to expect.

MR. LA DOW: One reason for making a protest thoroughly comprehensive is the fact that, as I saw the figures recently, up to the end of 1921 the Bolsheviks had killed one million, seven hundred and seventy-six thousand people.

MR. HARGROVE: I think that one of the points that have been made, ought to be emphasized further. All of us are full of condemnation, in a general way, of what the Soviet has done. I believe we are full of condemnation of the cold-blooded murders committed in this country at Herrin, to which a previous speaker referred. That is easy. Anybody can be full of indignation about things like that. It has been suggested that we ought to be equally full of indignation because of the lack of protest against the murder of the Czar and his family. This country did not protest; so far as I know it did not say a word. England did not protest. I do not know any country in Europe that did, any country in the world that did. Why did not some nation protest? For the simple reason that the autocratic principle of government is out of fashion; and whether it was the British, the American, or any other government, it felt that a protest would not be popular. That was sufficient reason. That is the explanation. They were afraid. It was cowardice and nothing else.

Why have there been so few protests in the case of the Herrin massacre in this country? A few editorials have been written. But this people are not up in arms. There is no depth of feeling, no excitement about it. Roughly, about eighty people were killed by strikers, and the murderers are all at large, legally acquitted. It is not so much the murderers against whom we should protest, because they are murderers born and bred, and always will be. But how about the Clergy of this country? From how many pulpits have protests been thundered because of those murders and because of those acquittals? From hardly any; and the reason is cowardice in this case also. The clergy are afraid of the labour unions. Protests would not have been popular. Condemnation of that sort of moral cowardice is more necessary than condemnation of murder.

Suppose a very terrible murder were committed in New York tomorrow. It would never enter our heads to protest. Protest against murder ought to be taken for granted. But when it



comes to the Clergy of all denominations, who are supposed to speak for the conscience of a nation, and who failed to protest against the Herrin massacre, and against the murder of the Czar,—it is for us to condemn their cowardice, as a disgrace to themselves and to their Churches. Exactly the same thing is true of the so-called civilized governments who are afraid of the labour unions, afraid of the mob, and who otherwise would have protested, and perhaps would have gone further than protest. I do not think, however, that anything would be gained by a formal resolution, though I do hope that the Report of our Convention will contain what Mrs. Coryell and others have said. It will tell its own story.

MR. MITCHELL: I want to express gratitude for being a member of an organization where people can get up and say they are not going to forgive the murder of the Czar and his family. It seems to me that everything that has been said here to-day is a cause for immense gratitude,—beginning with what was said in the opening address: that this is home. Thank heaven itself, that we have been called to it, that we can think of it as home. If we could think of it as home always, so many things that weigh on us would drop off. We should not have to try to find a home in the opinion of other people, trying to make them think well of us.

To go on from the joy of being here once more, to what Mr. Woodbridge spoke of as the challenge to us—the call for action, to advance with the banner of the Lodge—taking that with what was said a year ago about The Theosophical Society as the ark, the storehouse of ancient ideals, I thank heaven that we have been privileged to hear those ideals, that we can grow into them, that our hearts' desire lies ahead of us in the future. It may take one life or a hundred lives, but it is there! Mr. Hargrove spoke of growing up from babes to the point of taking knife and fork in hand. Well, the Masters provide the food. We may need to go out to the kitchen and cook the food, but the food is there. The qualities are there,—the qualities that we must have in order to follow the banner of the Lodge. They are there within our reach. I was reading in the *QUARTERLY* recently about Sufism, and about the splendid ardour and fiery enthusiasm of that movement. All the powers of nature are before us; we are to take what we can. They are what each one of us is urged to take, and what each one of us longs to have. That is our hearts' desire,—to take the weapons that the Lodge holds out to us and to turn them on ourselves and to fight all that keeps us back from our heart's desire, all that obscures our vision of these ideals. And the price? I thank heaven that the price is what it is—that the pearl of so great price is as it is—so that nothing can be held back. We must give ourselves. We must make our decision. Let it be a hundred incarnations instead of one, rather than lower the price. All that we can ask—and it is within our reach—is the splendid enthusiasm and the fiery ardour that we long for to follow the banner of the Lodge.

MR. JOHNSTON: I should like to add a memory. In 1881 the Emperor Alexander II of Russia was assassinated. Those who wish to know what the record of The Theosophical Society has been in that regard would do well to read the scathing indignation with which Madame Blavatsky speaks of that abominable murder. It will be of interest to every member here to remember that Madame Blavatsky, whom we regard as our pioneer, as our great road-maker, as our great bringer of treasures from the East, did, with absolute clarity and clearness of moral vision, denounce a murder of the same type in 1881.

I share Mr. Hargrove's indignation that no protest was made by the nations when the Emperor of Russia and his wife and children were murdered, and deplore the cowardice and injustice in every estimate that was made of him. He had his weaknesses. But he had done splendid things. He it was who designed and brought about the great Trans-Siberian Railroad. He was the leader in the international movement for a World Court. He was a man of high ideals, and a man with a character tragically inadequate to carry out his ideals. He was an autocrat, but Russia had a constitution a dozen years before his death. There was not a nation—hardly a man—who protested against an abominable murder, the first of a series. I was very much struck by the fact that while there has been general protest regarding the murder of a Polish Vicar General, so little has been said of the contemplated destruction of the Patriarch Tikhon. A plot for his destruction has been hatched, and for the destruction of everyone who stands for a spiritual principle in Russia, if they can compass it. Personally, I should like to do something somewhat different from resolutions. We can make them effective in this way:

we can resolve against that part in us which works in the same way; that part which does succumb to cowardice, which does succumb to betrayal. And while we cannot speak our indignation in the way we should like to do, we can very effectively use our indignation, and every ounce of it, against the same thing in ourselves, against our own cowardice, against our inclination to betray. Every time the cause of Masters is presented to us, we have the opportunity to make the protest that will count.

MR. ACTON GRISCOM: I should like to make the effort to conjure up some of those several notes that were struck this morning, so that we can perhaps see the problem of our right attitude toward these Soviets and their acts,—how we may properly approach our action, the resolution of our wills, our hearts, against them. I think there must have been moments this morning, when it was suggested that this Convention is a time of testing and of sifting, when we perhaps quaked within ourselves. I know, for my own part, with the thought of the cycle in my mind as I came to this Convention, that there came up the picture of the Master Christ telling those disciples of his that one of them should betray him; and they all asked: Is it I? The appeal has been made year after year, and we have made, each in his own heart and mind, our response to that appeal. And now it is suggested that the time is coming and is now at hand, when our choice and the series of our choices are leading us to the dividing line. Are we going to betray the trust that has been handed down to us, or are we going to be able, as chelas, to carry forward that banner of the Lodge?

The words of Mr. Judge, more than once repeated in his Letters, never to doubt, never to admit a thought of doubt, came to mind. And I turned to those three words quoted here in 1918, apparently from a speech that Mr. Judge made at an early Convention, and which my father spoke of as in a measure a valedictory,—those three words: faith, courage, constancy. And I said to myself, what is faith for? What is our faith and our glimpse of what lies beyond us, if it should not awaken in us hope? And what are courage and constancy for, if they should not lead us to self-sacrifice?

And first, it seems to me that there is great cause for hope. We should try to lift ourselves and to rise on the inspiration that comes from a true and a great hope. I remember the first Convention that I attended as a member of the Society. And there it was suggested, as in fact I believe it is suggested at each Convention, that we should remember the words of H. P. B. to keep the link unbroken, and to prepare the way for the coming of the Lodge Messenger, which will now occur in about fifty years. And I remember then adding the necessary years to my own, and realizing that I should have to live to be eighty-nine if I were to witness that day. To-day we have with us two new members of a younger generation, and I take hope from that—I am sure they will not mind my speaking of it, because the older members, no matter what their age, must be looking for those who, in 1975, may be hoped to be alive; and if one adds fifty years to say fifteen, it brings 1975 well within the span of a man's life.

We must arouse in ourselves a genuine and a dynamic hope. The world about us has its hopes, and they are but pale shadows, echoes of what we have a right to hope for,—a right because we are here at this moment; a right because of the doors that are held open before us.

There comes to my mind a story told by Plutarch about Alexander the Great. After a successful battle, his Lieutenant Perdiccas noticed that he had given away all the spoils, keeping none for himself. And Perdiccas asked him, "What is your share?" And Alexander answered, "My share is hope." He had a living hope, and Perdiccas, inspired by that, said, "Then some of us who have shared your labours with you, will share your hope with you,"—and he too gave over his portion of the spoils to others.

What do we think the hopes of the Masters are for us—what the hopes of the Great Ones who inspire us, and whom we would yearn to follow? What was the hope of a Jeanne d'Arc, what the hope of a Napoleon? What was the hope of the saints for the Christian Church? What was the hope of Madame Blavatsky on her death bed, when she left us those words, "Keep the link unbroken"? And what the hope of Mr. Judge? Can we not to advantage, at this time of cyclic change and of real crisis, realize that we must, somewhere, somehow, find the inspiration, the desire, the energy, the courage to do this thing, to become chelas, living chelas of the Masters? The world holds out its hopes, and they are but shadows; yet a lieutenant, a Per-

diccas, when he came in contact with the hope of an Alexander, said he would share in the labours of his leader.

And so we come to that other word, self-sacrifice. "Not by the wine drunk but by the wine poured forth. Measure thy life by loss and not by gain." I wonder how many are capable, at this moment, of feeling the genuine self-sacrifice of yielding up all things that their lower natures and their personalities want, of being prepared to suffer and to die for a cause,—that that is what they hope for? Human nature shrinks from such things, but the Great Ones, those who have made causes to triumph in the world, are those who have found in self-sacrifice, in suffering, in unstinted service, that for which they longed, that for which they hoped.

We must make some response. We must make some definite resolution; and surely, with all that has been said to us to-day, with a vision of the future and of those Adept kings, we can find a hope, and even make of our hopes a duty—if we find ourselves dull and falling from them,—forcing ourselves against the grain to realize that these things are for *us*; that this call has not been sent broadcast, but has been addressed to members of this Society, to you and to me; and that somehow, can we but catch a vision that will be dynamic, it must be easy to like to suffer, to enjoy self-sacrifice, as the saints, as the Great Ones, as the Masters, have learned to enjoy and to choose self-sacrifice.

MR. MILLER: I am sure all of us feel that our hearts are so full of gratitude that we really hardly know how to express it. But there was one note sounded this morning which appealed especially to me,—that the change in the cycle is approaching, that it is about two years distant, and that this Convention may be our last opportunity to make the decision. In fact it was hinted that these decisions are made before the decisive moment of the cycle arrives. It therefore seems to me that the clarion note is sounded, that we must say that we are on the side of the Lodge, that we are going to abandon our previous practice of toying with this subject of discipleship, that we are going to throw all that we have and are into it. This may seem hard, but the Lodge has a way of making it easy for us, of giving us help for this step. It has been a great encouragement to me to have in mind the words in *Letters That Have Helped Me*: "He that does the best he knows how and that he can, does enough for us." Those words should fill us all with hope and courage to take this step, because, while what we do, need not be much, it must be the best that we can do.

MR. AUCHINCLOSS: There is always a feeling at Convention time of the nearness of the Great Companions. The feeling is strong that they actually do meet with us here. The feeling is strong, too, that they are needing our help. We must feel, perhaps, the desire—on account of that renewed feeling of nearness at this time—for closer communion with them. If that is our feeling, what must their feeling be? They must long to have more of us ready to take responsibility, ready to respond and to understand and to carry that understanding into all that we do. How are we responding? Are we, perhaps, actually blocking them, through some manifestation or other of our own lower self, in their efforts to lift for us the veil of the unseen, to open to us the real world? Or are we supposing that a certain amount of good-will on our part is enough, and that by virtue of good-will they are ever after going to do all the rest for us? They must be tired of that sort of thing. It is well for us that they take long views! Or are we on fire to add to our good-will all of the understanding without which our effort cannot really prevail; on fire to attack all the things in us that keep us from them, and to turn such things into a means of advance? They give us so much. Cannot we give them more?

MR. SAXE: As one who was a member-at-large for a number of years, I want to give a message to members-at-large. Living now in New York, and getting the point of view to some extent, of those who are here, I should like to assure members-at-large that their presence here when they come to these Conventions is of much more help and inspiration to the residents than they have any idea of. I think the outside visiting member feels that he may possibly get some benefit, but it probably does not occur to him that he is contributing by being here. To those who never have come, I should like to say that they have no idea of what they miss by not coming. For one or two years after I started reading the *QUARTERLY*, I did not join the T. S. or have any idea of coming to a Convention. When I came down and saw the difference between the printed word and the real thing, I cannot describe my feelings. I believe that no

distant members who have never been here have the least idea, from what they read, of what a Convention is really like. I am convinced that if they did, they would make it a point to come.

The member who is isolated feels sometimes discouraged and feels that if he could only be with one of the larger Branches, all would be well. Obviously it is a great advantage. But my own experience convinces me that those members who are isolated have certain particular advantages, from having to make special effort and to think things out for themselves, which they would not have if they were at some centre. And therefore they really have special opportunities to gain experience that will fit them to be of more use in certain respects when they get the opportunity later on of seeing more of other members.

MR. L. GRISCOM: There is an element in me that has always revolted from and been repelled by, the concepts of self-sacrifice and duty. I am wondering if a suggestion which I have found helpful may be of interest to the Convention. This suggestion does not imply any disagreement on my part, or any denial of the importance of what has been urged. Sometimes I like to take the point of view that the formulation of the mental concepts of self-sacrifice and duty are signs of imperfections in ourselves. If you take a chosen career, say that of a scientist, it is preposterous to hear a man talk about the self-sacrifice involved in some of the more tedious routine work,—in taking care of a collection of museum specimens, for instance. Any scientist who used that term would merely prove, *ipso facto*, that he was not really devoted to his science. Why cannot we take the same point of view about the religious life,—instead of thinking somewhat negatively about our duties and our self-sacrifices, let us think that he who really wants to pursue that kind of life or to serve the Lodge more than anything else in the world cannot conceivably form a concept of a duty or of self-sacrifice.

THE CHAIRMAN: I do not wish to leave at loose ends the suggestion made by Mrs. Coryell with regard to the resolution of protest. The understanding that the Chair has reached is that we do not wish to attempt to pass a formal resolution, because of our conviction that any such resolution would be inadequate; but that we do desire that the spirit of such a resolution should be spread upon the Report of this Convention in the speeches that have voiced it. Furthermore, the understanding of your Chairman is that it is the sense of this Convention that one and all of us should go out from it, not with verbal protests against all for which the Soviets and Communists stand, but resolved to make our lives effective in opposition to the principles of the Soviet, effective for their entire opposite. That is the first knot I wish to tie.

There is next the question of whether any other miscellaneous business should come before the Convention.

MR. MITCHELL: I suggest that this resolution of members present be made unanimous, by asking if there is any disagreement from the understanding which the Chairman expressed as the result of this discussion,—asking that if there be dissent, it should now be voiced, and that if there is none, the feeling be regarded as unanimous. [There was no dissent.]

It was moved and voted that the Committee on Resolutions be discharged, with thanks; also that a very cordial and sincere vote of thanks be given to the permanent officers of the Convention.

On motion, duly made, the Convention was then adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,

*Secretary of Convention.*

JULIA CHICKERING,

*Assistant Secretary of Convention.*

## LETTERS OF GREETING

KRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

*To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* While time rolls on, man is treading the strange path leading from one eternity to another, struggling, stumbling, bleeding, and continually losing his way in the wilderness of earthly existence. Often it seems as though

he is lost for ever in the maze of psychic illusions. But the Compassionate Ones provide for a successful journey. They help those who are trying to find the steep old path that leads to Heaven, and the bewildered ones are dragged on to the other shore through the ever-working evolutionary Law.

Thus, as Cavé has it: "The man who rushes back to the world, is not to be grieved over. He doubtless gained all he could while in our ranks, and now needs different training. Neither is he to be mourned who is snatched up in a psychic whirlwind and carried off before our eyes. Some one is carefully directing his course, and he will receive just the schooling he needs."

These are minor events in the history of The Theosophical Society, that occur again and again, but when happening in a circle of sincere students a wound is left, an illusory wound, maybe, which is felt till the magic power of another illusion, time, has made us recover.

And now I venture to ask you to remember to-day with warm sympathy not only those wounded ones, but also those who have rushed back to the world, or drifted into the psychic eddies of the present era, and disappeared before our eyes. These last are most to be pitied, because of the awful loss they have suffered by falling out of the way.

Friends, a small band of fellow-students in Norway who are still holding on, some of them perhaps now and then with sinking hearts, are sending you a heartfelt greeting to this annually recurring festival of The Theosophical Society. May your deliberations to-day be a great success, bringing us the Masters' blessings and a fresh share in the Lodge-Force for powerful work for the good of all in the future.

Fraternally yours,

T. H. KNOFF,  
*Chairman, Karma Branch.*

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ARVIKA, SWEDEN.

We send our best wishes to the T. S. Convention in New York, and regret that because of the great distance we are not able to send a representative to the Convention. But we are glad to know that nothing except the Atlantic will separate us.

G. FJÆSTAD,  
*Acting Secretary, Arvika Branch.*

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AUSSIG, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

*To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* Assembled in Convention, united by the common decision to make this meeting a very real and creative fact in the Evolution of Mankind, and cemented by bonds of real fraternal love, you will be producing that very spirit of understanding and discipline, and will be developing that fervent love of righteousness and that passionate hate of all sorts of evil which the world of to-day needs so very urgently. We even long for that spirit and therefore we let ascend our prayers to the Masters, to make us able to share this spirit in any degree. At the same time as you will be assembled in Convention we will hold a Branch meeting and we will try to share to some extent the common consciousness and feeling of the Convention. We hope also to partake of the blessing the Masters will send you. . . .

Comprehending that mere mental notions are not efficacious enough, we are endeavouring to complete them by fervent aspirations and prayers, by trying to uphold the principles of righteousness, honour and truth in our whole activity, by doing all our daily duties with the intention to help thereby the Masters to fight the powers of evil.

Certainly we must aspire very fervently after real love as the sole base of all our doings—for Christ is yet the Master in Love, and we would grow into likeness with him; but as the horizon of our understanding largened, we felt also the urgent necessity to hate passionately

the evil which is opposing the Master Christ. Everything we love we are obliged to protect. If we love Christ and long to share his Spirit, we are obliged to fight what is attacking Him, i. e. the evil and its spirit. Fervent love of righteousness, truth and loveliness, and passionate hate of lies, depravity and ugliness, are only two expressions of one and the same original power, and incite themselves mutually. If anyone is grasped very largely by strong elementaries, then I can express to him real compassion and pity in no better way than by combatting his personality till the elementaries will loose their iron grip upon him. Thereby I have helped his spiritual individuality to free himself and that is an act of real love. Therefore France is doing her best and we wish from our deepest heart that she may have the courage and the power to persevere in carrying out her task. Certainly the Convention will inspire the world and prove itself as a very tremendous help for France and Belgium. We are very happy that we are able to recognize the need of the present in any degree and we acknowledge our enormous indebtedness to the contributors of the *QUARTERLY*, to the members of the Executive Committee, and to the spirit of the whole Society.

In the name of the members of the Aussig Branch I send you our most heartfelt greetings and cordial good wishes.

I remain

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

OTHMAR KÖHLER,  
*Secretary, Aussig Branch.*

AYLSHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

The Norfolk Branch sends its unanimous and very friendly greetings to the members of the T. S. at the time of the annual Convention, with the assurance that the comrades of this Branch will be with their fellow members in spirit on that day.

We are not so fortunate as last year, as we can send no delegate, but we ask Dr. Keightley to be our proxy, and to act for us in any manner that may be necessary. And we hope that the Convention will be a very happy and fruitful one.

As a Branch we are very scattered. Some of us are personally even unknown to each other, and have never met. But by correspondence and a scheme of study, and papers and reports which are circulated, we are able to keep in touch, and I think this last year has brought us increased unity, and a feeling of brotherhood from the knowledge that we are all working along the same lines, and for the same cause. So that perhaps our scattered membership is in this way a gain, for although we cannot hold Branch meetings, by the necessary concentration that correspondence involves, we come to a knowledge of each other that we should not gain otherwise. During the year we have continued the study of the *Yoga Sutras of Patanjali*, studying four to six of these with the comments, each month. We write our notes on the study, putting down the thoughts and observations that come to us, and these are sent each month to the Branch President and circulated by post to each member in turn. Questions are sometimes asked and answered by one or another of us, according to our ability.

In addition to our study we have had the privilege, through the courtesy of the New York Branch, of receiving each fortnight a most excellent Report of the proceedings at the meetings in New York, and for this I wish to express the grateful thanks of the Branch. The Reports are circulated among the members, whose appreciation of them and gratitude for the trouble taken for us by our fellow members in America, is very great. I can think of no more complete method of keeping us in touch with our American fellow members and with the headquarters of the Movement.

I enclose a list of members with addresses. We have gained two new members (old T. S. members) and lost one through resignation. In conclusion I am asked to convey to you our very best wishes for the success of the Convention.

Yours Fraternally,

ALICE GRAVES,  
*Secretary, Norfolk Branch.*

Mrs. Graves also wrote:

We are thinking much of you all at the time of the Convention, and shall be with you in spirit—and in the person of Dr. Keightley, whom we have asked to act as proxy for the Norfolk Branch. I hope that we have made a step forward in unity and that the smallness of our numbers is compensated for by earnestness of purpose. I think that our chief need is balance, steadfastness of purpose, arising from a faith that admits of no discouragement. There is much chaos and unrest in the world around us—a loss of all sense of proportion, and a failure to recognize that all reforms must begin from within. It is a time when we need to take long views, and to look for the good which is always in existence somewhere, behind the striving and struggle and self-seeking that appears on the surface. Good must triumph over evil eventually, and by earnestness and devotion and unity of purpose, surely even so small a force as our T. S. Branch here can help to hasten the victory.

Our Branch study is increasingly helpful to us. The *Yoga Sutras* with Mr. Johnston's comments, which we are studying, show us the immense importance of inner work, and its great power for good. This is particularly encouraging to us, as we are a scattered Branch and cannot meet for public talks and discussions. We have been told that the best work is done in silence, and this is one of the lessons our Branch work has taught us.

There was also a cable from Mrs. Bagnell of the Norfolk Branch: "Best wishes for Convention from all."

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CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society, in Convention assembled:* La Branche "Venezuela" présente, avec ses cordiales salutations, son désir pour que les nobles propos spirituels de notre Assemblée reçoivent cette fois, comme jusqu'à présent, les bénédictions et les meilleures inspirations. Et quoi autres pouvaient-elles être que celles de la Divine Sagesse, la Theo-Sophia? Phare au milieu de l'obscurité, sa lumière y est inextinguible, et, ostensiblement dissous les ténèbres.

Un accroissement de notre Société y est évident au champ intérieur; croissance impersonnelle, ditons-nous mieux, quadri-dimensionnelle, qui atteste son droit conquis d'y pénétrer par tout et de faire du réel travail fraternel pour l'Humanité. Travail non nécessairement visible toujours, mais occulte et silencieux, et, oh! merveilles des dimensions du Monde Intérieur, sans changer de lieu, sans perdre ses traits caractéristiques définis, puisque dans cette Voie "on voyage sans partir et sans changer." Et pour que nous pensons que notre Société a crû incessamment, et ainsi de même croîtra de plus en plus, nous sommes sûrs que notre dernière Convention sera toujours la plus expansive, et donc, la plus importante pour plus capacité à faire le travail du Rapprochement Universel, qui est le but essentiel de sa Mission, saturant ce monde d'ici du monde d'en haut. Loin de nous toute littérature. Nous parlons en conscience de notre unique Privilège et de notre unique Responsabilité. Notre Société est pont tendu sur l'abîme pour unir les deux mondes. Sur le pont est couchée la ligne du chemin de fer. Nous sommes les gardiens de la voie, et pour que le train aille et vienne sans interruption il faut une surveillance sans cesse de notre part. Les Maitres sont le train; et les marchandises et voyageurs sont les enseignements toujours nouveaux et les disciples de la réserve que la Loge envoie au fur et à mesure que nous créons la nécessité et faisons la demande. S'il y a de la persévérance et foi, accompagnant la surveillance, et faisant un point d'honneur être à poste fixe dans le lieu assigné, tout ira de mieux en mieux. Mais si nous négligeons notre attention toujours il y aura la possibilité d'une catastrophe, ou, au moins, un déraillement ou un retard.

Pendant l'année écoulée le nombre des membres de notre Branche n'a pas été augmenté que d'un. En sens contraire, heureusement, l'expansion de la conscience de notre Société a élevé à nos membres à la compréhension théosophique que le but et finalité de notre Mouve-

ment n'est pas bornée à l'exclusive activité au dedans de notre Branche, mais qu'on peut appliquer la Théosophie toute entière à tous les départements et faits et choses de la vie et du monde.

Au cours de l'année qui finit dans ce trimestre nous avons suivi le même programme que l'an dernier, avec des réunions officielles le premier samedi de chaque mois et réunions ordinaires les autres samedis. Dans ces sessions les sujets d'études étaient les Reports des travaux de la New York Branch, des articles du QUARTERLY et de notre littérature en général; les faits résultants d'actualité; étant le trait culminant un esprit d'appréciation unitif, qui résumait toujours la dualité des pairs d'opposés.

Des membres font de traductions, et bientôt nous mettrons au jour la *Meditación*, du Prof. Mitchell, imponderable, et de cyclique opportunité. Après suivront *Cartas que me han ayudado* II Vol. et d'autres. La *Meditación* sera finie et éditée avant notre Convention.

Mais le travail principal et d'indutibable utilité, par sa nécessité primaire, c'est la mission expansive de la Branche, c'est-à-dire, de l'Idéal de la Théosophie, dans le Continent Sud-Américain, qui accomplit notre Branche en confiant la commission d'une visite, discrète et silencieuse, à son émissaire, — — —, aux pays du Brasil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Perú et Ecuador—profitant sa mission professionnelle—aux personnes appartenant aux Branches de la Société de Adyar—les seules branches au Sud-Amérique, hors du Venezuela—qui nous pensons sont intéressées dans le vrai Idéal de la Théosophie, dans la Doctrine du Cœur, et leur faire présent que la Société Théosophique fondée par H. P. Blavatsky y subsiste indemne à New York, sans jamais avoir déparié de ses lignes originaires; que dans son Sancta Sanctorum y est la vraie Arche de l'Alliance avec du Manna frais; que le pont tendu en 1875 y est surveillé et brillant; que les Maîtres sont des êtres réels, et pourtant, le Disciple-ship une possibilité ici et maintenant, puisque marchant notre Société sur les deux rails qui fixèrent H. P. B. et W. Q. J. "le chaînon n'est pas cassé."

Parmi les amis visités il a en avait des personnes que nous connaissions par ses travaux, écrits théosophiques et correspondance ancienne. Notre émissaire en porta des *Fragmentos*, *La Sociedad Teosófica y la Teosofía*, *Los Yoga-Sutras de Patanjali*, et assez exemplaires de notre revue *Dharma*. Il alla rempli d'esprit missionnaire, endossé par l'Âme de notre Société, et faisant un tas visible de toutes ces choses, ses dons moraux et personnels: un succès garanti. Et il fit un succès d'amour, puisque à ce premier pas a répondu le cœur de ces compagnons américains. Partout le Représentant de notre Mouvement fit reçu avec sympathie et franc accueil, aux pays que nous considérons de notre propriété spirituelle. Patrie, ce Continent, de la Doctrine du Cœur, les fils de notre aimée Amérique ne pouvaient autrement que répondre à l'appel de l'Âme.

Semblable à une vraie bénédiction, à son retour, le compagnon émissaire nous apporta les salutations et promesses de ces amis, lesquels, un jour plus ou moins lointain, ont de retourner, comme le Fils prodigue, à notre Société, la Maison du Père. Beaucoup des lettres de réciprocité et sympathie nous avons reçu d'eux, et des livres pour notre Bibliothèque, avec des dédicaces touchantes.

Ainsi la sémence a été mise au sillon. Elle souffre le sommeil de sa geste silencieuse. Maintenant, à Dieu la pluie et le soleil. Après, avec la croissance, qui est la force des Maîtres, viendra l'éclosion. Et puis à nous sera une récolte des cœurs à moissonner.

Le jour même de votre réunion à New York nous serons aussi réunis ici. Un même ardent désir pour que un complet succès couronne l'œuvre de notre Convention nous unira. Ce jour il n'y aura pas pour nous d'espace, et en vertu de notre actuation supra dimensionnelle, expansive, la Convention sera "toute entière" à New York et "toute entière" à Caracas. Et identique sera notre aspiration pour que les bénédictions des nos Maîtres fondateurs qu'ils débordent sur notre Convention, puissions nous les faire déborder à notre tour, sur le monde, accomplissant ainsi sa Destinée originare, et unis tous en courage pour compléter et fermer le cercle faisant ici-bas la Volonté du Père comme elle se fait au Ciel.

JUAN J. BENZO,

*Corresponding Secretary, Venezuela Branch.*



## LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

*To the Officers and Members of The Theosophical Society, in Annual Convention Assembled:* The members of Pacific Branch extend to you a cordial greeting, with the added prayer for your recognition of the guiding influence of the Masters in the proceedings of this annual Convention.

It may be said that all of us are intensely imbued with the idea of service, but are we qualifying for such service? The enthusiastic propaganda of the elementary teachings of Theosophy does not constitute the service of the new cycle, but this does not imply discontinuance of such teaching, but simply emphasizes that any such should not be made the prime factor, as it is but the reflection of the inner spiritual basis, which latter should be the viewpoint of outer activity. We have been given a mass of information relative to truth, and how has the application been made of it? Real service embodies inner fitness. We cannot successfully carry a message of truth without being a living example of that truth. To know is to be, as an extension of oneself; then all the spiritual force in it carries with it the conviction of its spiritual reality; and this may be said to be the fitness that the Master seeks in us, patiently watching and assisting its development, as a prospective real service to Him and to the Power that He humbly serves. It naturally follows that the Master seeks in us the beginning and the continuance of *our own reconstruction*, aiding us with His sympathetic encouragement and constant helpfulness, and intervening against our own destruction. Sins of commission, or of any act of omission in the proper performance of daily duty, remaining unchecked, become a bar to progress; so our present concern should be about our self-improvement, in the making of a fitting vehicle which can readily be used by the Master at any time or place; and thus the laborer becomes worthy of his hire. In this effort of becoming, let one read seriously and ponder what Cavé has given us on this subject in *Fragments*, Vol. II, page 31, first paragraph; and we shall also learn the cause of so many distressing failures since the Masters bestowed upon us the glorious gift of the true knowledge of our Immortality, through their Agent, H. P. B., in the last quarter, in the last century.

Fraternally yours,

ALFRED L. LEONARD,  
*Secretary, Pacific Branch.*

## NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

*To the Secretary, The Theosophical Society:* By the time you receive this, the Convention will be near at hand and I am looking forward to its being the splendid success that it was last year. It is my hope that it will evoke some soul-stirring message to the members generally, to the world at large, and to England in particular. With best wishes and heartiest greetings,

Yours very sincerely,

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,  
*President, Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge.*

## SALAMANCA, NEW YORK.

The Sravakas Branch sends greetings and fraternal good will to the Convention, regretting that we cannot be with you. We send all good wishes for the coming year.

Fraternally yours,

CARRIE HIGGINS,  
*Secretary, Sravakas Branch.*

## SAN FERNANDO DE APURE, VENEZUELA, S. A.

*To the Members of the T. S. in Convention Assembled:* In the world about us we see flux and change. This is a precious epoch for theosophical students. Now is the time when

reconstruction is possible, said Professor Mitchell. Firmly held convictions moved by a single purpose can be effective as never before. We should be such a body, such a nucleus! We have only to make our ideals live in ourselves, and so in the world, with all the power that is in us. Don't forget! Loyalty to our leaders, and recognition of principles! The Jehoshua Branch sends you hearty greetings and fraternal good wishes for a splendid and successful Convention.

Yours fraternally,

D. SALAS BAIZ,  
*President, Jehoshua Branch.*

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* Fraternal greetings of goodwill and fellowship! The closing year has been one of great opportunities, as we have individually recognized the growing need of many, for something definite to fill the place of the feeling of instability, insecurity, and lack of faith which the aftermath of war has occasioned. With the onward march of science, the old materialistic conceptions have been swept away, and with the individual persistently searching after truth, the leaders of the Churches in this country are recognizing the fact that to help and guide the people, the Church has to keep pace with the onward movement. Thus we have the Archbishop of York, at a recent Church Congress, stating that man wants a true religion as never before, and although religion attracts, the Church repels, because the Church which was concerned with its own interests, —in its methods, its self-assurance, its bitterness and unfairness, might be profoundly irreligious. Thus, in the development of science, and in the outlook of the leaders of the Churches towards a larger and greater conception of the universe, and of man's relation to it and to God, there has been awakened in many the desire for a true religion; and so the opportunity has arisen for the sowing of the seed in the endeavour to help the individual in his search for truth.

Year by year the Convention becomes a milestone from which we look backward on the path of progress, but what is more important we also look forward into the vistas of the future path which we are to tread: how we stand with regard to past opportunities; what we will endeavour to do with the opportunities that are to come; how relatively great has been the gain; how relatively little has been the loss. And thus at this time we feel at one with you in spirit and goodwill towards all created things, and we acknowledge the impetus given us by the members in Convention assembled, and what they symbolize, and from which we derive inspiration to further effort.

Faithfully yours,

FREDERICK A. ROSS,  
*President, Blavatsky Lodge.*

BERLIN-WILMERSDORF, GERMANY.

*To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* Our small circle asks you to accept our heartiest greetings and sincerest wishes for a successful Convention.

Since receipt of the July QUARTERLY, 1922, we have occupied ourselves at our meetings for members only with last year's Convention report, the contents of which is full beyond measure with encouraging and animating ideas.

We are deeply indebted to all speakers for the assistance received, as our lesson and the principles involved have been so clearly put before us, and precisely defined in view of the present situation of the world.

We see our work in the effort to change the hearts of the German people.

Although its conduct—which led to the occupation of the Ruhr—is sufficient evidence that

the atonement and conversion we have so ardently striven for for our nation has not yet taken place. We shall not cease, however, in praying to the Master to let the impulses for this change in the hearts of our people become an active driving force, and to enable us to pay every due respect to the principles of the T. S. through right understanding, and fearless action.

We shall commemorate the day of the Convention—as we have always done—as a day on which we are going to prepare ourselves, heart and soul, for the loving inspiration of an unconditional surrender to our mutual ideal.

With many fraternal wishes:

OSKAR STOLL.

ALFRED FRIEDEWALD.

In a personal letter Mr. Friedewald writes: "In conclusion I want to mention once more in loving thought and remembrance the death of Mrs. Raatz, who was an ardent seeker of the truth."

BERLIN, GERMANY.

*To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* A number of members of the Theosophical Movement in Germany express herewith their vivid and hearty interest in the Convention of The Theosophical Society and wish that the efforts of the Convention may contribute to the well-being of the whole of mankind.

The following named members: O. Bethge, L. Bethge, H. Walzer, N. Hanff, G. Hanff, O. Ihrke, O. Scheerer, F. Scheerer, F. Kase, F. Weber, O. Weber have the intention to work to that end so far as possible with all their faculties, and thanks for all the help already received.

Fraternally yours,

O. IHRKE.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* We send from here our greetings and best wishes to the members assembled in Convention.

We have lived already two years in Budapest. During this time we have had correspondence with the members of our Branch, Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia. We tried to take part in the Branch work by studying the same themes of the Branch meetings and by the exchange of QUARTERLY translations.

By our study we feel often the help which membership in the Society gives us. Especially we may say this in relation to the German Problem. The principles of Theosophy make it possible to find the right thoughts and the right attitude, even if it is sometimes very hard for us to see the truth.

We express our gratitude, and with the hope for a successful Convention, remain

Fraternally yours,

FRANZ WILLKOMM,  
MARIE WILLKOMM.

DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* As I know how generously Masters do accept the tiniest gift of love, I send this letter of greeting. For this Convention is a work of the Lodge. With best wishes for the success of the Convention.

Fraternally yours,

SANDOR WEISS.

LUNENBURG, MASSACHUSETTS.

*To the Secretary T. S.:* As the time of the Convention draws near I desire to send you greeting. While I may not be present in the body, yet my heart turns there and prays that the Convention may be filled with the spirit of Masters. The Conventions I was privileged to attend, ever remain a source of inspiration and help.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

ARTHUR W. BARRETT.

TRIESTE, ITALY.

*To The Theosophical Society Assembled in Convention:* Again a year is over, and, since the last Convention, the situation in Europe has become more difficult. Again the Black forces are at work everywhere; in Russia the Bolsheviki have declared open war against Heaven, forming, as they say, the "front against God." Churches are pillaged, priests are murdered, private and public morals systematically destroyed. Notwithstanding this, civilized Europe concludes commercial and political conventions with such a country! We see already the effects of this connection with the evil, by the progressive growth of evil forces throughout the Continent, which is again menaced by war from every part.

In this general spiritual and material confusion, our only hope and trust is in love for the Master, and the consolation derived from the reading of the QUARTERLY and correspondence with our New York friends. With our whole heart and soul we are there with you, and we beg you to send us in our loneliness your sympathy and fraternal thoughts.

Fraternally and faithfully yours,

A. PLISNIER,  
THERESA PLISNIER.



## REVIEWS

*Poems of Lucile Du Pré*, with an Introduction by Katharine Lee Bates; published by B. J. Brimmer Company, Boston, 1923.

Lucile Du Pré and her mother before her, were life-long and devoted members of The Theosophical Society. Both mother and daughter were gifted women; both possessed great personal charm: but the daughter, the author of these poems, had gifts so extraordinary that if chronic illness had not kept its iron hand upon her, she would have become famous both as musician and as poet. She died some twelve months ago, in Denver, where she had lived and suffered and laboured for years, and where her memory will always be cherished by the few who recognized her great qualities of heart, her rare refinement, and the talents which brought her within the pale of genius.

We are grateful to Miss Bates for her Foreword, itself a work of art and of beauty; but we are still more grateful to the friends who collected Miss Du Pré's poems and who have given them permanent form in a volume which—with book-making almost a lost craft—is a delight to the eye, and proof that Labour Unions have not yet been able to destroy all the skill, and all the self-respect, which printers used to enjoy (the work was done by the Press of N. A. Lindsey & Co., Marblehead, Mass.).

As Miss Bates says: "The religious note in these poems throbs from the patient faith of 'His Voice Calls' through the holy passion of 'Easter Even' to intimate communion.

'Loosen these bonds that I have tangled so,  
Lift Thou my brother's burden that I could not bear!  
Master, I can but worship, can but know  
That Thou wilt pray for me and be my prayer.'

All things in nature and in life, however, were seen religiously; that is, were seen as manifestations of a divine spirit, as expressions of His eternal loveliness.

"The day wanes and the light grows dim,  
Cloud flowers of the west  
Drift to the sunset's brimming rim,  
And stars sing low their vesper hymn  
And earth gives thanks for rest."

There is nothing anywhere in these poems of the modern spirit,—none of that straining for bizarre effect which has reduced so much of current "poetry" to the disgusting level of "jazz." Miss Du Pré's verse is full of music (she was musician always). Her manner is exquisitely simple.

"His voice calls ever through our silences,  
He knows our pain will cease;  
Trial by fiery love is of the Master  
And when He wills it, peace."

The longer poems must be read in the book itself, but "Postponement," of but two verses, we can give in full.

"So drenched with tears our love has grown,  
So soon our love must die;  
We may not claim it for our own  
Beneath this changing sky;  
We can but suffer each alone  
Know it and pass it by.

"Tall lilies blow in Paradise;  
Look up, Most Dear, and see  
How fair and fairest to our eyes  
Love waits for you and me—  
Not lost but Heaven-kept for us,  
Safe in Eternity."

May it be unto her according to her desire! Her dreams were dreams of great beauty; her will was faithful and true: in the light of His face, may it be unto her according to her desire!  
G. E.

*Neighbors Henceforth*, by Owen Wister (The Macmillan Company, \$2.00).

The reviewer hopes that many thousands of Americans, and all others able to read English for that matter, will read this admirably conceived and brilliantly executed book. Mr. Wister made two trips to France and the battle areas, one shortly after the Armistice, and the second late in 1920, intending to stay two months, but found himself impelled to "stay eight." He felt from the start that he understood the French better than most Americans, because he has loved them and lived with them throughout a life-time. He was aware of young and fighting America's lack of civilization, and consequent lack of understanding and of tact, with the resulting friction between Americans and French. He set himself the none too easy task of peace-maker. He endeavoured on the spot to reconcile such individuals as he could, because, "I did not want our soldiers to go home hating the French"—and his conversations form entertaining reading. He also set himself to write a plea for better relations, more permanent friendship, and a truer understanding of the French and of France.

In the reviewer's opinion he has succeeded. He has written a moving book, a truly moving book, one which should reach the minds and hearts of his countrymen, if they will but read it. His pictures of the "devastated areas" lift this phrase out of the common-place of half-forgotten newspaper articles and photographs, and make of it a personal affair,—in very truth the hurt, the wound of a friend.

Finally, Mr. Wister reasons with his countrymen about their present attitude. "If you continue to consider that none of this has anything to do with you, you are the biggest fool of the lot." "You can't gracefully shake hands with somebody else's enemy." "Against stupidity the gods themselves contend in vain." "Greater tragedy than the premature Armistice and the belated Treaty cannot be met in history." "Prayers granted to Germany do not improve her soul." He gives in an Appendix one of the two published and undestroyed stenographic reports of the sessions of the Big Four at Versailles, showing that Wilson had but one idea—his own—and stuck to it; showing Lloyd George brutal and a bully; showing Paderewski capable of true nobility and a patriot,—and revealing how lack of character in the men involved betrayed the righteous—nay—the sacred Cause of the Allies.

A book that will do good, a book for which Americans must be grateful, a book to be read for entertainment, for understanding, and for the significance of being, and of having, a true Ally.  
A. G.

# QUESTIONS OF HANDICRAFT ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 280.—*Why does not the QUARTERLY use a capital letter in such words as "they" and "their" when referring to Masters? You frequently use a capital when speaking of Christ as "He" or "Him." Madame Blavatsky used capitals freely.*

ANSWER.—The QUARTERLY does not generally use capitals when referring to Christ, unless it is necessary in order to make the meaning of a sentence clear. If a contributor sends us an article in which appears some such sentence as—"Following the advice of his friend, he had done his best to serve Him," and has capitalized the "H" in his manuscript so as to make it evident that the reference is to Christ, it is not easy, without re-writing the sentence, to convey the same meaning with a small "h." Occasionally we are confronted with the same difficulty in references to Masters, and are obliged to capitalize pronouns accordingly. In all cases, we endeavour not to do so.

Neither the Bible nor the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church, uses an initial capital in pronouns which refer to deity. Thus, in the Lord's Prayer, it is written: "For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory."

Madame Blavatsky used capitals freely, not as an evidence of her respect, but solely to arrest the attention. As the result of long and painful experience, she had probably come to the conclusion that only the very few read anything with attention, unless it is made to jump at them, and she certainly did not imagine that Masters are honoured by the use of Capitals, or of double-led italics, or by any kind of hysterical references. Masters are not Christmas Trees, to be decorated with the tinsel of our words. Gautama Buddha, centuries ago, explained that if we effuse a flood of praise, describing someone, whether living or dead, as (let us say) "that true Saint, that great and glorious soul, that most blessed and holy man," we are claiming in effect an understanding and appreciation of saintliness, holiness, spirituality, which it does not follow that we possess. Strange as it may seem, The Theosophical Society itself and its members, have been humiliated more frequently by well-meant praise, than by adverse criticism.

EDITORS.

QUESTION NO. 281.—*How would you define Theosophy to one outside The Theosophical Society?*

ANSWER.—Usually the best way is to suggest that the inquirer read Prof. Mitchell's pamphlet "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society." If that is not practical, much can often be accomplished by explaining what Theosophy is not. Most peoples' minds are full of misconceptions which must be cleared away before they can gain any idea of what Theosophy means. Theosophy—Divine Wisdom—obviously cannot be defined or limited. It is not any dogma or set of dogmas, not Re-incarnation or Karma or any other given belief, any more than Geography is the study of the State of Kansas. It may or may not include that, but Geography would not be affected if Kansas sank to the bottom of the sea. Theosophy is what is back of the wisdom of the ages, the art and science of life, the laws that govern the growth and the happiness of the Soul. It cannot be understood in a moment; no real science can be. The Theosophical Society has been studying it for nearly fifty years and has obtained some glimpses of what it means and of its beauty.

J. F. B. M.

QUESTION No. 282.—*It seems sometimes that one possesses a reserve of spiritual power and knowledge—presumably garnered in other incarnations—which is quite useless at present because there is apparently no way to make it available to the personal man. On the other hand, it is so easy to manifest one's accumulated vices and ignorance. Why is evil so much nearer to the surface than good?*

ANSWER.—Occultism may be described as the art of making available the spiritual capital of the soul. But that capital cannot be given away to an impure and self-blinded personality. The reserve of power and knowledge must be withheld from manifestation because it would be worse than useless if manifested. The lower nature would immediately transmute it into base metal. Are not our present vices and ignorance the results of former perversions of spiritual qualities?

The Universe exists for the purposes of the soul, but that does not mean that we are born for the purpose of giving our personalities a good time. Power and knowledge are doled out to most of us in small lots, but we may be sure that we are always given enough to meet the evil of the moment. For, if it be true that the Lords of Karma withhold from us much of our spiritual reserve, it is equally true that they protect us from our vices, which become manifest in us only as we are able to combat them.

S. L.

ANSWER.—All power is from the soul, but the soul can only act on this plane through the personality. Our vices are spiritual powers distorted, stolen from the soul and used by the personality for its own purposes. It is the duty of the soul to purify the personality so that it may be a perfect expression of the soul, a completely obedient instrument. If we are looking out of a clean window we see the daylight, not the window. Mud on the glass is nearer to us than the daylight. Every duty faithfully performed, every fault honestly attacked, cleanses the glass by so much, and brings us so much more of the "reserve" of daylight beyond. The daylight will come in if we will let it, but it will not cleanse our window for us. We must do that for ourselves.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Is not the answer to this question bound up in the nature of the store of force which is involved in "habits"? The personal man is an accumulation of habits, physical and mental. All habits tend to repeat themselves unless new elements are brought in, which break up the combination. Our consciousness perceives and identifies itself with what is prevalent, unless persistent effort is directed toward refusing so to do. Reserve of spiritual power is surely there for use, but the necessity upon us is that we have to go and get it, making definite efforts to do so; and for the most part we are too inert and blind to perceive the need, being blinded and weakened by that very superficial habit of selfishness which paralyzes our efforts.

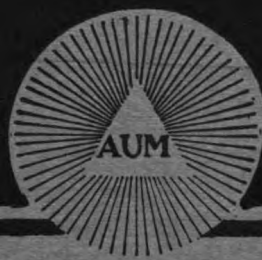
A. K.

ANSWER.—"Why is evil so much nearer to the surface than good?" Nearer to what surface? What is a surface? Does the surface of a tree—or of a man—mean the same thing to you that it means to a Master? Does not a surface mean the point, or horizon, at which you are able to observe things as objective phenomena,—a line, as it were, between the invisibles above and the invisibles below? Does not the place of this line differ as between any two observers? Where is your level of consciousness?

Probably the questioner means, however, that he is more aware of the evil in himself than of the good. In very rare cases, this is a calamity. In the vast majority of cases, it would be a still greater calamity (not infrequently observable) if the individual were more aware of the good in himself than of the evil. If we were God, we should leave the questioner where he is, and risk it.

R. A.





# THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

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### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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#### THE LOGOS AND MEDITATION

*Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.*

THE passage from which this beautiful word picture is taken might well serve to illustrate the whole theory and practice of Meditation, in its three stages: observation, understanding, embodiment.

The word rendered "consider" is more emphatic in Greek; it means "study intently, observe accurately." The parallel passage in Luke uses another word, but with the same emphatic meaning: to fix the powers of observation intently and accurately on the thing observed.

Neither the translation we have quoted, from the Sermon on the Mount, nor the rendering of the passage in Luke, does full justice to the accuracy of the Master's observation. The Greek of Luke says, of the lilies: "they spin not, they weave not"; the two processes, spinning the thread with a spindle, and weaving warp and woof together on a loom, which go to the making of the piece of cloth to be made into raiment. The accepted translation gives only a part of the picture in the Master's mind; he was thinking, not of toil in general, but of the particular toil involved in the making of raiment: spinning and weaving.

In another passage, which follows shortly after the image of the lilies, in the Sermon on the Mount, the translators use a word which somewhat blurs the clear outline of the Master's picture, and thereby obscures a point of high interest. They translate:

"Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye."

The word "mote" calls up no clear image in the mind, unless it be the mote in the sunbeam. But the Greek word means, among other things, a chip cut

by a carpenter, hewing a beam into shape with an axe. The thought in the Master's mind would seem to be this:

"Why beholdest thou the chip that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the plank that is in thine own eye?"

The simile may come from the workshop of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Thus rendered, it is far more vivid; it has also an element of keen humour, of which something will presently be said.

Yet another word regarding the lilies might be more vividly rendered. The Master asked his disciples intently to observe the lilies of the field, "how they grow." The Greek word means, "how they increase," growing in height, in strength, in beauty. The lily sends forth the stem, unfolds the leaves, forms the buds, opens the flowers. It is a picture not static but dynamic, a picture of evolving life.

And it is worth noting that, when the Master speaks of plants and trees, he speaks also of their growth, in this sense of increase. He sees the fruit tree, not simply standing in an orchard, but bearing fruit; the branch of the vine likewise bringing forth fruit; the wheat sown on good ground, springing up and bringing forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold; the seed springing up and growing, the sower knoweth not how; the earth bringing forth fruit, first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear; the fig tree, when the branch is yet tender, putting forth leaves, foretelling the coming of summer.

Always the same intent, accurate observation; and always the vivid sense of growing, increasing life. The Master sees not only the lily, the wheat, the vine; he sees also the life, the divine, creative Spirit, the breath of the Father, moving in the lily, the wheat, the branch of the vine.

If space allowed, it would be profoundly interesting to illustrate in detail the Master's keen, intent observation of the life about him in all its aspects; not only the growth of plants and flowers and trees, but the birds of the air, the hen with her chickens, the sparrow; the raven and the eagle, seen, perhaps, when the Master ascended the mountains; household episodes, a woman sweeping, the mending of a torn garment, the kneading of dough; then pictures of life in small towns, children playing gay or tragic games, men standing in the market place waiting to be hired, others giving alms ostentatiously; scenes in the country, the ploughing of fields, the sowing of wheat, the fields white for the harvest, the reaper with his sickle; shepherds tending their sheep upon the hills; a red and lowering sky, portending foul weather, the cloud rising from the West, from the Mediterranean, bringing a shower, the South wind, from the Arabian desert, bringing heat. So complete, so many sided, so accurate is his observation, that it is almost possible to see the face of the land and its people with the Master's eyes.

This is the intent, accurate observation which is the first stage of Meditation, the right use of the first power of the Logos. In the *Yoga Sutras* of Patanjali, it is called Dharana: "the binding of the perceiving consciousness to a certain region." Patanjali adds: "When the perceiving consciousness is wholly

given to illuminating the essential meaning of the object contemplated, and is freed from the sense of separateness and personality, this is Meditation (Samadhi)."

Intently noting the life about him, the lily, the raven, the reaper, the men praying in the temple, the Master brought what he had so accurately observed to the inner, spiritual consciousness, the divine Light of the Logos, in order "to illuminate the essential meaning of the object contemplated."

He saw the lily, the reaper, the men praying, first as they appeared to the natural vision, keen, alert, perfectly focussed. He then directed upon their images the divine vision, the highest spiritual Consciousness, to see their essential meaning as it appears to the eyes of the Father.

The attitude of the Master's mind and heart, in this regard, are best revealed in his words, recorded by the beloved disciple:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever the Father doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth."

If the soul, seeking light in Meditation, will reverently and faithfully lift the object of Meditation toward the divine Light of the Logos, that Light will illumine it, revealing its essential meaning, because the Light is kindled by divine Love.

When the disciple, in faith and love and obedience, in his heart brings his problem to the Master, the Master so strengthens the spiritual light of the disciple that the disciple can find the solution of his problem; not yet fully, not completely; he cannot yet see the lily as the Master sees it, as God sees it; but he can, if he have faith and love and obedience, see enough for his next step. And that is all he needs, in order to obey.

Let us go back over some of the ground we have traversed, with the endeavour to see how the Master perceived "the essential meaning of the object contemplated"; how he discerned the real values of things, the values they have in the eyes of the Father.

He was able thus to see eye to eye with the Father, because he gave himself up to the Father's will, completely, without reservation, in devoted, ardent love, saying, "not my will, but thine, be done."

He saw the lily of the field sending forth stem and leaf and bud and blossom; though neither spinning nor weaving, yet clothed more perfectly in beauty than Solomon in all his glory. And he saw the essential meaning of the lily: the divine Life, the infinite, creative Spirit, the power of the Father, flowing into the lily, penetrating it to the tip of every leaf and petal; and the lily clad in perfect beauty, because of this divine, inflowing Life.

That, in itself, would have been a complete perception, a Meditation which had attained its end. He had perceived the essential meaning of the lily's beauty: the indwelling Life of the Father. The poet who truly perceives and truly meditates, goes thus far.

But the Master, though he finds joy, and deep joy, in the beauty of the lily,

14



thus seeing in it the revelation of the Father's love, is yet preoccupied with another purpose. He speaks of the beauty of the lily, only as a means to his real end.

This real purpose is, to reveal the love of the Father to the hearts of the men he is talking to; to the hearts of his disciples, and, through them, to the hearts of all mankind, to whom he sends his disciples, to carry this message. The mission of the disciples is, to bring the hearts of men to the Master, that he in turn may bring these weary hearts to the Father, establishing in them the Father's joy, the Father's kingdom.

And because he sees these hearts, weary and heavy laden, sorely anxious for the morrow, sorely anxious regarding food and raiment, he makes available for them what he has observed, and what he has inwardly understood, regarding the life of the lilies and the ravens.

The ravens neither sow nor reap, they have neither storehouse nor barn; and the Father feedeth them. The lilies of the field, the wild lilies, increase in their beauty; they spin not, they weave not, yet Solomon in all his glory was not so arrayed.

As the lilies, resting on the earth, receive and are penetrated by the flowing life of the Father, whereby they increase, and form buds, and blossom in beauty, so should we receive the flowing love of the Father in our hearts, that our joy may be filled; that we may enter into the joy of the Father, the joy of a life, infinite and eternal. And the purpose of the Master, in putting the lily before his disciples, is to make the lily reveal the Father's love within their hearts. This is always his purpose: he reveals to his disciples, to the multitudes, to us, the form and loveliness of his own life, that he may thereby reveal to us the love of the Father.

To come back to the other picture we began with, the chip and the plank, an impression drawn from the carpenter's shop in Nazareth.

In this picture, there is keen, precise observation, but there is also humour. We read and hear his words with a feeling of reverence, because of which, perhaps, this element of humour escapes us. But we ought to seek his purpose in using just this image. That a carpenter, hewing a log of wood into the regularity of a beam, might get a flying chip in his eye, would be quite natural. But how could he get the whole log in his eye?

Is it not clear that the Master is using the expedient of wild exaggeration for a purpose: to rivet the attention of his hearers on the image; to give them a picture, unforgettable just because it is supremely ludicrous? The picture of a man walking about with a log in his eye, and not knowing it, has, in fact, the element of the ridiculous in an almost infinite degree. Once the mind sees it, it can never be forgotten.

Take another image, with exactly the same quality of wild exaggeration: the camel climbing, with only a slight effort, through the eye of a needle; the camel being chosen, rather than a horse or an ox, just because of the humped, clumsy awkwardness which makes it standing matter of comedy, the last animal that can be imagined performing a difficult acrobatic feat with ease and

grace. Had the Master spoken of a camel jumping through a hoop, we should already have had a humorous, ridiculous image; but the effect is heightened almost to an infinite degree, by substituting for the hoop the eye of a needle. Mentally form the picture, and it is startling in its ludicrousness.

The purpose is once more, to fix on the memory of his audience an image unforgettable because it is so supremely ludicrous. And he wishes thus to fix the picture on their memories, in order that they may never forget the message which he ties up with the image.

To go back to the chip and the plank. The Master is seeking to reveal to his disciples the obstacles which men put in the way of the Father's love; the barriers they build up in themselves against the Father's love, which the Master has come to reveal.

Most potent of these barriers is self-love, the kind of self-love which he calls "hypocrisy"; the quality which concentrates and hardens the false self, the nucleus of egotism, setting it against others, and at the same time setting it against the love and will of the Father.

He has expressed the purpose of his coming in these words:

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

What more insuperable barrier to that "perfecting into one" than the harsh egotism, full of vanity, self-assertion and superiority, which the Master calls hypocrisy?

The use of the word "talent" in the Master's parable, like his use of the tribal name, "Samaritan," has stamped on these words a new meaning, which has attained universal currency. The Greek weight of precious metal has come to mean an intellectual or moral power, solely because of its use in the Master's unforgettable story. The name of a despised tribe has come to mean a man of compassionate heart, for the same reason. The Master has re-minted both words, indelibly stamping his hall-mark on them.

So it is with hypocrite. It now carries for us the meaning gathered from his repeated use of it, to indicate that tendency of the human mind and heart which he found to be the greatest barrier, the most dangerous obstacle, in the way of what he sought to accomplish: the bringing of the hearts of men into oneness with his own heart, in order that he might thereby bring them into oneness with the Father's heart.

Just because of the new currency which he gave to words like talent and Samaritan, we are likely to lose something of their original meaning, as a weight of metal, an unpopular tribe. So it is with the words hypocrite and hypocrisy. It is worth while, therefore, to go back over the history of these words, to follow their original meaning and development.

In Homer, the verb from which they come meant "to reply, to answer."

In Athens, with its passionate love of drama and of the theatre, the word came also to have a more technical meaning, the answer of an actor on the stage; and from this the passage was easy enough to the meaning, "to play a part on the stage," as when Aristotle speaks of an actor "playing the part of the king." From this, the moral application, playing a part, feigning, pretending, in word or deed, was easy.

Perhaps we shall get back something of the word's original vividness, if we take Aristotle's phrase, "playing the part of the king."

Is not that, after all, exactly what vanity does, what egotism does, what the false self within us does incessantly? Because the false self usurps, and plays the part of the king, taking, both in perception and in action, the initiative which rightly belongs to the divine Light of the Logos in us and should rightly flow from the Logos; because of this usurpation, the false self is hardened against the Logos, hardened against other men, children of the Logos, hardened against the Master, against the Father, whom the Master came to reveal.

It was to reveal this situation, to break down this dangerous barrier, that the Master drew that picture with its wild exaggeration: the man walking about with a plank in his eye, and not aware of it; the "hypocrite," playing the part of the king. The plank in the eye is the false self, hard, aggressive, blinding.

If we are right, then, we may say that all the Master's Meditation, his marvellously keen and vivid observation, his spiritual understanding of the essential meaning of what he observed, seeing it as the Father sees it, the living pictures which he drew, to embody this understanding; all this was devoted to a dual purpose: first, to reveal his own heart as the door to the Father's heart; second, to reveal, and to break down in the hearts of men, the barriers against his love and the Father's love. His Meditation always had this practical end in view; in his own words, he always made it bring forth fruit. He embodied his Meditation in the living images drawn with words.

It is well worth while to consider the way in which he draws these living pictures which bring to us the fruit of his Meditation, and to note something of their perfection of form. We may, perhaps, best gain our insight by comparison. Take a sentence like this, framed by a master in the use of words:

". . . the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill . . ."

There is fresh vividness of observation here, with beauty of form and rhythm. But in translation much of that beauty would evaporate; the dew would dry up. There is too much subtle delicacy in the fine tones of colour in the words, in the lightly balanced stresses which make the rhythm, for transfer to another tongue. The movement of his story, the forms of his persons, his insight into life, remain; but Shakespeare translated is a moral philosopher rather than a poet; all that is most distinctive in his verse vanishes. Shakespeare has entrusted too much of his beauty to the surface, to rhythmic subtlety in the balance of words, the use of the pause, the delicate colouring of an adjective. It would be



almost impossible to carry over into a translation the tone and music of the phrase:

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine . . ."

In his expression of beauty, the Master seems to have gone deeper, to have entrusted less to the surface. He has reached that primal simplicity of beauty which it is almost impossible to miss or to mar, even in a series of translations.

Every word picture of his has passed through two or three translations: from the Aramaic, the speech of Aram, or Palestine, in which he addressed his hearers, through Greek and Latin, to our modern tongues. Yet the beauty remains untarnished, undiminished. It would be wellnigh impossible to mar, even after repeated translation and retranslation, the simplicity of "Consider the lilies."

Exactly the same thing is true of such a sentence as this:

"Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

Æsop has built a volume of fables on the comparison of human beings with animals, the perception of the traits of this or another beast or bird in human beings. The Master, using exactly the same method, has accomplished more in this single sentence of only twenty-two words; and it would be almost impossible to mar it in translation.

We might well, if space allowed, note some of the means by which this atomic conciseness has been reached, a unity of form so perfect, that centuries have not been able to break off any of the parts; but one or two indications must suffice.

To begin with, the Master always uses a concrete image. Again as a comparison, take a beautiful piece of verse:

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

This has penetrating beauty. It is in the spirit of "Consider the lilies," and conveys something of the same message. But Wordsworth is abstract, where the Master is concrete. On the one hand, "the meanest flower that blows," on the other hand, "the lilies"; on the one hand "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," to which every reader may give a different meaning, on the other hand, "your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." The Master speaks, not of "some magnificent monarch," but of "Solomon in all his glory." There is always this perfect concreteness. The Master speaks of the "image and superscription" on the Roman coin, the denarius: Cæsar's portrait, Cæsar's name.

Besides this concreteness, there is always precision. We must confine ourselves to a single side of this precision: his use of exact numbers. "There

shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three." "An hundred measures of oil, an hundred measures of wheat." "Ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." "Thou hast authority over ten cities."

We ventured to say, a little while ago, that the Master's coming, his whole life and effort, had a single purpose, with two branches: by pouring his love into our hearts, to bring our hearts to himself, and thereby to the Father; to reveal, in order that with the help of his love we may remove the obstacles in our hearts to that love.

We have here the indication of our own task and purpose, also with two branches: first, to seek in all ways to open our hearts to that love; second, to discover, in order that we may remove, the barriers. Meditation is a means.

We must first observe, then understand, then embody what we have understood. We must observe life, our own lives, the lives of others, all life about us, looking intently, accurately noting. We must then bring what we have observed into the heart within, reverently seeking the Light of the Logos, the Master's light, to illumine the essential meaning of what we have observed; with faith that in time we shall see all life as the Father sees it. "Lighten our darkness." What we come to understand of the essential meaning of life as the Father sees it, we must embody in our lives, making it concrete, precise. In the fulness of time, we shall see all life in the light of the Father's love.

Then the barriers to that love, first in our own hearts. We must look intently; accurately observe. We must seek the essential meaning of what we have observed, always in that Light. What we understand, through the illumination of that Light, we must embody, in love, in will, in act; concrete, precise, as the image of the lilies; in the fulness of time, perhaps with something of their beauty.

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*The Ark of the Covenant—of the Great Understanding—meant as much to those who sought God in the ancient world as the Cross does to Christendom. It meant that whatever the collapse, national or general, through siege or sack or famine, those who would escape could escape by the simple process of mentally taking refuge in God. The Ark of God would bear them safely when all material help failed.—“THE CONQUEST OF FEAR,” BY BASIL KING.*

# FRAGMENTS

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**I**N the long, long watches of the night, when visions come and the deep prophecies of dream, I saw the mists ride in from a leaden sea, mingled with the heaving and the curling of the waves.

They writhed and turned and melted, now monstrous, now faint. Long grasping fingers clutched out from them and disappeared; wild hair streamed back from eyes that gleamed and darkened; cruel, distorted lips leered menacingly and vanished. Through the crash of the breakers echoed harsh laughter and dying wails. Watching, I turned to stone; but a voice I know whispered close in my ear—Give heed; and I gave close heed.

The winds rose and the waves rose, and the mists rose with them. Slowly, steadily they advanced, increasing in fury. The sands were gone; then the cliffs lowered, even the Rock was hard to see where angry spray hissed, and spat upon it. The darkness deepened and the fury grew.

Steady, the voice whispered again; and again, Steady. What life could live, O God, when all the salt seas rise from the Pit, and bring hell with them!

A rift in the sky! narrow and faint, but behind it a star, and the star grows brighter. Rays reach from the star, reaching farther, then farther, growing more luminous. I follow their light.

One rests on an ancient pile where, through the vast columned vestibule, down its great aisle, past inscrutable sphinxes, it touches the lips and the eyes of a seated colossus, which stirs.

One lights the frieze of a temple where Greece carved her mysteries in lines of Beauty for ever immortal, and the shapes there move in faint rhythm.

One touches the spires that mark where the Kings of a nation were crowned and anointed. From its portals I saw the procession come forth,—come forth with its banners.

The sea and its fury were stilled, the mists sank back with the waters—down, whence they came; and I heard the laughter of children who played in the fields of Paradise.

CAVÉ.

# PAST AND FUTURE

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ONE of the services rendered by science has been to prove to us that outer things are in reality not in the least what they appear to be. This solid, motionless wooden table that I write on, is in point of fact neither solid nor motionless. It is composed of molecules, in turn composed of atoms, themselves composed of ions separated from one another by relatively immense distances and rotating at incredible speed. The table certainly does not look it, but, perhaps because science does not ask us to do anything about it, we accept the scientific dictum that it is all these wonderful things, without any great difficulty or strain on our credulity. Scientists have also shown that there are colours that we do not see, ultra-violet and infra-red,—how many they do not yet know. Occult tradition says that there are fourteen that may be seen by those who have developed their powers of perception. Lord Avebury, in a series of interesting experiments, proved that ants can see the ultra-violet, and then goes on to speculate as to how the world might appear to eyes that, like the ant's, see this additional colour. As part of the spectrum, it must enter into all other colours. Hence it follows that a change, perhaps a very slight change, in the receptive capacity of our optic nerves, would alter the entire colouring of the world for us. We know the colour a given thing appears to us to be. How it would appear to one whose vision was perfect, we cannot even guess.

The significance of these facts for our present purpose lies in the conclusion to which they force us, that we do not and cannot in truth know what things are, or are like, in themselves. We can only know how they appear to us, and the way they appear to us is inevitably determined by the development or lack of development of our receiving apparatus. Had we the eyes to see atoms and ions, we should see miniature solar systems where now we see stolid, motionless tables. In the circumstances, it is astonishing how hard and rigid are our ideas of the world around us. We assume so habitually that, because we are familiar with a given thing—have seen it and felt it—we know all about it. “Would you have me deny the plain evidence of my senses, my daily experience?” we ask, so often with indignation, when a new idea demands our consideration. Science has no hesitation in denying the evidence of the senses—when it suits it to do so—and, unfortunately, cares nothing for experience unless that experience happens to be capable of reproduction at will by the scientists themselves. Students of Theosophy are too wise to ask anyone to go against his experience—it is and must be the one test of truth—but they do from time to time ask that that experience be re-examined to see whether wrong deductions have not been drawn, and whether a new idea may not prove to be more in accord with it than the old rigid notions we have stored so long in the attics of our minds.

Among the most rigid and also—as we may find to our surprise, if we really take the trouble to examine them—among the most brittle of these dust-covered, long neglected ideas are those dealing with “space” and “time.” They must be handled carefully or they will inevitably break as they try to expand. It does not do, for instance, to tell ourselves that space must either go on forever or else stop somewhere, and then ask ourselves to imagine space doing either one or the other, going on for ever or stopping. To be sure, a few questions like that may make us a little less dogmatic about denying the possibility of a fourth dimension of space merely because we cannot imagine it. Or take our ideas of time. Does the future exist? Does the past exist? If so, where? In space, or outside of space? How can they exist in space, and in what part of space? Surely not in three-dimensional space—in space as we know it. Can anything exist and not exist in space? How can there be an “outside of space”? Let us then say that past and future do not exist, only the present exists. What is the present but that moment at which the future becomes the past? Can that which does not exist, passing into that which does not exist, produce the only existence we know? *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. Life comes from life, existence from existence, not from non-existence. Is the world to be regarded as perpetually going out of existence and perpetually coming into existence, like the explosions of some colossal Roman candle? If we would avoid the ludicrous, we must expand our ideas of both time and space, for something is obviously wrong with them as they are.

Eastern philosophy speaks of Time as a great illusion, and of “past,” “present” and “future” as one,—a statement that was for years utterly meaningless to me, and I fancy to most western minds. Master K. H., in one of the letters in the *Occult World*, refers to the three words, past, present and future, as being about as well-adapted for conveying his meaning as an axe is to do fine wood-carving. We have thus high authority for feeling that our ideas need expanding.

Light may give us help in getting our imaginations started. Astronomers tell us that the light that is now reaching us from some of the fixed stars left those stars at, let us say, the time of Alexander the Great. Conversely, the light that left the earth in Alexander's time must be just reaching those stars. Therefore it would follow that an inhabitant of such a star, if equipped with a sufficiently powerful telescope, could actually see Alexander's charge for the chariot of Darius at Issus, the fierce mêlée and the final rout of the Persians, with each incident of heroism as it occurred two thousand years ago. If we could but move our consciousness around in space, we could find somewhere in the universe the light that carries the picture of every incident that has ever happened on earth, and see it enact itself before our eyes. A magnificently interesting prospect to the lover of history! Also an appalling one, for it is not only Alexander and the great ones of the earth whose deeds are immortalized, but each act of each one of us, mean and petty and shameful, that is for ever enacting itself since we gave it life. To the all-embracing Divine consciousness, co-extensive with space itself, the past is thus perpetually present, even in three-

dimensional space. One wonders what provision Divine Mercy has made for the obliteration of parts of this record! Surely there must be some, or how, for very shame, could we ever enjoy heaven? Perhaps contrition may cut its mark over the original deed, obliterating it as a later inscription blots out an earlier one in the rock-cut records of ancient Egypt. That, however, is not our present point, which is that in this case at least, the mastery of space, as by the omnipresent Divine consciousness, carries with it a conquest of time that even we can understand.

Much has been written on the relation of time and space to one another, and of their effect in limiting our consciousness. I shall borrow freely from the illustrations with which this literature abounds.

To gain an idea of the change resulting from adding a new dimension of space to our consciousness, the easiest method of approach is to imagine a being conscious of only one dimension, then of two, then of three and finally of four, and to see what changes each step would involve. Assume, for illustration, an animal that was conscious in a straight line only, who saw and felt before and behind him, but not above or below or on either side, and who could not even imagine an "above" or a "below" or a "side." To such a being, anything outside of his straight line would be as non-existent as the future is to us. He would not even know that he moved in a line, for all that he could see would be points,—the point in front and the point behind. A being who is in a line, cannot see it except by stepping outside it, above it, or to one side of it. Next imagine a "two-dimensional being," that is, one who sees and feels along a flat surface, but who cannot see or imagine "above" or "below." Anything that breaks the surface of this consciousness from above or below, seems to come from nowhere, from the "future" and to go out again into nowhere, into the "past." That which is in reality the movement of consciousness itself may appear to be growth and motion in the object perceived. For instance: Take a glass of water and imagine the field of consciousness of such a "two-dimensional being" to be represented by the surface of the water in the glass. Then hold a sharpened pencil motionless just over the water, and raise the glass slowly. First the point will touch the surface of the water, and our "two-dimensional being" becomes conscious of a point appearing in his world. As the glass is raised, the point becomes a circle, and as the water slowly moves up the rounded sharpened part of the pencil, the circle appears to grow larger and larger. There is, of course, no growth about it. The consciousness of our two-dimensional being has simply become successively aware of different parts of a pre-existing motionless whole, in itself totally different from a flat figure and yet producing the illusion of a flat, growing circle. Just as there would be nothing to indicate to the two-dimensional being that he was being deceived, so there may be nothing to indicate, to our three-dimensional consciousness, that our ideas of the true nature of the things of which we are conscious are equally misleading and incomplete. There would seem to be an analogy between the "flat" consciousness of our two-dimensional friend, and our own very "flat" conception of time and the existence of objects in time. We refuse to believe that

there is any existence "above" or "below" the present instant, an instant so thin that it has already ceased to exist before we can conceive of it as present. Our difficulty in imagining actual existence in what to us is the future or the past, is not, however, a good reason for denying the possibility of such existence.

Theosophical books teach that within every form of physical matter there is a finer form of "astral" matter, the model or mould on which the physical form has been built. We plant a lily bulb or an acorn and it grows to lily or oak, to a form we know and can predict in advance. Where was the plan in accordance with which they grew? Dissect lily bulb and acorn endlessly, and no shape of lily or oak will be found; and yet the particles of matter which the growing plant attracts to itself, form themselves unerringly in accordance with the pattern of its kind. That pattern must exist. Where, if not in the "future" as we call it? As the plant grows, the astral model is progressively clothed with matter as we know it, that is to say, it is made progressively cognizable by our receiving apparatus, our senses, which have not yet learned to perceive the astral in itself. In fact, for all that we know to the contrary, that may be all that "physical" matter is, the very temporary clothing of the real astral form in order that we may cognize it through our physical senses.

If Time be in fact a dimension of Space, if the astral form of that which is to be clothed in physical matter, exists now in what we call the future, but which in reality is a part of the fourth dimension of Space, it follows that the real tree is not what we see at any given instant, but is the whole course of its evolution and growth from seed through maturity to final decay and disintegration. What we actually see is only a cross-section, whereas had we true vision we would see the entire course of its evolution simultaneously. It has been pointed out that an approach to this is made by a moving-picture film which changes a time sequence to a space sequence and back again, depending on whether one looks at the film itself or at the picture on the screen as the film is run off. To borrow an illustration used in a recent issue of the *QUARTERLY*, our consciousness may be compared to a search-light, sweeping along a river bank at night, lighting up brightly the objects that come successively into its field of light. All before and behind it is in darkness, but not on that account non-existent.

If the real tree be its entire course from seed to full maturity, in the same way the real man is his entire evolution from before the beginnings of time down through all the future, to eternity. The real self of each one of us stretches from unimaginable beginnings in what we call the past, to equally unimaginable heights of splendour and glory of which we are destined to become conscious. God—the Logos—created a growing universe, created it all, end as well as beginning, and it must exist to-day, in its entirety. Can we suppose that the Great Creator merely planned a beginning, and then turned his universe adrift to go where it would? Or that only half a plan was made and the rest left to be worked out according to circumstances and opportunism, like the foreign policy of a modern statesman? So much of the confusion in our thinking arises from this failure to realize that what we see is only a cross-

section of an existing whole, the universe as God sees it, a unity—past, present and future as one continuous whole. I doubt if the most ardent enthusiast over Greek art could find much beauty in a cross-section of the Venus of Milo, if he insisted on thinking of that section as the entire conception of the artist. We are not what we think ourselves to be, or even what our most candid friends think us. We are what the Masters see us to be, what each one was imagined to be by the Master who created him, on whose ray he is and whose life he shares. And the vision of Masters is not limited to a fleeting instant of time. Where we happen to be at this moment may be of far less importance than we imagine. Does a mother love her child less because it has fallen and covered its face with mud? Even the habit of covering itself with mud, trying as that is to live with, may be outgrown in time. It is the direction in which we are going, forward or backward, that counts.

"The soul of man is immortal and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour has no limit." At Philæ there is a wonderful temple of ancient Egypt, now half submerged by the waters of the Nile. The base of each beautiful column is in the mud at the bottom of the river, but the columns rise through the water to the clear sunlight above. We might take such a column, covered, let us say, with hieroglyphs for its entire height, as the picture of each one of us. The personal consciousness of each one, cuts his column at a different level, and each is vastly interested in the particular hieroglyphs he finds there, picturing success or failure, victory or defeat, pleasure or pain, before his eyes,—elated at the pictures of victory, depressed and frightened at the portrayal of pain. Yet we should be neither elated nor depressed, for they are the lessons which we are meant to learn, which we must learn before we can emerge into the sunlight of the eternal above. To be sure, most of the pictures of pain are those which we ourselves have cut on the surface of our column, defacing the divine plan to suit our own self-will. The existence and inevitableness of the divine plan does not take away man's free will. He can cut the surface of his column and spoil its beautiful pictures as he will. (I suppose there are barnacles forming now on the lovely columns of Philæ.) He can lift his consciousness by aspiration, or let his passions hold him in the mud as long as he will, for ten years or for ten thousand incarnations. The time is largely in his own hands. What, after all, is the "present," but that part of the divine plan on which our consciousness rests, that part of the eternal whole which we are permitted to mar, hack at and distort by our misuse of our divine powers, or to unveil in all its beauty by their right use? Sooner or later, with more or less of pain and struggle, we must reproduce it all, learn the lessons set before us, and, at the long last, take our place with our fellow immortals in the pure light above.

It does not do to push any simile too far. The point is that there is a divine plan that we must reproduce, each one his own. We are given the tools: our divine powers—free will, imagination, obedience, and so on, which we may use, neglect, or misuse. We are given guidance which we may follow or not as we like. The guidance lies in the duties each one of us has, which are designed



by the Masters of Wisdom to give us just the training we need to develop as we are meant to develop. At any given moment we can perform these duties or not. Ultimately we shall have to perform them, and they do not grow easier with waiting. The place where the road meets the river is the easiest crossing, though, if we do not like to wet our precious selves, we can wander up and down the bank and try as many other places as we choose.

To return for a moment to our two-dimensional being and the flat surface to which his consciousness is limited. If a vertical wheel were to cut this surface, it would appear, not as a wheel, but as a line. If the wheel were painted different colours and were rotated, the line would appear to the two-dimensional intelligence to change its colour in a remarkable and totally inexplicable manner. The colours would recur at regular intervals, like, let us say, the seasons. Any two-dimensional scientist who might seek an explanation of this phenomenon as coming from some plane outside those known to two-dimensional science, would be scoffed at as "most unscientific." If he imagined a wheel, it could only seem to him that it came from the "future" (above), and went into the "past" (below),—the moment of intersection with his plane being his "present." Rotating the wheel the other way, it would still make only a line on the two-dimensional surface, and there would be nothing to indicate that instead of coming from the "future" (above), and going into the "past" (below), it were now coming from the "past" and going into the "future." In other words, our two-dimensional scientist could not tell whether a given event came from his future and went into his past, or came from his past and went into his future.

Of course, we are quite sure that we can tell; everything that comes to us comes from the future and goes into the past. A very little thought, however, shows that this is not so, and that, as has been said, the past is always blowing over our heads into the future. A traveller, reaching the only road to his destination and taking a wrong turn, walking south instead of north, may congratulate himself, as he passes each mile-stone, that that part of his journey is over. Later he will discover that each one of those miles went into his future journey and has to be traversed once more before he can reach his journey's end. They came to him from his future and it was to his future that they went back, where they will remain until he passes over them rightly. Our duty is to reproduce the divine plan, that plan which comes to us as our highest ideal, and which we must incarnate, must "clothe in matter," that it may be manifest to ourselves and to others, by putting it into action on the physical plane. Only that which is in accordance with the divine plan can go into the past. All else must go back into the future, to come to us again and again until we do it as we should. Some years ago a public library was being built at Lake George. The architect's plans called for the brick wall to be laid with each alternate brick end-on to the street. The bricklayer did not like to lay bricks that way; it was more trouble; so he laid them all end-to-end, parallel to the street, and built several feet of wall. That wall never got into the past. He built it right across his own future, for as soon as the architect saw it, the

bricklayer had to pull it down and spend all of the next week rebuilding it as it should have been built to begin with.

It would seem, therefore, that our true past is that which we have done rightly, and our future that part of the divine plan which we have not yet reproduced, plus the excrescences and defacements which we have ourselves placed there, our neglected duties, our unexpiated sins and their consequences. Just as the real tree is its entire evolution from seed through maturity to decay, so a "sin" must be the entire cycle of the act, from the first seed in the form of a wrong thought indulged in by our minds, through the following expression in outer act, to its inevitable consequences, its Karma, and its final expiation. When we attach a sin to the "column" of our lives, we attach it all, consequences and need for final expiation as well. There is no way of escape save by going through to the end, and some day we shall have to do this. It may be a long time before our consciousness returns to that part of the "column" to which the consequences have adhered. We may seem to be getting off scot-free, but the consequences, the lessons of our acts, await us, one life or two or ten lives away, as the case may be. That which is far apart in two-dimensional space, as two points at opposite ends of a sheet of paper, may be close together when another dimension of space is added, as when the paper is bent over until the two points touch. So, perhaps, when we add a fourth dimension it may be that the act and its results, which seem far apart in three-dimensional time, are in fact touching one another as part of one sequence. This may explain what has always seemed puzzling—the reason for the delay of Karma in bringing the consequences of our acts upon us. Incidentally, the fact that the use of a higher dimension can bring things together which seemed very far apart when viewed from lower dimensions only, would also seem to explain the simultaneous appearance of a Master in widely separated parts of the earth.

Not only is the divine plan to be reproduced as it is, without distortion by man's self will, but all of it must be reproduced. Our duties are an integral part of it. No use neglecting them. There they will stay, in essence, for all eternity, as obstacles blocking our way, or as ladders by which we may climb when we really take hold of them. We are not climbing to something strange and foreign. We are the "column," and we can truly identify ourselves with any part of it that we will, from the mud on its base, to all the splendour of immortal light on its capital, or as near it as our imaginations can take us. We are unwise to deny the mud on the base. We are more unwise to deny the light above, for it guides and draws us, as it draws the lotus flower from the mud to the sunlight. We rise by realizing that we are not the mud; that we are our highest ideal; that that to which we climb is the deepest desire of our heart—our true self with its immortal destiny of divine peace and power and splendour.

J. F. B. M.

# THE CREST JEWEL OF WISDOM

ATTRIBUTED TO SHANKARA ACHARYA

## III

**B**ECAUSE the subtle body possesses detachment, it is not stained by the acts of its vesture. This form body carries out all activities as the instrument of the higher Self, the spiritual man; it is as the sharp tools in the hand of the carpenter. Therefore the Self is free from attachment.

The characters of blindness, slowness or keen vision have their cause in the qualities or defects of the eye; so deafness and dumbness are characters of the ear or tongue, not of the Seer, the Self.

Outbreathing, inbreathing, yawning, sneezing, the flow of saliva, circulation, are said by those who know, to be caused by the vital airs; hunger and thirst are caused by the life principle.

The internal organ acts through the organs of sight and the other sense powers. Through the attribution of selfhood, the personal "I" is established and manifested. (105)

The personal "I" is to be known as the actor and as receiving experience; it is based on the attribution of selfhood; through union with the three potencies, goodness, passion, darkness, it experiences the three states of consciousness.

When the objects of its experience flow with the current, the personality enjoys pleasure; when they go contrary to its wishes, it suffers pain. Pleasure and pain are characters of the personality, not of the true Self, which is being and bliss.

For the object of experience is dearer because it serves the Self; it is not dear in itself. And the Self is of itself the dearest of all.

Therefore the Self is being and bliss, nor has it any pain. That bliss of the Self which is experienced in dreamlessness, above objective life, is known in waking consciousness through revelation, through direct experience, through the experience of others, through logical reasoning.

World Glamour, Maya, through which this whole world comes into being, is named the Unmanifest, the Power of the supreme Lord, beginningless Unwisdom, formed of the three potencies. The awakened understanding should grasp it by a study of its effects. (110)

Maya is neither being nor non-being, nor in essence both; it is neither divided nor undivided, nor in essence both; it is neither with members nor without members, nor in essence both; it is most marvellous in its nature, and indefinable.

The power of Maya is to be destroyed by awakening to the pure, undivided Eternal, as the illusion of the serpent by discerning the rope. Passion, dark-

ness, goodness are known as its potencies; through their effects they are to be understood.

Dispersion, which is the essence of action, is the power of Passion; from this power springs the age-old tendency to forward action; desire and hate come forth from it perpetually, which cause the moods of pain and sorrow in the mind.

Lust, wrath, greed, fraud, cavilling, selfishness, envy, the lust of possession, are the terrible characters of Passion, from which this human activity springs; therefore Passion is the cause of bondage.

Envelopment is the name of the power of Darkness, whereby a thing appears other than it is. This is the underlying cause of man's cycle of birth and rebirth; it is the motive force of the activity of the power of Dispersion. (115)

Though he be intelligent, learned, clever, keen in self-study, thoroughly well informed, a man cannot be wise if wrapped in this power of Darkness; what is raised up by illusion, he sees as real, he leans on qualities created by illusion. Alas for him; very overmastering is this power of Darkness, this mighty Envelopment.

Failure to perceive real things, seeing things as the opposite of what they are, building up fancies, taking realities for fancies, these are modes of Dispersion; the power of Dispersion releases not him who is under the yoke of attachment; it sweeps him away continually.

The qualities of Darkness are unwisdom, laziness, inertness, lethargy, folly, bondage to delusion; he who is under their yoke is wise in nothing; he is like a man asleep, like a log.

Goodness, because of its purity, though mingled with these as water with water, yet builds for salvation; the ray of the true Self reflected in Goodness illumines the whole material world, like the sun.

Where Goodness is mingled with the other potencies, these characters arise: self-respect, obedience to the commandments and the rules, faith, devotion, desire for liberation, godlike virtues, a complete turning from evil. (120)

Of pure Goodness, the qualities are grace, experience of the true Self, supreme quietude of heart, acceptance, joy, a resting in the supreme Self, whereby is attained the essence of being and bliss.

Of the Unmanifest, which is defined by the three potencies, is formed the Causal Body of the Self; its free field of consciousness is dreamlessness, in which the activity of the powers and the understanding are merged in one.

Dreamlessness is a form of consciousness in which every kind of mental perception is stilled, when the intelligence is withdrawn into the Self which is its source; where the Seer says: "I know nothing of the rumour of the world."

The body, powers, vital airs, mind, personality, all forms, all objects, pleasure and pain, ether and the elements, the whole world up to and including the Unmanifest, all this is other than the Self.

Maya and all the works of Maya, beginning with the Great One, Mahat, and ending with the body; know that all this is other than the Eternal, other than the Self, like the mirage in the desert. (125)

I shall now declare to thee the true nature of the Supreme Self, knowing which, freed from bondage, a man gains final liberation.

There is a certain eternal Self, on which the consciousness of selfhood rests; this is the witness of the three fields of consciousness; this is other than the five vestures.

This is he who perceives all things in waking, dreaming, dreamlessness; this is the true "I" which perceives the intelligence and its activities, whether they be good or evil.

This is he who himself perceives all, whom none perceives; who illumines the intelligence and the other powers, whom none illumines.

Who penetrates and upholds this universe, whom none penetrates nor upholds; from him this universe derives the light with which it is illumined. (130)

Through whose mere presence the body, powers, mind and intelligence turn each to their proper objects as though obeying its command.

By whom, having as his essence eternal wisdom, all the powers from the personality to the body, all objects, all pleasures and pains are seen as a jar is seen.

This inner Self, the Spirit, the ancient, is the presence of primal, undivided joy; ever unchanging, consisting of pure wisdom, by whose command voice and the life-breaths fulfil their parts.

Here, verily, in the Self of Goodness, in the secret place of the soul, in the undivided firmament; rising like the dawn, this shines like the risen sun in the sky, by its radiance making this whole world shine.

Beholding all activities of the mind and personal self, all motions of the body, the powers, the life-breaths, this neither strives nor changes, pervading them like the fire in the heated iron. (135)

This enters not into birth, or death, or growth, nor does he wane or change for ever; even when this frame falls into dissolution, the Self is not dissolved, like the ether in the broken jar.

Standing apart from the vicissitudes of the manifest world, in his own essence pure consciousness, illumining this infinite universe of things enduring and unenduring, himself unchanging, the supreme Self, in the fields of waking, dream and dreamlessness, shines as the true "I," as the immediate witness of the intelligence.

Do thou, with disciplined mind, recognize this Self within thyself, saying, "This is I," through the grace of understanding; cross the shoreless ocean of manifested life whose waves are birth and death, reaching thy goal, coming home to the being of the Eternal.

The thought of "I" in what is not the Self brings the Spirit into bondage; this bondage, springing from unwisdom, brings on us birth and death and weariness. He who identifies himself with his body, thinking the unenduring to be the real, and therefore feeds it, anoints it, guards it, is enmeshed in things of sense as the silkworm in the threads it spins.

He who is deluded by Darkness sees reality in what is unreal; from lack of

discernment arises the illusion of the serpent in the rope. He who is subject to this illusion suffers a multitude of sorrows; to take the unreal for the real is bondage. Friend, heed this. (140)

The enveloping power of Darkness completely hides the Self with his infinite powers, which shine forth through the power of partless, eternal, undivided illumination, as the demon of eclipse conceals the sun's rays.

When the true Self of stainless radiance is concealed, the man, deluded, thinks of the body, which is not the Self, as "I." Then the far-reaching power of Passion, which is called Dispersion, painfully binds him with the cords of lust and wrath.

His perception of the true Self swallowed up by the voracious shark of great Delusion, he entangles himself in manifold errors of understanding through the cords of this power; in the shoreless ocean of birth and death, full of the poison of sensuous things, sinking or rising, he is carried about, confused, contemptible.

As a cloud wreath, brought into being by the sun's shining, spreads and conceals the sun, so the personal self, which comes into being through the Self, spreads and conceals the true Self.

As on a foul day, when the lord of day is swallowed up by heavy clouds, fierce, chill blasts of wind afflict the clouds, so, when the true Self is enveloped in unbroken darkness, this keen power of Dispersion visits the deluded man with many sorrows. (145)

By these two powers, man's bondage is brought about; deluded by them he goes astray, thinking the body is the Self.

Of the tree of birth and death, Darkness is the root, the thought of the body as Self is the shoot, desire is the leaf, works are the sap, the life-breaths are the branches, the powers are the ends of the branches, sensuous things are the flowers, pain is the fruit, springing from manifold works; the separate self is the bird who eats the fruit.

This bondage to that which is not Self, which has its root in unwisdom, arising without a cause, beginningless, endless, brings upon the separate self a flood of sorrows, like birth and death, sickness and decay.

Not by weapons, nor scriptures, not by wind nor fire, can this bondage be loosed, nor by myriads of ritual acts, without the great sword of discerning knowledge, sharp and keen, through divine grace.

He who is convinced of the truth of the sacred teaching faithfully performs all duties; by this comes self-purification; when his intelligence is purified, the vision of the supreme Self comes; thereby he destroys birth and death, root and all. (150)

The Self, wrapped up in the five vestures, beginning with the vesture formed of food, which are brought into being by its own power, does not shine forth, as the water in the pond, covered by a veil of green scum.

When the green scum is taken away, immediately the water shines forth pure, taking away thirst and heat, straightway becoming a source of great joy to man.

When the five vestures have been stripped off, the Self shines forth pure, the one essence of eternal bliss, beheld within, supreme, self-luminous.

Discernment is to be made between the Self and what is not Self by the wise man seeking freedom from bondage; through this he enters into joy, knowing the Self which is being, consciousness, bliss.

As the reed from the tiger grass, so separating from the congeries of things visible the hidden Self within, which is detached, not involved in actions, and dissolving all in the Self, he who stands thus, has attained liberation. (155)

The food-formed vesture is this body, which comes into being through food, which lives by food, which perishes without food.

It is formed of cuticle, skin, flesh, blood, bone, water; this is not worthy to be the Self, eternally pure.

The Self was before birth or death, and now is; how can it be born for the moment, fleeting, unstable of nature, not unified, inert, beheld like a jar? For the Self is the witness of all changes of form.

The body has hands and feet, not the Self; though bodiless, yet because it is the Life, because its power is indestructible, it is controller, not controlled.

Since the Self is witness of the body, its character, its acts, its states, therefore the Self must be of other nature than the body. (160)

A mass of wretchedness, clad in flesh, full of impurity and evil, how can this body be the knower? The Self is of other nature.

Of this compound of skin, flesh, fat, bone and water, the man of deluded mind thinks, "This is I"; but he who is possessed of judgment knows that his true Self is of other character, in nature transcendental.

The mind of the dullard thinks of the body, "This is I"; he who is more learned thinks, "This is I," of the body and the separate self; but he who has attained discernment and is wise knows the true Self, saying, "I am the Eternal."

Therefore, O thou of mind deluded, put away the thought that this body is the Self, this compound of skin, flesh, fat, bone and water; discern the universal Self, the Eternal, changeless, and enjoy supreme peace.

So long as the man of learning abandons not the thought, founded on delusion, that "This is I," regarding the unenduring body and its powers, so long there is no hope for his liberation, though he possess the knowledge of the Vedanta and its science. (165)

As thou hast no thought that "This is the Self," regarding the body's shadow, or the reflected form, or the body seen in dream, or the shape imagined in the mind, so let not this thought exist regarding the living body.

The thought that the body is the Self, in the minds of men who discern not the real, is the seed from which spring birth and death and sorrow; therefore slay thou this thought with strong effort, for when thou hast abandoned this thought the longing for rebirth will cease.

The breath-formed vesture is formed by the life-breath determined by the five powers of action; through its power the food-formed vesture, guided by the Self and sustained by food, moves in all bodily acts.

Nor is this breath-formed vesture the Self, since it is formed of the vital airs, coming and going like the wind, moving within and without; since it can in no wise discern between right and wrong, between oneself and another, but is ever dependent.

The mind-formed vesture is formed of the powers of perception and the mind; it is the cause of the distinction between the notions of "mine" and "I"; it is active in making a distinction of names and numbers; as more potent, it pervades and dominates the former vesture. (170)

The fire of the mind-formed vesture, fed by the five powers of perception, as though by five sacrificial priests, with objects of sense like streams of melted butter, blazing with the fuel of manifold sense-impressions, sets the personality aflame.

For there is no unwisdom except in the mind, for the mind is unwisdom, the cause of the bondage to life; when this is destroyed, all is destroyed; when this dominates, the world dominates.

In dream, devoid of substance, it emanates a world of experienter and things experienced, which is all mind; so in waking consciousness, there is no difference, it is all the domination of mind.

During the time of dreamlessness, when mind has become latent, nothing at all of manifestation remains; therefore man's circle of birth and death is built by mind, and has no permanent reality.

By the wind a cloud is collected, by the wind it is driven away again; by mind bondage is built up, by mind is built also liberation. (175)

Building up desire for the body and all objects, it binds the man thereby as an ox by a cord; afterwards leading him to turn from them like poison, that same mind, verily, sets him free from bondage.

Therefore mind is the cause of man's bondage, and in turn of his liberation; when darkened by the powers of passion it is the cause of bondage, and the cause of liberation when pure of passion and darkness.

Where discernment and dispassion are dominant, gaining purity, the mind makes for liberation; therefore let the wise man who seeks liberation strengthen these two in himself as the first step.

Mind is the name of the mighty tiger that hunts in the forest glades of sensuous things; let not the wise go thither, who seek liberation.

Mind moulds all sensuous things through the earthly body and the subtile body of him who experiences; mind ceaselessly shapes the differences of body, of colour, of condition, of race, as fruits caused by the acts of the potencies.

Mind, beclouding the detached, pure consciousness, binding it with the cords of the body, the powers, the life-breaths, as "I" and "my," ceaselessly strays among the fruits of experience caused by its own activities. (181)

Man's circle of birth and death comes through the fault of attributing reality to the unreal, but this false attribution is built up by mind; this is the effective cause of birth and death and sorrow for him who has the faults of passion and darkness and is without discernment.

Therefore the wise who know the truth have declared that mind is unwisdom,



through which the whole world, verily, is swept about, as cloud belts by the wind.

Therefore purification of the mind should be undertaken with strong effort by him who seeks liberation; when the mind has been purified, liberation comes like fruit into his hand.

Through the sole power of liberation uprooting desire for sensuous things, and ridding himself of all bondage to works, he who through faith in the real stands firm in the teaching, shakes off the very essence of passion from the understanding. (185)

The mind-formed vesture cannot be the higher Self, since it has beginning and end, waxing and waning; by causing sensuous things, it is the very essence of pain; that which is itself seen cannot be the Seer.

The intelligence together with the powers of intelligence makes the understanding-formed vesture, whose distinguishing character is actorship; it is the cause of man's circle of birth and death.

The power which is a reflected beam of pure Consciousness, called the understanding, is a mode of abstract Nature; it possesses wisdom and creative power; it thereby focuses the idea of "I" in the body and its powers.

This "I," beginningless in time, is the separate self, it is the initiator of all undertakings; this, impelled by previous imprints, works all works both holy and unholy, and forms their fruits.

Passing through varying births it gains experience, now descending, now ascending; of this understanding-formed vesture, waking, dream and dreamlessness are the fields where it experiences pleasure and pain. (190)

By constantly attributing to itself the body, state, condition, duties and works, thinking, "These are mine," this understanding-formed vesture, brightly shining because it stands closest to the higher Self, becomes the vesture of the Self, and, thinking itself to be the Self, wanders in the circle of birth and death.

This, formed of understanding, is the light that shines in the vital breaths, in the heart; the Self who stands for ever wears this vesture as actor and experiencer.

The Self, assuming the limitation of the understanding, self-deluded by the error of the understanding, though it is the universal Self, yet views itself as separate from the Self; as the potter views the jars as separate from the clay.

Through the force of its union with the vesture, the higher Self takes on the character of the vesture and assumes its nature, as fire, which is without form, takes on the varying forms of the iron, even though the Self is for ever by nature uniform and supreme.

C. J.

*(To be continued)*

# THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

## XIV

FRANCIS XAVIER

### Part I

*François, capitaine de Dieu, a fini ses caravanes;  
Il n'a plus de souliers à ses pieds et sa chair est plus usée que sa soutane.  
Il a fait ce qu'on lui avait dit de faire, non point tout, mais ce qu'il a pu:  
Qu'on le couche sur la terre, car il n'en peut plus.  
Et c'est vrai que c'est la Chine qui est là, et c'est vrai qu'il n'est pas dedans:  
Mais puisqu'il ne peut pas y entrer, il meurt devant.  
Il s'étend, pose à côté de lui son bréviaire,  
Dit: Jésus! pardonne à ses ennemis, fait sa prière,  
Et tranquille comme un soldat, les pieds joints et le corps droit,  
Ferme austèrement les yeux et se couvre du signe de la Croix.*

PAUL CLAUDEL.

*Undaunted Xavier, eager and as wise,  
He waged, with burning, brave simplicities,  
War against sin and self—Christ in his heart,  
Lord of his will, Custodian of his eyes.*

ARMEL O'CONOR.

ONE who seeks to understand the lesson taught by the life of any eminent person has to conjecture, surmise and hypothesize. Opinions are formed, about the whole life and about details of it. But above every opinion or judgment looms the query: what about the Lodge? Was there some purpose the Lodge wished to see fulfilled by this person in this undertaking? Was that purpose fulfilled or thwarted? How does the Lodge judge the fruit of this particular incarnation? The truth about any individual life is not arrived at through the standards of the world. And for the standards of the Lodge, one has to resort to surmises and reverent guesses.

This is especially true of Francis Xavier's life and work. He was an affectionate and esteemed companion of Loyola's. Before Loyola's small "regiment" of spiritual soldiers was fairly engaged in action, Xavier, an able and trustworthy lieutenant, was sent off to distant Asia. He worked there, with incredible activity, ten and a half years, finally dying near the coast of China. He never again saw Loyola and his companions, whom he loved deeply. Seldom could he have even the consolation of a letter from them. He received one letter from Ignatius in four years. From parts of the region

where Xavier worked, to receive an answer to a letter, *viâ* sailing boats, required three years and nine months. Xavier went onward and onward in that distant east, practically alone. The few Europeans who shared his labours, were not comrades, but spiritual babes whose needs he had to supply. What was the work for which he thus sacrificed all that was dear to him? Not a very significant work, if bare deeds only are judged, apart from the wonderful spirit he put into them; in fact, a work which stirs little sympathy to-day. Undoubtedly it made a great impression in the Europe of his time when his letters told that he had baptized ten thousand babies in a month, that he could count upon making one hundred thousand Christians in a year, and, that, after only two years of labour, his ministry had been the occasion of adding six hundred martyrs to those who had given their lives for Christ. Those figures cause no thrill to-day as they did then, in Lisbon and Spain and Rome. Some, indeed, might go so far as to question whether Christians and martyrs made at such a rate were worth the making.

A deeper inquiry might possibly reveal that baptisms and martyrs were not his work at all. Every man's real work is, not the things about which he is so busy, but the character that is moulded silently amid such activities. The incessant round of outer duty in the making of Christians by wholesale, may have been only a figurative crucible for testing the metal of which this soldier was made. Could it be possible that Francis Xavier was a promising candidate for discipleship? Are those low-caste, depraved, Malay and Indian peoples to be regarded only as an opportunity used to test out the purity of this candidate's motive; to discover whether he could work in complete loneliness, with utter unselfishness, without thought of gain for himself of any kind, but altogether for furthering the Cause to which he had devoted his life?

This hypothesis, if it be at all tenable, suggests another. India was his base during the ten years of pioneering in the East. From India, he went to other lands, to Japan and to the islands which had, in some degree or other, felt the influence of Indian thought. Was Xavier's presence in India a part of the Theosophical Movement? Was it a tentative effort on the part of the Lodge, to effect a *rapprochement* of Eastern and Western religion? In Europe, a group of devout men had been brought together under Ignatius, who, in addition to their devotion, had the highest ideals of intellectual training and culture. Xavier had lectured on philosophy at the University of Paris. Did the Lodge try an experiment? Was Xavier given an opportunity, under the guise of missionary work which his Roman Catholic mind could understand, to make contact with the older philosophy and religion of the East? It was an epoch of discoveries on the outer plane—new continents added to a smaller world. The time may have seemed ripe for the experiment of bringing new spiritual worlds within men's reach, through the old religions of the East. If the hypothesis be valid, how disappointing is the result! Xavier was devoted and self-sacrificing; but he was bigoted, and his understanding was closed to truths that might have come from the East. Europe learned some of the outer facts of Eastern life, but nothing of its wonderful inner life; just as Europe

had learned some of the legends and myths of ancient Greece, but so little of the truth which those legends embody.

Could it be, in addition, that the Western branch of the Great Lodge was helping the Eastern—was, so to speak, lending one of its aspirants to the East, in an effort to impart what most Eastern religions then lacked, namely, zeal, fervour, passion of devotion for a Master and for his Cause? We may be shamed into a right attitude by the example of a competitor.

The second hypothesis may not be so wild as it seems. Xavier was born in 1506. He was born in the northern part of what is now Spain, in the province that lies in the angle of the Bay of Biscay, the Pyrenees traversing the province. The political division we know as Spain, did not then exist. Xavier was born in the Kingdom of Navarre, a region lying partly south, and partly north of the Pyrenees. The famous Pass of Roncevalles, through the Pyrenees, from Spain into France, is situated in Navarre. There the Moors, who had held most of Spain, had been defeated by the army of Charlemagne. The families of Xavier's father and mother were Navarrese, through many generations, and of noble rank, and in active service with the Kings of Navarre. That connection of his family with the Court of Navarre must not be thought of as a petty feudal tie. It was a much greater honour. Navarre was not a mere tribal territory whose chieftain bore the courtesy title of King. In the eleventh century, Navarre had made tributary the proudest provinces of Spain. Sancho the Great, King of Navarre (970–1033), included in his Kingdom the provinces of Aragon, Castile and Leon, and was called "King of the Spains"; it seemed as if Navarre would form, in the south, the nucleus of a nation, as the Ile-de-France was doing in the north.

It is not a waste of time to mention these geographical details in connection with a saint's life. Nor need political history be the dull and meaningless thing that we too often make of it. Is there not, perhaps, a complete analogy between the formation and growth of a nation, and the growth of an individuality or of a group, such for instance, as The Theosophical Society?

We might find help in our individual tasks of bringing order out of the anarchy of our warring elementals if we would carefully observe the rise of nations. It would seem as if the Lodge were aiming with nations toward the same goal as with individuals, namely discipleship. As a province showed possibility of virtue, the Lodge would watch; for, if the province used its opportunity, it would become constructive. It would draw around it other provinces with other virtues and gifts. In time, an entire nation would be formed. In the formative stage of a nation, one province after another might have its opportunity to become a nucleus and might fail; afterward, a more constructive province might draw it as a member into a whole. Such a process is what happened among the provinces which, later, became the political unit, Spain. Sancho the Great, King of Navarre (and of "the Spains"), made the irremediable mistake of partitioning his territory among his children, instead of leaving it to one son. By that division, Navarre lost its opportunity, which passed on to other provinces. The history of Navarre is, thenceforward,

chequered and shadowed. Wars between the different provinces followed, with intermissions of peace. In 1469, a marriage was made between Ferdinand, heir to the crown of Aragon, and Isabella, heir to Castile. Two powerful provinces were united by that marriage. With the strength of union, those two provinces were able to annex others, and in 1492, they conquered from the Moors their last stronghold, Granada. In 1515, when Francis Xavier was a young lad, Navarre, which once had dominated its neighbours, was annexed to Aragon and Castile. Francis's father had loyally served his Navarrese sovereign, with the hope of maintaining the political integrity of Navarre. When Ferdinand made Navarre tributary, Francis's father died, disheartened and worn out by his efforts and their failure. The boy's childhood was thus spent in an environment of war, and of war which ended in defeat. Ferdinand died in 1516. That meant a revival of hope and effort in Navarre. It seemed to offer another opportunity to regain political integrity. The brothers and relatives of Francis Xavier joined in that patriotic effort. But it brought disaster to the family. Soldiers of the united forces came to Castle Xavier, where the boy Francis (age 10) lived with his mother, while his elder brothers fought. They dismantled and burnt this fortified Castle of Xavier, leaving it half ruined, and the family, impoverished.

The loyal Navarrese continued to struggle for several years. The elder sons of the Xavier family fought to the very end. Finally, when the struggle was hopeless, Charles V, the new King of Spain, pardoned those of the Navarrese troops who had continued belligerent, and sent them to their homes. Perhaps the hopelessness of the struggle turned Francis away from the military and Court life of his brothers and father. The father had been something of a scholar. It was to learning, to the University of Paris, that Francis turned, to begin a life that might prove less hopeless and ruinous than in the futile continuance of a lost cause.

That struggle of Navarre should not be left without mentioning another incident. The chief city of Navarre was Pampeluna. Five years after the dismantling of Xavier castle, the patriots of Navarre were besieging Pampeluna which was occupied and defended by united forces loyal to the new Spanish king, Charles V. The patriots had as allies certain troops from France. The defending troops were discouraged, and with difficulty were held to their posts by a dauntless young soldier and courtier, whose leg finally was badly injured by a shot from the besiegers. The besiegers entered the town, and that wounded officer was permitted to withdraw to his own home for the care of his injured leg. It was Ignatius Loyola. How, during the healing of the leg, Loyola was won as a soldier of Christ, has been many times told. Two men, from provinces of that neighbourhood, thus took different sides in the struggle of Navarre for separate political existence. Francis Xavier abandoned a hopeless cause and turned from a ruined home to study philosophy in Paris. Ignatius Loyola, fighting to subdue Navarre, became a lieutenant of Christ, and, in his toil for an education, later found his way to Paris. There the two men became comrades.

Xavier has thus been located, geographically and politically. He was a Navarrese, of Spanish Navarre, on the southern side of the Pyrenees. Ignatius Loyola was from the neighbouring province. The castle of Loyola, also, was situated in the north of Spain, in the province which bordered Navarre on the West. Their racial tradition is now to be mentioned. Both men were Basques. Xavier spoke the Basque language, as a child. It will be remembered of Ignatius, that, in the very early days at Rome, before his little company had firmly established itself in favour, an official of high standing asked to be given the *Exercises*. The poor man was unable to stand the strain of meditation, and showed signs of insanity. Ignatius, ever ready, saved the man's reason by dancing one of the Basque folk dances. The dance relieved the strain of meditation! The Basques are a small and obscure body of people who, in the Pyrenees mountains, have maintained their own individuality and language, while everything around them has changed. According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, they are 600,000 in number, with an additional 100,000 who have emigrated to South America. The Basques are non-Aryans. In their mountain homes, on both slopes of the Pyrenees, they maintained their racial and linguistic independence, while neighbouring peoples were assimilated or conquered by Romans, Visigoths or Moors. There are many theories to account for their ethnology and their non-Aryan language. In the *Secret Doctrine*,<sup>1</sup> Madame Blavatsky mentioned their "mysterious" affinity with the Dravidian peoples of India. From H. P. B's words, it seems possible to infer a pre-European connection of the Basque and the Dravidian races. The significant thing for this essay is that it was to those Dravidian peoples of southern India that Xavier went. Among them, he lived and laboured.<sup>2</sup>

Was a *rapprochement* of East and West hoped for and planned for by the Lodge, as part of the long movement which we call the Renaissance? And was that achievement entrusted to Portugal as its contribution to the light and truth which that movement revealed? And was the Basque, Xavier, given the opportunity to act in that matter as the agent of Portugal?

Most people have more or less acquaintance with the literary and artistic accomplishment during the long period of the revival of the arts. They have less acquaintance with the scientific achievements of the period. They know, however, that in each field of endeavour, gradual development led up to efflorescence. The voyages of discovery are only one branch of human endeavour during that interesting time. In that particular branch, the voyage of Columbus seems to stand out as an isolated splendour, without any background of preparation. In America, national vanity has centred upon the name which offered most to its appetite. Other shining and heroic names have dropped into practical oblivion. The truth is that Portugal was the great

<sup>1</sup> Vol. II, p. 835.

<sup>2</sup> It is of interest that many Generals of the French Army during the Great War, were Basque in origin,—among them, Foch and Joffre.

explorer of the fifteenth century. The discovery by Columbus was not an isolated achievement; it was made possible by the daring and the dreams of Portuguese sailors from the very beginning of the century.

Portugal had been a part of the territories held by the Mahometan Arabs who crossed over from Africa into Europe. Those Arabs (popularly called Moors) had been of significant service to civilization. Among other things, while Europe was still a victim of the anarchy that followed the gradual destruction of the Roman Empire by Bolshevists, the Arabs had preserved the writings of Aristotle, the knowledge of medicine and of mathematics. Whatever opportunity those Arabs had, in the long plans of the Lodge, seems to have been lost, for they decayed and the newer peoples of Europe advanced. The struggle in the Spanish Peninsula lasted for centuries. Alphonso VI, King of Leon, in 1095, gave to his daughter, Teresa, as a marriage portion, the two provinces which formed the nucleus of Portugal, on condition that her husband, Count Henry of Burgundy, should drive out the non-Christian possessors of the country. That was the beginning of Portugal. The period of its glory begins in 1415 with the indefatigable efforts of its Prince, Henry, called "the Navigator," to find a sea-passage to India. Portugal is a small country, and, in the rear, it is landlocked. All behind it was shut. If it were to expand it must take to the open, to the sea. Away off, in the little known East, was a rich land, India, and still other lands just as rich. But between Europe and India lay the hostile lands of the Moors. It could hardly be expected that those who had been driven out from Christian Europe would tolerate European Christians within their boundaries. In front of Portugal stretched the unknown sea. Why not sail to India and avoid Mahometan countries? No less than that was Prince Henry's aim. He was born in 1394. He started his quest in 1415. His determination was soon apparent. For in 1418, the Pope declared that all lands taken from Mahometans during the Prince's voyages should belong to Portugal. Down the African coast the Prince's sailors went, finding indeed many strange and uncouth tribes, and always hearing of the far off lands of riches. Not only down the coast, but also out from the coast, they went, discovering, or re-discovering, the islands, the Azores, Madeira, Cape Verde, etc. They sought, however, not lands in the west but passage to India. The courage of the Portuguese sailors won the recognition they deserved. A Papal proclamation of 1454 declared Portugal the sovereign of the seas, from Africa to India (which they had not yet reached). Prince Henry died in 1460. The torch of ambition, daring and hope, which he had kindled, burned on. The Portuguese were convinced that Africa had an end—that they had but to reach that end, and turn it, and India would be theirs. Finally, in 1486, Bartholomew Diaz was actually carried down by storms past the continent's end, and reported that fact. The successful termination of the quest which Prince Henry had started in 1415, was attained before the century closed. In 1498, Vasco da Gama carried through to completion the old plan of the Portuguese. He sailed to the end of Africa, turned the corner, passed Mozambique, and, in due time, reached India, taking possession of it for his

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King. The Portuguese Empire of the East was thus founded. Meanwhile, in 1492, Spain became a claimant for the treasures of the sea. The Pope was appealed to by his two children at loggerheads. The Pope commanded that a line be drawn at a certain place in the Western Atlantic Ocean. Portugal should control everything east of that line, namely Africa, India and the regions beyond India; Spain should have everything west of the line, namely, America or New Spain. The two children acquiesced in the Pope's decision, though the enterprising King of Portugal declared that the line had been drawn in the wrong place. He pushed it much further westward, and, in consequence of that correction of the imaginary line, he secured for Portugal the territory of Brazil.

When India had been reached, the Portuguese aims expanded. Reports of the lands beyond India were brought to these intrepid sailors, as reports of India had been brought while they were coasting the African shore. The gulfs and bays of the Indian Ocean were their next field of enterprise. They crossed the Bay of Bengal to Siam, and they went through the Malay Straits. They threaded the passages of Borneo and Celebes, and the thousand islands of that Eastern Archipelago, which show on our maps as mere specks of ink; and they took possession. To add zest to the thirst for discovery and conquest, they found here in these new lands their old enemies the Moors. Whatever trading was done with the native peoples of these new countries, was being done by Mahometans. With trade, the Mahometan proselytizers had carried their religion. For the Portuguese, it became a religious duty to wrest trade from the impious Moorish hands; to drive them from Asian lands, if possible, as they had driven them from Europe, and to supplant their infidelity by the true faith. Ports were built and military stations established. The western coast of the Indian peninsula was the first Portuguese base. Malacca, on the Malay Straits, was another. And even in the tiny islands whose names are still unfamiliar to us, Molucca, Amboyna, Ternate (the "Spice Islands" they were called, because cloves were first found there), even in that distant isolation, the adventurers made their settlements. Along with governors and soldiers went priests. Ports were built, also churches and schools—schools of the true faith (Santa Fé)—to train native converts for missionary work.

The fearlessness and daring of those early navigators (how truly admirable they are!) have veiled in romance the hardship, misery and cruelty which also are part of the record. It was not all smooth sailing,—from Lisbon to the "Spice Islands." The dreams of those Portuguese explorers who first saw Good Hope, Mozambique, Ceylon, etc., seem to have crystallized in famous lines of our English verse:

As when to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabeen odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest.



Poets are sometimes thought of as using far-fetched fancies to ornament their lines. In this case, Milton certainly did not do so. The bright dreams and high hopes of the Portuguese adventurers made vivid impressions in the world's astral light. So vivid were those pictures, that Milton, a century and a half later, seeing them, reproduced them in his verse. "Araby the blest!" The East proved so to some. But to many, it was rather, "the curst."

The new-found eastern possessions of Portugal brought in quick returns. Manuel I, who reigned from 1495 to 1521, was the richest sovereign of Europe. The men and the fleets that went out from Lisbon to gather "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," took great hazards and suffered many hardships; but those who returned, did so with such glory and wealth, that the risks of the undertaking appeared negligible.

Francis Xavier, we shall see later, followed very closely the trail of the early explorers. He went first to their base, Goa, on the western coast of India. A few years later, he passed on to Malacca, and from there to the "Spice Islands."

Was there a hidden purpose that inspired all the courage and self-sacrifice of those navigators? Did their splendid efforts have no finer goal than an increase of material riches by "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind"? Should we regard those material gains as mere baits for the pioneer? Francis Xavier followed the wake of the navigators, forty-five years after da Gama's memorable passage. The spiritual treasure of India—that also, lay there for the taking! Xavier sought no gain for himself. The luxury of the East did not tempt him. He sought constantly to render greater glory to God. The men and the literature of India were there for his observation,—to give him new occasions for praising God. He was a Basque; as a child he spoke the Basque language. As a Basque, he had a certain "mysterious" affinity with the peoples of southern India, Dravidian peoples. And in Paris, he had studied philosophy. Presumably, he was in some measure prepared to appreciate the lofty philosophical teachings of India. Xavier may have been the likeliest individual available for the experiment we are supposing the Lodge to have made. He may have seemed so likely, that the experiment was tried. If so, how lamentable his failure! He was so gentle, so patient, so tender with the degraded and low-caste poor. He was full of sympathy for them. What a pity that he failed in sympathy for those of higher rank! He was too narrow of mind, too bigoted, to enter at all into their point of view. To him, there was no difference between a Brahmin, intelligent, moral, and devoted, and an outcast Mahometan. Both were heathens, outside the fold of the true faith. "We have in these parts," he writes, "a class of men among the pagans who are called Brahmins. They keep up the worship of the gods, the superstitious rites of religion, frequenting the temples and taking care of the idols. They are as perverse and wicked a set as can anywhere be found, and I always apply to them the words of holy David, '*from an unholy race and a wicked and crafty man deliver me, O Lord.*' They are liars and cheats to the very backbone. Their whole study is, how to deceive most cunningly the simplicity and ignorance

of the people."<sup>3</sup> Xavier's accusations against the Brahmins may not have been unmerited. The particular Brahmins with whom he came into contact were, probably, as evil as he describes them. But have not accusations similar to his been constantly made, without discrimination, against Catholic priests and monks, through all centuries, and against Protestant teachers, also? The difference between the theosophical attitude toward alien forms of belief, and the orthodox religious attitude, may be this: the man of orthodox religion discredits an alien belief because those who profess that belief are themselves unworthy; the theosophical attitude, on the contrary, is avid for truth, and is not discouraged by the evil lives of men, when it scents a new branch of the old path of discipleship. Consider the following paragraph from a letter written as Xavier was starting for Japan. It shows genuine pleasure at what he was told of monastic life there. So far, good! But after he reached Japan, he found that the Japanese monks, in using their rosaries, invoked the founder of their own religion. Xavier made some inquiries about this founder, Amida (a Chinese name for Buddha), who was universally venerated. He found that the Japanese books recorded Amida as having had many births. This, Xavier says, could "never have happened." Xavier concluded that Amida was not a man, but a mere invention or portent of the devil.<sup>4</sup> One wishes that the interesting narrative of the "good Paul," now to be quoted, might have led to a more fruitful conclusion.

"Our good Paul [a Japanese who had joined Francis at Malacca] gave me great pleasure once, telling me about a certain monastery in his country, where there are a number of members of the community who devote themselves to literature. He said that there was one who was their superior, a certain old man who appeared to excel all the rest in wisdom, and who from time to time makes an address to all the community assembled together. Then he bids each one of them by himself meditate for the space of an hour on some prescribed subject, such as this or another like it—what the soul might seem likely to say to the body at the last moment of their separation? what it will think, when it has been set free from its connection with matter, and finds itself in the severe pains of hell, or of the fire of Purgatory under the earth? for even these men seem to have got hold of some kind of knowledge of these things. When the hour has been spent in consideration on this subject, the teacher I speak of is wont to question his disciples one by one, as to what each one has found out in his meditation, and to praise them more or less, according to the merit of what they produce, or even, if any one brings up something which is quite unworthy of notice, he gives him a scolding. He told me also that these cenobites are in the habit of preaching to the people about once a fortnight, that they have a large audience of men and women, and are listened to with much attention and emotion, that often a good part of the audience, especially the women, are moved to tears, particularly when, as is often done, the orator displays a

<sup>3</sup> *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier* (ed. by H. J. Coleridge), Vol. I, p. 157.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 341.

painted representation of the torments of hell. So Paul told me, speaking of what he had seen."<sup>5</sup>

Francis went to Paris in 1525, connecting himself with the College of Ste. Barbe, which was popular with students of Spanish and Portuguese birth. The teachings of Luther were coming to the fore, and were a subject of debate, —a snare leading many away, and a sword dividing friends. Writing in 1535, to his elder brother, in Navarre, Francis attributes to Loyola's friendship his own preservation from those Protestant teachings, and also his preservation from a life of immorality into which so many students fell. Loyola, however, did not reach Paris until 1528, so that for three years, at least, Francis had to face alone whatever difficulties and temptations there were. He seems to have had sufficient moral strength to choose wisely, for when Ignatius arrived in Paris, he found Francis at Ste. Barbe, sharing an apartment with an exemplary youth, Fébre, who became one of the first companions. Ignatius, it will be remembered, was not a youth at that date. He was in his thirty-seventh year; and he was fifteen years older than Francis. The young man, Fébre, was soon won by Ignatius. Francis, though he felt the power and charm of Ignatius, held off. It may have been hope of success in the world that deterred Francis. His family had suffered a reverse, and he was feeling the consequences. He maintained the station of a gentleman, but it must have been with difficulty. His mother was trying through appeals to law, to win some restitution of the family estate. But in 1529, she died, and the elder brothers married. Francis was glad to accept from Ignatius, funds for the continuance of his university career. These funds Ignatius is said to have begged, during the summer vacations, going even into Flanders and England for that purpose. Just what Ignatius's method of obtaining gifts was, is not certain. Biographers copy, one from another, and the word, "alms," which they use, is very comprehensive. Ignatius may have found lay people of wealth to whom he could unfold something of his projects, and who were deeply interested. Such individuals may, with sympathetic coöperation, have made donations for the furtherance of his plans. It is quite certain, however, that Francis accepted money from Ignatius for his expenses in Paris. Writing to his brother, Francis says: "in the serious private inconvenience which the distance that separates me from you has often occasioned, he [Ignatius] has always come opportunely to my aid, both by putting at my disposal the funds which I needed, and by assisting me in a thousand other ways, either by his own means or by the intervention of his friends. And, in the second place, what is of infinitely greater importance, he has preserved the thoughtlessness of my youth from the deadly danger of forming friendships with men strongly inclined to heresy, numbers of whom are to be met with in the present day in this University of Paris; persons of my own age, who craftily hide under the specious veil of attractive gifts of cultivation and talent their corruption as to faith and as to morals. Ignatius alone has preserved my too yielding inexperience from engaging myself in these per-

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 184f.

icious friendships, by showing me the mischief of wiles of which I was quite ignorant."<sup>6</sup> Xavier received his Master's degree in 1530, and, while continuing study for a higher degree, began to give lectures of his own upon Aristotle.

Beyond these few facts, practically nothing is known of Xavier's university life. Only one letter of that period is preserved,—the one already mentioned, written to his brother, toward the end of the residence in Paris, written to ask for funds. But in a letter written from India, in 1543, he expresses an opinion about universities which, probably, reflects his own experience in Paris. Indeed he mentions by name the University of Paris, and some of the professors. The letter was inspired by the need he saw in India for true teachers, and by the thought of the thousands of men in Europe who were wasting their lives studying and teaching things that are of such slight profit. Here is an extract from that letter. "It often comes into my mind to go round all the Universities of Europe, and especially that of Paris, crying out everywhere like a madman, and saying to all the learned men there whose learning is so much greater than their charity, '*Ah! what a multitude of souls is through your fault shut out of heaven and falling into hell!*' Would to God that these men who labour so much in gaining knowledge would give as much thought to the account they must one day give to God of the use they have made of their learning and of the talents entrusted to them! I am sure that many of them would be moved by such considerations, would exercise themselves in fitting meditations on Divine truths, so as to hear what God might say to them, and then, renouncing their ambitions and desires, and all the things of the world, they would form themselves wholly according to God's desire and choice for them. They would exclaim from the bottom of their hearts: '*Lord, here am I; send me whithersoever it shall please Thee, even to India!*' Good God! how much happier and how much safer they would be! With what far greater confidence in God's mercy would they meet their last hour, the supreme trial of that terrible judgment which no man can escape! They would then be able joyfully to use the words of the faithful servant in the Gospel: '*Lord, Thou gavest me five talents; behold, I have gained beside them other five!*' They labour night and day in acquiring knowledge, and they are very diligent indeed in understanding the subjects which they study; but if they would spend as much time in that which is the fruit of all solid learning, and be as diligent in teaching to the ignorant the things necessary to salvation, they would be far better prepared to give an account of themselves to our Lord when He shall say to them: '*Give an account of thy stewardship.*' I fear much that these men, who spend so many years in the Universities in studying the liberal arts, look more to the empty honours and dignities of the prelature than to the holy functions and obligations of which those honours are the trappings. It has come to this pass, as I see, that the men who are the most diligent in the higher branches of study, commonly make profession that they hope to gain some high post in the

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 32.

Church by their reputation for learning, therein to be able to serve our Lord and His Church. But all the time they deceive themselves miserably, for their studies are far more directed to their own advantage than to the common good. They are afraid that God may not second their ambition, and this is the reason why they will not leave the whole matter to His holy will. I declare to God that I had almost made up my mind, since I could not return to Europe myself, to write to the University of Paris, and especially to our worthy Professors Cornet and Picard, and to show them how many thousands of infidels might be made Christians without trouble, if we had only men here who would seek, not their own advantage, but the things of Jesus Christ."<sup>7</sup> This extract shows clearly what Xavier's feeling was about the University of Paris.

In the article on St. Ignatius, previously published in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, it has been told how Ignatius drew his companions around him, how they finished their studies, how they took their vows, how they planned to start from Venice for the Holy Land, and how they won favour in the city of Rome. We shall take up the narrative of Xavier's life from this last place.

While Ignatius was winning favour in that centre of Catholicism, there came to the Pope from the King of Portugal, through the King's ambassador, a request that several of Ignatius's company should be sent out for missionary work to the colonies of Portugal in the East. That request was not so much a bolt "out of the blue," as it may seem.

The incident will be recalled of the Director of the College in Paris, who, on account of a slanderous report given him about Ignatius, planned to punish and disgrace Ignatius by a public whipping. The Director's complete reversal of front, when he stood, privately, face to face, with Ignatius, seems sufficient proof of his genuine sincerity of heart. That man's name was Gouvea. He was a Portuguese. He was interested in religion and in the Portuguese colonies. He had made the Collège Ste. Barbe a centre for Spanish and Portuguese students. He had even succeeded in obtaining from the King of Portugal (John III) scholarships for preparing Portuguese students to do religious work in the colonies. Gouvea was deeply impressed with the genuine and extraordinary worth of Ignatius and his company. It was Gouvea who prompted the request which the ambassador brought from John III to the Pope. In pursuance of his own plan to further religious work in the colonies (as stated above), Gouvea urged the King to obtain the services of the extraordinary men (Ignatius and his companions), then in Rome. The King instructed his ambassador to inquire privately into the lives of the company. When it was found that Gouvea had not exaggerated the nobility and unselfishness of their motives, the ambassador was instructed to present his request.

It was Xavier, the Spaniard (he used the Spanish language in his letters), the Navarrese, the Basque, who entered the service of John III. In Lisbon he had an interview with the King and Queen. From the East, he wrote to the King, and he mentions him in letters to others. John III was the occasion of

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 155f.

many high hopes in Francis; and, through the officials sent out in his name to the East, he was, indirectly, also the occasion of deep regrets to Francis, and, almost, of despair. The impression Francis at first gives of the King, is that of a man nearly ready to devote himself whole-heartedly to religion. Francis was a very acute observer and a shrewd judge of men, but, partly from his humility, and partly, also, from his incomplete "wisdom of the serpent" (though he had a goodly share), he did not make sufficient allowance for the effect upon others of what one biographer calls his "torrential personality." His sweetness, his charm, his true nobility, his one-pointed devotion to something outside of his own interest, his humility,—these magnetic qualities, quickly or slowly, overbore antipathy and hostility, and swept his hearers off their feet. Francis was humble and generous. He misinterpreted their warm professions. He thought such people had been won over to the Cause for which he was utterly giving his own life. It did not occur to him (it should have done so in order that he might take proper precautions), that it was to his own "torrential personality" that they were won. When that rushing torrent of magnetism had swept by, the self-interest of each individual usually claimed attention again, and held it.

Francis had the method and the fate of the evangelizer. The evangelizer stirs great action. And a reaction inevitably follows. A chasm separates Francis from Ignatius. Did Ignatius sigh when he read those letters,—ten thousand babies a month, one hundred thousand Christians a year?<sup>8</sup> Ignatius, for his part, could not be enjoined from speaking to others about Christ, but Ignatius set no value upon the response of the crowd. Quietly and with long patience, Ignatius fished for individuals. What tact he showed in "playing the line" for Francis himself! Undoubtedly, vanity was mingled with the worthy motives that drove Francis to his studies. Ignatius recognised the vanity, and made use of it to win Francis. How Ignatius "gave him his head!" By well-selected words of quiet praise, Ignatius led students to enroll themselves for Xavier's lectures. When Xavier's money was exhausted, Ignatius urged the completion of the university course, and offered the necessary funds. As his own life-work, Ignatius won a small group of companions, Francis, on the other hand, felt that he was enlarging the Kingdom of Christ,—at the rate of one hundred thousand converts a year. Ignatius does not seem concerned about large results. It is almost as if he were making a mould for the future, and taking infinite pains with the mould. Perhaps Ignatius was a disciple, while Francis was only a saint.

To return to John III, and his request for missionaries. John III ascended the throne of Portugal in 1521. He was the son of Manuel I, whom "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind" had made the richest of European monarchs. Wealth had poured into Portugal. But in order to acquire that wealth, brave men had poured out of Portugal. What enriched, also caused decay. The

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<sup>8</sup> Father Thomas J. Campbell, in his history, *The Jesuits, 1534-1921*, says Ignatius wrote to Xavier that quality should be the aim, not quantity. See pp. 72-95 in Father Campbell's book.

splendour of Portugal was of very short duration. Injustice, rapine, cruelty were shadows over all those eastern seas. John III did honestly desire that missionary work should be done. But Francis overestimated the purity of the King's motive. The King's attitude toward religion is described by the word, "secular." He revered religion, and was prepared to make sacrifices for it, within reasonable limits; he had not, however, even entertained the thought of devoting his life to religion alone.

It was to the Pope that the Portuguese ambassador made his King's request for some of Ignatius's company to go to India. It was to the Pope that Ignatius and his friends had vowed obedience—to go whithersoever he might send them in the interest of religion. The Pope is reported to have replied to the ambassador that it was too hazardous an expedition to be assigned to anyone—he would leave Ignatius free to act upon the request as he thought best. It is easy to imagine how Ignatius meditated upon the King's proposal, deliberately, carefully, repeatedly. Did his meditation reveal to him that a purpose of the Lodge might be furthered by that undertaking? Possibly. He decided to send two of his companions. Of these, one sailed from Italy for Lisbon. The other was to journey overland to Lisbon in company with the ambassador. As the day of the ambassador's departure approached, the companion designated to accompany him, Bobadilla, by name, lay very ill with fever. On the last evening, Ignatius spoke quietly to Xavier: "You are to start for Lisbon, to-morrow, and for India," he said, "in Bobadilla's place." There was no further notice. In the morning, Francis took leave of his adored friend, Ignatius, and of his companions. He never saw them again.

At Lisbon, Francis had a *succès fou*. His honest gaiety won everybody; his sincerity and genuine humility confirmed that first impression, adding a kind of awe. Here was a man with true gaiety of heart;—a nobleman, who, from choice, made his lodging in the alms-house of the city, and tended those who were repulsively diseased. It was easy to converse with him because he always began at the point where the other man was. Then, insensibly but inevitably, the conversation led on from where the other man was to where Francis wanted him to be. The man who had been accosted while playing cards, ended the card game by making his Confession, and going to the Sacrament of Communion. Courtiers, paupers, and prisoners, alike, were captivated by Xavier's fine breeding, by his sweetness and charm. The Court, he wrote to his friends in Rome, is more like a religious order than a Court. At the King's request, Francis organised the pages of the Court into classes for religious instruction, and, of their own accord, the lords and ladies came to him for Confession and spiritual direction. Very quickly the Court was "regularized"; attendants of all degrees, went weekly to Confession and weekly to Communion. Ecclesiastics were caught in the same enthusiasm. Captivated by Francis, their first response was a desire to share his mission to India. He was most hopeful of many companions. He wrote to Rome that he would be satisfied if he could take out twelve priests with him. Clergy and laity alike were kindled to generous fervour. It was proposed to build a house

in Lisbon where some of Ignatius's company could be permanently domiciled, and also to build a college at the national University (at Coimbra) where young men could be trained in accordance with Ignatius's principles. Finally, the King decided that Portugal needed Xavier and his companion, quite as much as India did; and he wrote to that effect, to the Pope and to Ignatius, asking that these two companions might cancel their plans for India and remain in Lisbon. It was a difficult situation. It was not advisable, while the Society was not firmly settled, to risk alienating so warm a patron as the King of Portugal. But it was arranged that Rodriguez (the second companion) should remain in Lisbon, as the King requested, and that Francis Xavier should carry out the original plan, and proceed to the East. When the day of departure arrived, there was disappointment for some of Xavier's hopes. The "torrential personality" had stirred the city, but, of the ecclesiastics, for example, not one appeared to accompany him. Francis had hoped to go to India with twelve priests to reap the harvests there; but his friend, Rodriguez, was retained in Lisbon, as just stated, and his only associates were a priest, Camerino, sent by Ignatius from Italy (not one of the company), and a stupid well-meaning Portuguese (not a priest), Mancias, who after causing endless anxiety in India, finally deserted. Disappointment did not daunt this spiritual adventurer. In April, 1541, in his thirty-fifth year, Francis went to the Lisbon wharves, from which in the course of a hundred years so many heroes and desperadoes had embarked. He went, not disconsolately, but as a man to his bride. The hawsers were loosened, the ships floated away. Out on the uncharted ocean, with heart bounding no less eagerly than theirs, Francis Xavier followed the foaming wake of Prince Henry, Diaz, da Gama, and Fernando Magellan.

What might have been accomplished for the Lodge and for humanity, if, in the matter of religion, Francis Xavier had been something of a desperado! Passage from the West to the heart of India was not to be opened for many a long century—not until H. P. B. broke the way. If only Xavier had not been so satisfied with his faith,—satisfied that it included the whole of truth! If only he could have felt, embarked upon a clouded inner sea, as that moral vagrant, Whitman, did! What treasures Xavier might have brought back from his passage to India!

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,  
Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,  
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go  
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.<sup>9</sup>

C. C. CLARK.

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<sup>9</sup> Walt Whitman, *Passage to India*.

(To be continued)



## A "COLLEGER'S" PROBLEM

WHAT a pity we do not adopt that handy and neat phrase "colleger" from Kipling's *Stalky & Co.* We have no word describing the male who is all but ready for college. He is not really a school boy. Too rarely, alas, is he a scholar. He is not yet, in American vocabulary, a collegian. He is not a man. He is not a boy. Thank Heaven, nowadays, he is not often a hobble-de-hoy. "Squire"—the half way stage between Page and Knight—was used in the days of chivalry, but it has no such connotation to-day. So let us use this term "colleger" to describe the part-boy, part-man unit of to-day, facing life and its problems, pulled forward and back, thinking himself a man, yet knowing he is not; swept again and again by feelings, desires and even powers, that are the foreguard and even fore-bodings of manhood; feeling also the impulses, desires and irresponsibilities of boyhood, yet knowing in heart that that day has passed.

In short, do we not find a fairly exact correspondence with the state of so many of us, students of Theosophy, who have left the darkness of irresponsibility but are not ready to leave the twilight for the full light of the spiritual world—with this distinction: the "colleger" is circumscribed by facts, which only time may cure, while the wavering student is barricaded by fancies, which only his own awakened will may cure. Hence the problem of the "colleger" becomes of importance to us in our own endeavour to enter into true manhood—as we may, if only we will.

Rupert is such a "colleger." He has paid me the compliment of giving me shy half-confidences from time to time. Unwittingly he often reveals far more than he tells, or means to tell or even knows he is expressing. Rupert is having a hard time at school. He is positive that his masters are prejudiced against him, and that he does not "get a square deal." His masters are undoubtedly prejudiced, but a candid consideration develops that this is the inevitable result of reactions from Rupert's career at school. He may not be getting a "square deal," but he has not earned it. It is hard to get Rupert to see this. Dare we blame him? Do we not feel just as he feels towards the manifesting consequences in our own lives of our own acts; acts which we may not recall; acts which we did not comprehend at the time, nor can we see them even now, as certain causes of certain and inevitable effects?

Yet association for years with the T. S. should enable any one of us to give poor Rupert, or ourselves, light; to explain his problem, which we know to be also our problem, in his terms, so that his understanding may grasp the problem correctly, and thus enable him to work it out to a right and helpful conclusion. It is too general to say that Rupert, like us, is cursed with self-pity; is tripping over constant self-reference, and finds himself crowded in his concept of himself as the centre of his universe. Rupert could not understand that.

Does not diagnosis bring out that his trouble is that old, familiar, and devilishly persistent "wrong self-identification"?

Here again this will be "just words" to Rupert. Has it proved much more than that in our own cases, where we have the advantage, at least in theory, of being "grown-up"—so admitted, so considered, and, indeed, truly so, according to mundane standards?

It is said that since this is a universe, we may find universal laws in anything we may choose to study. What do I see out of my window, to teach this lesson of right and wrong self-identification in terms that Rupert may understand? Ah! there is an automobile. By Jove! it almost struck that old man! Wait a minute—was the automobile responsible? It is a mass of inanimate, immobile metal, wood and leather, gasoline and oil. None of its components has real motion above the plane of the atom—which is invisible to us. The automobile as such has no motion. Its apparent motion is the manifestation of a force apart from itself. We could say, "That driver almost struck that old man," or, if we felt the driver not responsible, we should say, "Thermo-dynamic force almost struck that old man." In ordinary speech do we not always use wrong identifications, such as the automobile has suggested? We ascribe to the vehicle the power in the vehicle—whether it be in the case of an automobile or in the case of a situation in life.

Rupert is suffering from a collision with a mass of inert material, which he calls, "the Faculty," and blames it for the bumping. What is the power in the vehicle which really runs into him? Is it not our old and well known friend, that "Law of Force" (and of Heaven!)—"For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction"? But reaction is not always instantly manifested—a point we are apt to forget. I put a jack under a car and twist and twist the handle. Nothing happens. Suddenly the car begins to rise. Reaction seems to be belated. It is not. It is cumulative. The first part of the reaction was not visibly manifest. But it was ceaselessly at work, however invisible it seemed.

Rupert committed many "little" acts that offended, or irritated, or tended to offend or to irritate his teachers. Each was so small to him that instantly he forgot it, but each was added to the others and cumulatively swelled the volume of force he was expending. "Many a mickle makes a muckle." Rupert was building up Force.

One day there came an explosion—Rupert was appalled; bewildered. He felt outraged. He knew he was most unjustly treated. The final act was so small it was contemptible for the Faculty to raise a storm over it. Rupert has some splendid qualities. One of them is imagination. Another is generosity. Best of all is a sense of humour.

It was said to Rupert: "Wait a moment. You have seen camels. Big, strong animals they are too. You know they carry heavy weights. Suppose I came to you and said: 'Look at this straw! Just think—a great, big camel broke down under it.' You would laugh. But suppose I had said: 'A camel was so over-loaded that when they added just this little straw, it was forced to

its knees.' You would sympathise with the camel, and object to the cruelty of its over-loading. So it is with the Faculty. That act of yours is small. It would be petty to notice it—if it were not 'the last straw.'"

Rupert laughed. He understood. He graciously forgave the Faculty. He felt he had made a fresh start. Everything was forgotten—by him! He became outraged, hurt, and much bewildered, when, however, he found that he had not worked a miracle of equally instant conversion in the Faculty. His sense of injustice again loomed large. Rupert was, however, still ignoring the working of the Law of Reaction. It had taken many little wrong acts, multiplied by time, to produce the Force manifesting in the mass of the inert material which he called the Faculty. He blamed the Faculty. He should not have done so. He should have held the Force responsible, and have blamed himself. If he does not like it to run over him, this self-generated Force, all he has to do is to use the wisdom gainable from the experience. It will be easy for him to become happy. It is entirely and solely in his own hands.

Many little right acts, when multiplied by time, will surely generate an equal Force, which will make the Faculty his friends. He expects an instant big reaction from a few little right acts. That is not possible. His loss of favour with the Faculty was not the instant reaction to a few little wrong acts. It took many, and it took time, to bring on the collision. It will take many, and it will take time, to produce a similar effect in the right direction. Can we bring this home to Rupert? Shall we bring it home to ourselves?

When "life is against us," will Rupert, and shall we, have the sense and courage to see that we are suffering only from the reaction of our own self-generated Force? Shall we have sense and courage to recognise the Law, and make it our servant—yes, and our saviour? Step by step, minute by minute, right little thought, and right little word, and right little deed, repeated, and repeated, and never relaxed, when multiplied by time, will surely, immutably, create an equal Force, operating in the Way we want to go. Is it a monotonous method? Did we find it monotonous getting where we are? We did not. Nor shall we, in the other case—if we use "memory, understanding, and will."

Our very discomfort and discomfiture of to-day may be used to cheer us. Are we depressed, deserted, and unhappy? Then, if we choose, we may be just as highly elated, companioned, and happy. We have proved beyond peradventure that we have great powers, with which to generate great Forces: then let us use these proven great powers to bring to us elation, companionship and happiness. Better yet—we drifted only to reach our present bog. Rupert slowly slipped along to where he is. Once we know our powers, however, we can hurry back. We may shorten time—proving, with Einstein, that it is not absolute! We can increase the frequency, and hence the number, of the right little thoughts, the right little words, and the right little deeds. We keep turning the handle of the automobile jack because we have faith in what will happen if we keep on turning—even if nothing seems to move. Have we more faith in a jack than we have in ourselves—"children of the Kingdom" that we are?

Here is where Theosophy will help Rupert—and ourselves, as he and we endeavour to work it into the fabric of our daily lives. If Rupert sees his lot as sheer arbitrary injustice, he deserves to be unhappy; but if Rupert and we will only awaken ourselves to the inescapable fact that Law rules everywhere; will seek knowledge of its working; and will use that knowledge, none of us will feel that there is injustice. More than that, if Rupert and we choose, the very “disagreeablenesses” and “unhappinesses” of our lives will become as impersonal and as unimportant as the pages of to-day’s lessons in Spanish or geometry, except as steps in gaining “good marks.”

It is all that old matter of self-identification. Are we to identify ourselves with the little wrong acts which must and will build wrong Force, or with the little right acts which equally must and will build right Force? Happiness or unhappiness—which do we wish? The choice is ours. More than that—as we choose, so we create, and create ourselves. Shall we be gods, or shall we be devils? We alone have power to decide.

If we can carry this forward, with courageous logic—logic as true as that which solves any geometry problem—we shall at once become impersonal towards the people we now blame,—when we ought to blame ourselves! We shall become impersonal towards Fate and circumstance. We shall recognise that we are, indeed, “Captains of our souls,” and, hence, literally, “Masters of our Fate.” Rupert will stop “hating” the individual teachers, who comprise the Faculty. He will realise that he is wasting power which he should use to secure the happiness he is intended to enjoy. When he “hates” the teachers, he really hates something in himself. It is not himself; so he will wisely use the power of detestation and loathing against what pretends to be himself. “Right self-identification” with the real Rupert, with the true, fine manhood he is already beginning to feel, will enable him to identify Faculty and Fate alike as his Allies in a common and glorious fight against the Germanlike Black Powers, that seek to make him a slave and to keep him a boy.

“Right self-identification” then may mean to Rupert, and to us, the joy of battle for a Cause, and may help us to become men, gentlemen, and “faithful soldiers and servants” of the Master and the Lodge. Is not such glorious happiness worth trying for? Is it not really easy to attain?

HENRY PETTIT.

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*This I ask Thee, O Ahura! tell me aright, that I may ponder these which are Thy revelations, O Mazda! and the words which were asked of Thee by Thy Good Mind within us, and that whereby we may attain, through Thine Order, to this life's perfection. Yea, how may my soul with joyfulness increase in goodness?—GATHA HYMN.*

# AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

## IX

### THE NEW KINGDOM (THE EMPIRE)

THE Great Hymn to Aton, found in only one of the tombs, and undoubtedly written by the King himself,<sup>1</sup> is the chief source from which we draw our knowledge of what the Aton faith really was. It was evidently part of the ritual celebrated day by day in the great temple at Akhetaton. There are a few incomplete versions called, for convenience, the Shorter Hymn; also we have many fragments of the Great Magnificat, in rather incoherent succession, scattered carelessly among the various tomb inscriptions, but apart from these there is only the one example, and this, unhappily, sadly imperfect.

The history of archæology is full of tragedies, but one of the most grievous is the story of the partial loss of this splendid Canticle to the Sun, a loss which might so well have been avoided. Davies gives a good summary of what happened. Speaking of that portion of the tomb where the Hymn was inscribed, he says: "As it was deeply buried in sand, both Hay and Lepsius [its early discoverers] shirked the task of excavation, and left the whole uncopied. [Hay wrote at the time: 'On the right side of the doorway is a large table of hieroglyphs, but to recover it would be a great labour'!!] It was not till 1883 that Bouriant uncovered it, and the copy that he then made and revised in 1884 was to prove the only complete copy we possess. A few years later, and apparently before any further copy was taken, a full third of the inscription was destroyed."<sup>2</sup>

The one tomb in which the Great Royal Hymn is found is the tomb of Ay, who, as will be remembered, was one of the pioneers of the movement, when Akhnaton was still a child. We give in full Breasted's translation, which is unquestionably the finest we have.<sup>3</sup>

### THE HYMN TO ATON

Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of heaven,  
O living Aton, Beginning of life!  
When thou risest in the eastern horizon of heaven,  
Thou fillest every land with thy beauty;

<sup>1</sup> In the tomb inscriptions the King is repeatedly referred to as the author of the Hymn.

<sup>2</sup> N. de G. Davies' *Rock Tombs of El Amarna*, Part VI, page 18.

<sup>3</sup> This is the earlier translation, to be found in Breasted's *History of the Ancient Egyptians*. There is a somewhat later translation of his, which may be a little more exact, but which is not so flowing. For the sake of uniformity, we preserve the spelling of proper names which has been used throughout this series of articles.

For thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high over the earth;  
 Thy rays, they encompass the lands, even all thou hast made.  
 Thou art Ra, and thou hast carried them all away captive;  
 Thou bindest them by thy love.  
 Though thou art afar, thy rays are on earth;  
 Though thou art on high, thy footprints are the day.<sup>4</sup>

When thou settest in the western horizon of heaven.  
 The world is in darkness like the dead.  
 They sleep in their chambers,  
 Their heads are wrapped up,  
 Their nostrils stopped, and none seeth the other.  
 Stolen are all their things, that are under their heads,  
 While they know it not.  
 Every lion cometh forth from his den,  
 All serpents, they sting.  
 Darkness reigns (?)  
 The world is in silence,  
 He that made them has gone to rest in his horizon.

Bright is the earth,  
 When thou risest in the horizon,  
 When thou shinest as Aton by day.  
 The darkness is banished,  
 When thou sendest forth thy rays,  
 The Two Lands [Egypt] are in daily festivity,  
 Awake and standing upon their feet,  
 For thou hast raised them up.  
 Their limbs bathed, they take their clothing;  
 Their arms uplifted in adoration to thy dawning.  
 Then in all the world, they do their work.

All cattle rest upon their herbage,  
 All trees and plants flourish,  
 The birds flutter in their marshes,  
 Their wings uplifted in adoration to thee.  
 All the sheep dance upon their feet,  
 All winged things fly,  
 They live when thou hast shone upon them.

The barques sail up-stream and down-stream alike.  
 Every highway is open because thou hast dawned.

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<sup>4</sup> Attention has often been drawn to the striking resemblance between The Hymn to Aton and the 104th Psalm, particularly striking in certain passages. Anyone interested can easily find the points of similarity by comparing the two.

The fish in the river leap up before thee,  
And thy rays are in the midst of the great sea.

Thou art he who createst the man-child in woman,  
Who makest seed in man,  
Who givest life to the son in the body of his mother,  
Who soothest him that he may not weep,  
A nurse even in the womb.  
Who giveth breath to animate every one that he maketh.  
When he cometh forth from the body,  
. . . . . on the day of his birth,  
Thou openest his mouth in speech,  
Thou suppliest his necessities.

When the chicken crieth in the egg-shell,  
Thou givest him breath therein, to preserve him alive.  
When thou hast perfected him  
That he may pierce the egg,  
He cometh forth from the egg,  
To chirp with all his might;  
He runneth about upon his two feet,  
When he hath come forth therefrom.

How manifold are all thy works!  
They are hidden from before us,  
O thou sole god, whose powers no other possesseth.<sup>5</sup>  
Thou didst create the earth according to thy desire.  
While thou wast alone:  
Men, all cattle large and small,  
All that are upon the earth,  
That go upon their feet;  
All that are on high,  
That fly with their wings.  
The countries of Syria and Nubia,  
The land of Egypt;  
Thou settest every man in his place,  
Thou suppliest their necessities.  
Every one has his possessions,  
And his days are reckoned.  
Their tongues are divers in speech,  
Their forms likewise and their skins,  
For thou divider, hast divided the peoples.

Thou makest the Nile in the Nether World,  
Thou bringest it at thy desire, to preserve the people alive.

<sup>5</sup> The other hymns frequently say, "O thou sole god, beside whom there is no other."

O lord of them all, when feebleness is in them,  
O sun of day, the fear of every distant land,  
Thou makest also their life.  
Thou hast set a Nile in heaven,  
That it may fall for them,  
Making floods upon the mountains, like the great sea;  
And watering their fields among their towns.

How excellent are thy designs, O lord of eternity!  
The Nile in heaven is for the strangers,  
And for the cattle of every land, that go upon their feet;  
But the Nile, it cometh from the Nether World for Egypt.

Thus thy rays nourish every garden,  
When thou risest they live, and grow by thee.

Thou makest the seasons, in order to create all thy works:  
Winter bringing them coolness,  
And the heat [of summer likewise].  
Thou hast made the distant heaven to rise therein,  
In order to behold all that thou didst make,  
While thou wast alone,  
Rising in thy form as living Aton,  
Dawning, shining afar off and returning.

Thou makest the beauty of form, through thyself alone.  
Cities, towns and settlements,  
On highway or on river,  
All eyes see thee before them,  
For thou art Aton of the day over the earth.

Thou art in my heart,  
There is no other that knoweth thee,  
Save thy son Akhnaton.  
Thou hast made him wise in thy designs  
And in thy might.  
The world is in thy hand,  
Even as thou hast made them.  
When thou hast risen, they live;  
When thou settest, they die.  
For thou art duration, beyond thy mere limbs.  
By thee man liveth,  
And their eyes look upon thy beauty,  
Until thou settest.  
All labour is laid aside,  
When thou settest in the west;



When thou risest, they are made to grow  
 . . . . . for the King.  
 Since thou didst establish the earth,  
 Thou hast raised them up for thy son,  
 Who came forth from thy limbs,  
 The King living in truth,  
 The Lord of the Two Lands, Nefer-Khepru-Ra, Wan-Ra,<sup>6</sup>  
 The Son of Ra, living in truth, Lord of Diadems,  
 Akhnaton, whose life is long;  
 And for the Great Royal Wife, his beloved,  
 Mistress of the Two Lands, Nefer-Neferu-Aton,<sup>6</sup> Nefertithi,  
 Living and flourishing for ever and ever.

One of the first things we notice in this great Hymn, is that it is a pure Song of Praise and Thanksgiving. Nothing is asked, everything is offered. Its universalism transcends anything which has come down to us from Ancient Egypt, and it is clear that Akhnaton is endeavouring to substitute a world religion for the older, purely national faith; is striving to replace the Empire of Nations by a vast Empire of the Spirit. The earliest Hymn to the Sun which is known, a Hymn of the Pyramid Age, tells us, with that emphatic repetition so common to all Egyptian texts:

"The doors that are on thee [Egypt] stand fast like Inmutef,  
 They open not to the westerners,  
 They open not to the easterners,  
 They open not to the northerners,  
 They open not to the southerners,  
 They open not to the dwellers in the midst of the earth," etc.

But now, the ancient, proud isolation melts before the wide-sweeping, all-embracing love of Akhnaton's god, and the whole vast reach of Creation, sustained and nourished by Aton's love, unrolls before us, from the Great, Central Sun itself—the "Living Aton, Beginning of Life"—down to the minutest green plant. We see in Aton the Creator and Preserver of all lands, the Beneficent Father of all men alike. There is a clear recognition of racial differences:

"Their tongues are divers in speech,  
 Their forms likewise, and their skins,  
 For thou, divider, hast divided the peoples,"

but Aton is "Lord of them all," drawing them together as though they were one great family. We see the majestic sweep of the seasons, the endless succession of nights and days, the effect of light and darkness on the world. Akhnaton stands with wondering love before his god, whom he sees everywhere, quickening all things. So full is his heart that he must needs sing even of the little,

<sup>6</sup> Throne names of the King and Queen.

downy chicken, bursting the prison walls of his shell, that he may "chirp with all his might" in joy that he has "come forth," and "run about on his two feet,"—a tiny, lusty, inextinguishable spark, loosened from the Great Central Fire of Universal Life. A beautiful noonday picture is given us of the cattle, resting tranquilly in their pastures, while the trees and plants, exulting in the hot sunshine, cast their friendly shade, and the sheep and birds and little "winged things"—the butterflies and tiny glistening insects with gossamer wings—all praise their Creator, each after his own fashion.

We see, too, how Akhnaton dwells on the out-pouring rays, and we note the three qualities inherent in these rays:—the *vitalizing power* (or energy), so strong that there is comparative cessation of life when the rays are withdrawn, as during the night hours; the *light* (or heat) transmitted; the *beauty* (or colour) as the result of light and heat. These three (recognised by the science of to-day as essential characteristics of the sun) were looked upon as different manifestations of Aton's *love*, and the down-streaming rays were Aton's means of communicating this love to his creatures. In this connection it is noteworthy that there was, at this time, a phrase much in use when referring to the ancient Sun-god Ra (who, as we remember, was closely associated with the Aton worship), which ran: "Horakhti, rejoicing in the horizon under his name: '*Heat which is in Aton.*'" This striking sentence, almost amounting to a title, added to the emphasis laid on the life-giving power in the rays, suggests unmistakably a clear recognition by Akhnaton of certain vital properties in the sun—those electrical and magnetic forces of which the sun is the vast reservoir,—the importance, as well as the actual existence of which, is supposed, by modern science, to have been unknown in the world of that day; and the prominence given to the "Heat which is in Aton" goes far to prove that the King had a source of information of which the world at large was ignorant,—a source from which all his wisdom sprang.

The strong emphasis upon this life-giving property in the sun, has been much commented on by Akhnaton's historians, and Breasted says: "In his age of the world it is perfectly certain that the King could not have had the vaguest notion of the physico-chemical aspects of his assumption any more than had the early Greeks in dealing with a similar thought." If, however, we believe that Akhnaton's wisdom did not originate with himself; that he was the humble servant of those Great Ones in whose hands rests the wisdom of the ages, of those "Shining Ones" spoken of in the Pyramid Texts, it becomes not only altogether likely, but more than probable, that he did grasp many of those facts in nature which modern science teaches us. In order, however, to comprehend the central idea of his teaching, we must realise that he penetrated those physical facts and saw them as *results*, not as *causes*. When, therefore, it is suggested by Breasted that Akhnaton anticipated certain pre-Socratic philosophers, we ask ourselves what is implied. The meaning is evidently this: that he believed the "heat which is in Aton" to be the equivalent of that Primordial Substance from which all things were said to take their being, and which was the supposed Ultimate Principle sought for so patiently and

persistently by most philosophers from Thales to Anaxagoras. This, however, from the point of view of the Aton faith, is to confuse the *means of communication* with the *Ultimate Principle*, and Akhnaton distinguished clearly between the two. To him the "heat which is in Aton" was only the outer, physical manifestation of the Flaming Creative Love which had called all things into being, and which was the very essence of the Hidden, Unmanifested Aton. Love was the "Spiritual Prototype," in the immaterial world, of the "heat" which supplied life and energy to the world of matter. Akhnaton certainly did believe in a Primal Cause—"When Thou wert alone" being a refrain in the ritual, as we have seen—but he did not look for it among natural forces, nor did he trace the variety of things to any one material source.<sup>7</sup> Back of Primordial Substance lay Primal Reality—Love—from which the visible universe sprang, but Aton, the Hidden and Unmanifest, remained an inexplicable, Ultimate Principle.<sup>8</sup>

Since the matter was given so much prominence, the question arises: exactly what was it that Akhnaton was trying to tell the world when he sang of the beauty of light, when he talked to his people of the mysterious yet ever present and exhaustless vital force which streamed in splendour from the sun? What did he mean by his emphasis on the "Heat which is in Aton,"—that life-giving, life-transforming heat? This light, this heat, was, as we have seen, the physical expression of the out-flowing Creative Love, which lay underneath and behind all things in the manifested universe; but what was this heat, this light in itself?

In *The Secret Doctrine* much is written about Fohat, that "Cosmic Energy" (vol. I, foot of p. 349), that "animating principle electrifying every atom into life" (vol. I, p. 44), and, though lack of space limits us to suggestions only, it will be interesting to see if any connections can be traced.<sup>9</sup>

First, then, we read (I, p. 579) of one of the "fundamental doctrines—namely that (a) the Sun is the store-house of Vital Force, which is the Noumenon of Electricity; and (b) that it is from its mysterious, never-to-be-fathomed depths, that issue those life-currents which thrill through Space, as through the organisms of every living thing on Earth." Compare this with the Great Hymn to Aton, and we are at no loss to find points of similarity in thought, and as a result of this comparison we are bound to admit that Akhnaton must have had an intelligent, perhaps a profound understanding of the radiant energy supplied by the sun, realizing very fully the potent effect of this

<sup>7</sup> Nor is it likely that the Cosmogonic philosophers of Greece, when speaking of their Ultimate Principle as Water, Air, Fire, etc., are to be taken too literally, for they undoubtedly resorted to symbolism far more than is generally admitted. As it is evident, however, that this is not Breasted's view of their meaning, we are treating the argument from his standpoint.

<sup>8</sup> We are, perhaps, not wholly justified in using the philosophical term Ultimate Principle in this connection, and it should be considered in a somewhat elastic sense, since Akhnaton's cosmogonic ideas can only be guessed, and the Cosmos, as we conceive of it to-day, may not have been known to him. The point to remember, however, is that the King's imagination swept far beyond the visible universe; for back of the manifested Aton, who was adored in Nature's laws and forces, was Aton the Unknowable, whom, for want of a better term, we have called the Ultimate Principle.

<sup>9</sup> The edition of *The Secret Doctrine* referred to is, in all cases, the edition of 1893.

energy, not only upon vegetation, but upon every other kind of life, "from the planetary system down to the glow-worm and simple daisy" (I, p. 136). How much, from the modern scientific point of view, he understood of what, to-day, would be called the electrical and magnetic forces, can only be guessed, but that he felt and deeply appreciated their effect on nature, is more than evident in the religious texts and reliefs.

Then, again, we cannot but be impressed in the Hymn with the constantly reiterated thought that all creation is dependent upon the energy transmitted by the vitalizing, life-giving rays. We are told that these rays "nourish every garden," that "all flowers live," and "all trees that grow in the soil" thrive because of them, that "the fish in the river leap up" to greet them. In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, p. 136) Fohat is spoken of as the "Solar energy, the electric, vital fluid," etc., and as "the animating principle electrifying every atom into life" (I, p. 44). Fohat is also (I, p. 134) "that occult, electric, vital power, which, under the Will of the Creative Logos, unites and brings together all forms, giving them the first impulse, which in time becomes law." "Thou makest the beauty of form through thyself alone," we read in the Hymn.

We have seen how the beauty of light is dwelt upon, how "the Two Lands are in daily festivity, awake and standing upon their feet," because of this light which brings joy, happiness, vigour. In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, p. 163) it is said that Fohat, on the Cosmic plane, is "behind all such manifestations as light, heat," etc. Fohat is also spoken of (*Glossary*) as the Primordial Light. Further, we read (I, p. 222), "In the 'Beginning' that which is called in mystic phraseology 'Cosmic Desire' evolves into Absolute Light. Now Light without any shadow would be absolute darkness, as Physical Science tries to prove. This 'shadow' appears under the form of Primordial Matter, allegorized—if you will—in the shape of the Spirit of Creative Fire or Heat." Here we may find a suggestion of what would seem to have been Akhnaton's Cosmogonic ideas,—"Cosmic Desire," Aton's Creative Love, evolving into Absolute Light, which in turn becomes "the heat which is in Aton," and which, acting upon Nature, causes that ecstasy of life of which Akhnaton never tired of singing. In this connection we also read (I, p. 144) that Fohat is "the electric power of affinity and sympathy,"—"Thou bindest them all by thy love," sings Akhnaton.

Finally, those who doubt that Akhnaton knew anything whatever (so early in the world's history) of the "physico-chemical aspects" of any branch of natural science, may be referred to *The Secret Doctrine* (I, p. 736), where Madame Blavatsky says: "Fohat is the key in occultism which opens and unriddles the multiform symbols and allegories in the so-called mythology of every nation; demonstrating the wonderful Philosophy and the deep insight into the mysteries of Nature, contained in the Egyptian and Chaldean as well as the Aryan religions. Fohat, shown in his true character, proves how deeply versed were all those prehistoric nations in every Science of Nature now called physical and chemical branches of Natural Philosophy. . . . In Egypt Fo-

hat is known as Toom."<sup>10</sup> Now Atum, or Tóom, was, as we remember, the Setting Sun and one of the Aspects of Ra (QUARTERLY, Oct., 1921, p. 151), while Ra, or more especially Horakhti, was closely associated with the Aton faith. As an Aspect of Ra, Atum was of course a Cosmic god, being looked upon chiefly as a Creator god—he was "Lord of Life" and "He who grants new strength to the gods"—and his worship was intimately connected with the Egyptian doctrine of immortality. In Atum, therefore, we find not only the creative power of Fohat, but also his power to immortalize, by his Fire, that which he creates. Atum is spoken of as the "Heart and Tongue" of the gods, and here we find our parallel with Fohat as the fiery heart and controlling power of the manifested universe, "synthesizing all the manifesting Forces in Nature" (I, p. 735); while as "Tongue," Atum is referred to, in one version of the XVII Chapter of the *Book of the Dead* (to give one example only), as "Thou who givest blasts of fire from thy mouth," also "he goeth round about heaven robed in the flame of his mouth."

There are many references in the *Book of the Dead* to Atum's lambent appearance; he is known, for instance, as "Thou Lord of the red glow," and is spoken of as he "whose flame shineth upon you." In a beautiful Hymn to the Setting Sun (Atum), found in a papyrus now in the British Museum, we read: "Thou shinest with thy beams, . . . thou openest up the path of the double Sun-god;" and Madame Blavatsky, explaining in a footnote (*Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 736) a similar reference, says that the "two lions" mean "the dual Force, or power of the two Solar eyes, or the electro-positive and the electro-negative forces." In Atum we find an analogy for the multitudinous aspects of Fohat in such phrases as: "The gods rejoice in thy splendid beauties," and "Thy forms are majestic," etc.

If we wish further proof of the identity of Atum and Fohat, who, as *The Secret Doctrine* tells us, "hisses as he glides," we can seek it in such a resistless passage as the following (to be found in a variant of the Hymn to the Setting Sun, Atum, referred to above): "He crasheth through mountains, he bursteth through rocks, . . . he shall come forth . . . in all the manifold and exceedingly numerous forms which he may be pleased to take." There, in truth, is a splendid picture of the fiery god, aggressive, challenging;—but Fohat is Lord of many aspects, he is, as the *Glossary* tells us, "formative" as well as "destructive," and it was the up-building, beneficent aspect upon which Akhnaton dwelt, and which was the spirit peculiar to the Aton faith.

HETEP EN NETER.

<sup>10</sup> We leave the reader to study for himself this passage and its sequel, since, being a long one, it can only be referred to here. In what follows we give a few quotations from Egyptian texts, which we believe are not to be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, and which may serve to emphasize the connection between Fohat and Atum.

(To be continued)

# AMMONIUS SACCAS

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**N**EOPLATONISM is the general name for certain philosophical doctrines which were prevalent in the Roman Empire during the third and fourth centuries of our era. It was the last exfoliation of Greek thought and is usually represented as the final effort of paganism to justify itself and to check the encroachments of Christianity. There is a tendency among modern scholars to belittle its importance and to claim that paganism, far from justifying itself, succeeded only in proving its depletion of force and the superior vigour of its rival. It is argued that the Neoplatonists travestied the doctrines of Plato whom they claimed as their master, and that the Greek element in their metaphysics is encrusted with a mass of futile Oriental speculations and superstitions.

However, there are many objections to this argument. Neoplatonism lost its vitality during the fifth century and practically disappeared from Europe, but it was revived by the scholars of Arabia, Persia and Moorish Spain. It reappeared in Christian Europe at least as early as the twelfth century, for the Aristotelianism of the mediæval schoolmen was in large part a form of Neoplatonism modified by the Arabian minds through which it had passed. The discovery of a manuscript of Plotinus was one of the great events of the early Renaissance and since that time Neoplatonism has exercised a constant and important influence on modern thought, even while it has been despised.

The relations between Neoplatonism and Christianity are of special significance. It is sometimes assumed that the Christian religion issued as a finished product from the hands of Jesus before his Ascension. There have been zealots in every century, who have regarded all the subsequent development of Christian thought as a departure from the Master's intent. Of course, the Church has often justified such an attitude by its mistakes and by its recurrent corruption in thought and deed. But the question lies deeper. The Masters must work with frail human material and must suffer the limitations of that material. Jesus left a small group of followers personally devoted to him, but they were Jews inheriting the passions, the intolerance and the hard, practical minds of their race. Such a group could never expand into a larger Order, unless it assimilated other elements,—the wisdom of Egypt, the illumination of the Greeks, the fruits of ancient knowledge. One may believe that from the hour of his physical withdrawal the Master has laboured perpetually to bring more light and more wisdom to his Order. Paul appears as his first great emissary in that work, but not until the third century was measurable progress made, when the Church came into direct contact with the Neoplatonic School. The work was not finished, for after the fifth Century darkness and bigotry settled over the Western races and the Church has never fully recovered what was then lost.

Obviously it is incorrect to think of Neoplatonism as primarily an effort to keep the old cycle going forever. On the contrary, it may be represented as a bridge of thought between the pagan civilization and the new Order initiated by the Western Avatar. H. P. B. said that the Neoplatonists were the Theosophists of their time, and we may compare their work to that undertaken by the Theosophical Movement in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, which has once more raised a bridge between the present and the past.

The first and greatest of the third century philosophers was Ammonius Saccas, the founder of the Neoplatonic School. We do not know the date and the place of his birth, nor many details of his life. He was born of humble Christian parents, and he bore his surname because during his youth he was a porter in Alexandria and carried sacks of grain from the wharves of the city. We are not told what experiences turned him to the study of philosophy, but after a period of meditation and study he opened a School in Alexandria. H. P. B. writes in the *Glossary* that he was "endowed with such prominent, almost divine goodness as to be called *Theodidaktos*, the god-taught" and that "he honoured that which was good in Christianity, but broke with it and the churches very early, being unable to find in it any superiority over the older religions."

His School was founded in 173 A.D. (cf. *Key to Theosophy*, p. 202), and he seems to have remained as its head until his death (about 243 A.D.). We have no direct information as to his teachings, for it is significant that he left no writings. But his fame and greatness may be measured by the number and the distinction of his disciples. Among these were Plotinus, Longinus, Origen the Pagan, and Herennius. But Origen the Christian also listened to his words, and there is evidence that Clement of Alexandria was directly influenced by him.

It is generally supposed that Ammonius taught an eclectic metaphysics aiming to reconcile the systems of opposing schools, and to harmonize Greek, Egyptian and Oriental thought. He is said to have expounded the underlying unity of thought in Plato and Aristotle, and to have borrowed many ideas from Pythagoras and the Orient. Doubtless, we can learn much about his metaphysics from the writings of his followers, especially from the *Enneads* of Plotinus. But there is reason to believe that Ammonius himself regarded the reconciliation of opposing systems as subordinate in value and interest to the reconciliation of the *hearts* of men. Therefore, he testified to the reality of the "Golden Chain," the one Wisdom Religion underlying the mythology, the poetry and the philosophy of every human race. Also he inculcated the practice of constant meditation and of certain ascetic rules, which would enable the soul to cast off its veils of illusion and so to realize the union of all things in the Eternal.

H. P. B. makes these points clear in one of her first articles in the *Theosophist*, Vol. I, p. 2-5.

"History shows Theosophy revived by Ammonius Saccas, the founder of the Neoplatonic School. He and his disciples called themselves 'Philale-

theans,' lovers of the truth; while others termed them the 'Analogists' on account of their method of interpreting all sacred legends, symbolical myths and mysteries by a rule of analogy or correspondence, so that events which had occurred in the external world were regarded as expressing operations and experiences of the human soul. It was the aim and purpose of Ammonius to reconcile all sects, peoples and nations under one common faith—a belief in one Supreme, Eternal, Unknown, and Unnamed Power, governing the Universe by immutable and eternal laws. His object was to prove a primitive system of Theosophy, which at the beginning was essentially alike in all countries; to induce all men to lay aside their strifes and quarrels, and unite in purpose and thought as the children of one common mother; to purify the ancient religions by degrees corrupted and obscured, from all dross of human element, by uniting and expounding them upon pure philosophical principles. Hence the Buddhistic, Vedantic and Magian or Zoroastrian systems were taught in the Eclectic Theosophical School along with the philosophies of Greece. Hence also, that pre-eminently Buddhistic and Indian feature among the ancient Theosophists of Alexandria, of due reverence for parents and aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human race; and a compassionate feeling for even the dumb animals. While seeking to establish a system of moral discipline which enforced upon people the duty to live according to the laws of their respective countries, to exalt their minds by the research and contemplation of the one Absolute Truth; his chief object, in order, as he believed, to achieve all others, was to abstract from the various religious teachings, as from a many-chorded instrument, one full and harmonious melody, which would find response in every truth-loving heart. . . . The Alexandrian Theosophists were divided into neophytes, initiates and masters or hierophants; and their rules were copied from the ancient Mysteries of Orpheus, who, according to Herodotus, brought them from India and obligated his disciples by oath not to divulge his higher doctrines except to those who were proved thoroughly worthy and initiated, and who had learned to regard the gods, the angels and the demons of other peoples, according to the esoteric *hyponia* or undermeaning."

H. P. B. again shows the importance which she attributed to the Neoplatonists by devoting to them the first eight pages of *The Key to Theosophy*. The following quotations seem especially apposite.

"Eclectic Theosophy was divided under three heads: (1) Belief in one absolute, incomprehensible and supreme Deity or infinite essence, which is the root of all Nature and of all that is, visible and invisible. (2) Belief in man's eternal immortal nature, which, being a radiation of the Universal Soul, is of an identical essence with it. (3) Theurgy or 'divine work' . . . a mystic belief that . . . by returning to one's pristine purity of nature, man could move the Gods to impart to him Divine Mysteries. . . . The chief aim of the Founders of the Eclectic Theosophical School was one of the three objects of its modern successor, The Theosophical Society, namely, to reconcile all religions, sects and nations under a common system of ethics, based on eternal



verities. . . . Mosheim says that Ammonius taught that 'the whole which Christ had in view was to reinstate and restore to its primitive integrity the Wisdom of the ancients; to reduce within bounds the universally-prevailing dominion of superstition; and in part to correct, and in part to exterminate the various errors that had found their way into the different popular religions. . . .'" As said by Dr. Wilder: "Ammonius had but to propound his instructions 'according to the ancient pillars of Hermes, which Plato and Pythagoras knew before, and from them constituted their philosophy.' Finding the same in the prologue of the Gospel according to John, he very properly supposed that the purpose of Jesus was to restore the doctrine of Wisdom in its primitive integrity. The narratives of the Bible and the stories of the gods he considered to be allegories illustrative of the truth, or else fables to be rejected."

■ It is clear that Ammonius was directly connected with the Theosophical Movement and that his School was a genuine predecessor of the present Theosophical Society. Indeed, although the term Theosophist was frequently applied to individual saints and occultists during subsequent centuries, there is no evidence that any definite society calling itself Theosophical was publicly formed until 1875.

The Alexandrian philosophers may have been the first to use the term Theosophy as a single word, but they did not regard the idea as originating with Ammonius, who had only given Theosophy a form adapted to the needs of the time. Diogenes Laërtius attributes the origin of the exoteric teaching of Theosophy to Pot-Amun, an Egyptian priest and hierophant, and he tells us that the name Pot-Amun signifies one consecrated to the Amun, the god of wisdom and secret learning. Ammonius himself taught that his School dated from the days of Hermes who brought his wisdom from India (cf. *Isis Unveiled*; II, 342). In a similar spirit H. P. B. disclaimed all originality for her *Secret Doctrine*, and asserted that many of the ideas found therein had been common knowledge in the East for centuries.

Before taking up the philosophical writings of Plotinus and his successors in detail, a brief sketch must be given of the medium in which Neoplatonism was developed. Neoplatonism was in fact the culmination of a process which had been active ever since the conquests of Alexander the Great, five centuries earlier, had brought Greece into daily contact with Egypt and the Orient. The great commercial city of Alexandria in Egypt was in a sense the critical point of the fusion of ideas which resulted from the constant intercourse of Eastern and Western elements. But the first-obvious outcome was not union but a new tendency to crystallize. Hosts of new sects and schools came into being, each despising all the others, even while it freely used their ideas. The multiplicity of Protestant sects to-day may give one some idea of the Alexandrian "confusion of tongues." There is a famous letter attributed to the Emperor Hadrian, which gives the views of the practical Roman mind upon the conditions of life in Alexandria: "You praised Egypt highly, my dear Servianus, but I have found here nothing but frivolity, fickleness and constant changes of fashion. The devotees of Serapis are Christians and those who are

called bishops of Christ adore Serapis. There is not a Jewish rabbi nor a Samaritan nor a Christian priest who is not also an astrologer or a soothsayer or who does not prepare philtres. The patriarch himself, when he comes to Egypt, is forced by some to worship Serapis and by others to adore Christ. What a seditious, vain and insolent race!"

But the elements necessary for a true fusion of ideas were still present in Alexandria. There was the tradition of the ancient Egyptian wisdom, the essence of which was the Logos Doctrine, as expressed in the Fourth Gospel of the Christians, that there is one Eternal Being from which the Cosmos emanates. There were the schools of the Greeks, who had come for so many centuries to sit at the feet of Egypt and who had symbolized the Logos Doctrine in their metaphysics. There were the Jews who contributed their genius for action.

If these three elements—wisdom, thought and action—could have been united and blended in proper proportion, the Dark Ages of Europe might never have ensued. In the soul of Ammonius Saccas such a true union seems to have taken place, but his disciples failed to carry on his work. Even his immediate followers, however high their talents and however excellent their motives, seem to have forgotten the main purpose of his School.

Is it only a fancy, that these three elements—wisdom, thought and action—have been again united to-day and are expressed in the three objects of The Theosophical Society?

S. L.

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*Suffer no anxiety, for he who is a sufferer of anxiety becomes regardless of enjoyment of the world and the spirit, and contraction happens to his body and soul.*—ZOROASTER.

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*The flowers fade, and give lessons unto man that he is unwilling to profit by. Yea, the world itself will pass away, and nothing will remain but God!*—ARDÂ VÎRÂF.

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*Contentment furnishes constant joy; much covetousness, constant grief. To the contented even poverty is joy; to the discontented even wealth is a vexation.*

—CHINESE PROVERB.

# MEMORY

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**T**O the average man, memory is little more than a diary or a log-book. Last Monday he paid his bills, and the cook broke his favourite china bowl; six years ago at this time he was in France; to-morrow, plumbers come to mend the pipes, and the rooms must be made ready. It is a tool, an instrument essential to the smooth running of a well-ordered life. It exists within him, and, as it were, beside his thought,—sometimes clear and imperious, at other times, fleeting and wayward; or again nebulous and seen through a deceptive haze of feeling and desire. It is himself and not himself. What is it? He does not know.

We admire memory. It is an attribute of greatness, an almost necessary concomitant of genius. Men can win eminent places in the world by their memories alone, by the exercise of that one faculty. In a sense we estimate a man by the extent of his memory, and also by what it is that he remembers.

Here, then, is a talent of our common human nature which every true student of the Divine Wisdom must seek to understand and to master. We must wish to depend upon it, not to be dependent on it,—to use it, not to be its slave. Is it a machine,—a pigeon-hole or filing cabinet,—or is it a living instructor? Does it lie carelessly buried in the duties and petty concerns of daily living, used only for our accommodation in order to make life easy, to set us above our fellows, or to provide solace and amusement in idle hours? If so, the talent would seem deep buried indeed. For it may provide us, and it would appear that it might and should provide us, with the essential vision of that next step in our upward climb along the Path, which we so often feel we lack. Surely true vision, a real assurance that will enable us to take that forward step, can come only from past experience firmly grasped and clearly summoned to our aid. How many can command their own experience? How many find that memory plays them false? And a final question, which really sums them all: How should the would-be chela regard his memory?

Perhaps the cause of failure may be fairly divided between lack of understanding, inattention, and perverted use.

If we take up our theosophical books, or almost any manual of asceticism and religious practice, we shall find answers written on many a page. Memory must be trained and harnessed, memory must be purified, memory must be glorified, transformed, so that in heaven the past no longer haunts, nor bears a sting. These things have seemed a mystery to many, but our Theosophy should make the process clear. Let us see what it is that we may learn.

In its widest sense, memory is a primary and fundamental faculty, without which the self-conscious element in a man loses its coherence, and he becomes a derelict. Without memory, moral responsibility cannot exist. Without

memory, knowledge would lose all continuity and utility. More than this, feeling, knowledge, and will would be unrelated and mutually destructive, if memory did not intervene to make possible a plan and purpose for the whole. Memory, therefore, lies close to the heart and centre of a man's individuality, and links him in its higher aspects with the soul.

- There is memory throughout the universe. The very progression of things implies memory. The sea-shell remembers the ocean it has heard; the acorn holds to the image of the oak—it never receives the impress of an ash or elm; the very worm or plasm remembers where danger lies, or where best to seek its food. There is a memory for each principle of nature, and therefore for each corresponding stage of life,—from the vague, instinctual reaction of primitive creatures, through the time-ordered recognition of sequences, seen in animals, to the self-conscious and deliberate choice of man (Manas), and the even higher “reminiscence,” or synthetic memory of essentials (Higher Manas), which merges into immediate perception of the whole,—into Buddhi.

The recognition of this fundamental function of memory, its important place in the structure of an entire universe, should give us a sense of its importance. It is an essential basis in the formation of different orders of consciousness. Deliberately or instinctively, consciously or unconsciously, I tap that power, I use it daily in the affairs of life. How? Do I learn as does the worm or beetle, after a second or a third trial, what to seek and what to avoid? What memories do I choose, what memories brush aside or thrust hastily from view? Nay, let us ask further:—What has been garnered in the years rolled by? Are the little facts and events and speeches of the past few days, all that remain? Is the ready field of daily consciousness centred about the latest impressions, the new sensations, the last book read?

We see here, perhaps, an unsuspected responsibility,—which means an unrecognized opportunity. The field of our consciousness may be determined by the scope of our memory. If memory be an essential to the ordering and development of a manifested universe, it must also be an essential, not merely to the sanity and health of the ordinary man, but to the very existence of the spiritual man as well,—that man that each one of us “shall be.” As every order of life has that quality and degree of memory necessary to the preservation and advancement of its kind, so the spiritual man must have a memory of a new and higher order.

There is often a confusion here, arising partly from lack of terms to express degrees of development. Memory as a function would seem to involve two aspects, corresponding on the one side with the Force, and on the other with the Substance sides of Nature (*Purusha* and *Prakriti*). To be complete, there must be not only the imprinted record or pictures made on the Substance side, but also the conscious vision which looks down upon and over the sequence of this record, reading and interpreting and understanding it. All Nature writes its record in the great Book of Life; different orders of consciousness visualize these records and read what they can. The simile of men of different degrees of education reading the same book may perhaps convey the idea. One of

them can hardly spell out the letters with labour,—recognizing and naming some, doubtful, perhaps, of others. Another will read easily, but will find the ideas too abstruse or difficult to master—which a third in turn can grasp quickly and decisively. Then there will come a genius who, by a mere glance at the open leaves, can, like Macaulay, gather instantly the meaning of the entire page. He does not stop for letters, nor for words, nor even for phrases. Finally, a chela will take the closed book, and after a moment's concentrated attention, will have assimilated the whole by one masterful effort. In this last example, the sequence of letters and words, conforming strictly to the dimensions of time and space, is surmounted by a single piercing vision into which all the preceding steps and efforts merge. The chela has ascended above the manifested world of duality and dimensions: memory becomes sight.

The record of every occurrence, every experience, every shade of thought, is written ineradicably in the Book of Life, in the all-pervading Astral Light. Those events which had the greatest power, the most of force and consciousness stand out in bold relief,—but none is too faint to leave its trace.

Man as we know him, is a congeries of memories—of records, on all the different planes—and of progressive and ascending abilities to read those records. There are at least four active kinds of memory corresponding with his four lower and most active principles; and there is also a fifth, which may be described as a product or synthesis of these four, using them simultaneously at will, yet detached from them, and able to be occupied independently with the affairs of its own higher plane. There is the memory of cells in the body, and of particular cells in the brain, which receive and register the imprint of physical and nervous sensation. There is the memory of the vital physical organism—the instinctive shrinking from approaching danger, the ability of hand or foot to adapt itself to a familiar task without conscious intervention. There is the closely related memory of Kama;—the pictures of desire, the faint or vivid store of feelings and emotions experienced throughout the span of life. Then there is the memory of Manas;—of the thoughts we have truly made our own and can summon at will; of our generalizations and judgments, whereby we sift and classify the value of our experiences; what we have read and talked about and meditated upon. Above and behind these four, which act simultaneously, though often independently, there lies the (still largely instinctive) memory of the “heart” or soul,—of that immortal part which knows that it is, and has been, and will continue to be, the “thread soul,” around and into which all the experiences of countless incarnations merge.

It is this instinctive, highest memory which bears witness to our truest Self, and which must some day come forth into full self-consciousness before the spiritual man can know himself as such, and claim his divine inheritance as a son of God.

How may we attain to this self-consciousness in the new order,—how establish a memory in the larger field?

The answer may be stated quite simply:— By lifting the lower and fixing them to the higher. In Nature's workings we find no breaks. Higher is

evolved from lower, sometimes by direct progress and accumulation, often by the addition and amalgamation of diverse elements. Man himself, we are told, is the product of three streams of evolution, and he has not yet come into his own, not yet claimed his rightful heritage. We must begin, then, by taking that composite instrument which roughly we call memory, and by turning it to a new account,—towards a higher end. This instrument man has evolved for his use, to meet his needs, and it is, therefore, directed, for the most part, towards his physical and psychic life. The things a man remembers best are the things he desires most often and most urgently to have. Except in the case of those who have undertaken special training and study, the vast body of human memories are concerned with strictly human wants. A few are intellectual, but still fewer spiritual. Here lies the field of our responsibility, if we would not shirk the task that lies ahead, if we would to-day commence building, as some day we must, into the future. We cannot hope to exist and to survive as self-conscious agents in the spiritual world, until we have created there an instrument commensurate with the new task,—nor can we expect some free gift from the gods.

It cannot seem strange to talk of creating a memory for the spiritual man, since so obviously we are responsible for creating it. “The becoming a chela *in reality* consists in the evolution or development of certain spiritual principles latent in every man, and in great measure unknown to your present consciousness.” Latent in us, therefore, lies the Force aspect of our spiritual memory,—we must provide from below, as it were, the substance aspect, the record of spiritual acts and events. To exist as spiritual men, to win our membership as chelas in the Lodge, we must have acquired this fundamental faculty of memory in the new and higher world,—that faculty which abides in spite of the flux of things, and holds together the fleeting experiences of the moment, giving them continuity and unity. The spiritual man must possess his special memory to become conscious of himself.

It is by repeated sensations that ordinary remembrance is brought to birth. It is by means of many memories that at last a self-conscious Memory is achieved. Our new creation will not be accomplished as the result of isolated spiritual experiences, nor by the seeing of deep visions, nor by the knowledge of great truths. Such incidents and endowments, if fragmentary, will not constitute us spiritual men, for it will be still the familiar “we” that has cognizance of them. On the contrary, there must be an earnest, sustained effort for all that constitutes the higher life, a dwelling upon enduring realities in the mind by conscious acts of will and imagination—above all, by a complete turning of heart and interest in their direction, so that the merest details of life shall be seen only in relation to them. This will give body to our spiritual centre, transfer consciousness to that centre, and so bring to birth the necessary faculty—for faculty can alone arise out of continuity and accumulation of effort. In this manner we shall draw all experience up to the Higher Self, and live steadfastly in its light, for we shall have provided the sequence of spiritualized acts upon which a nascent spiritual consciousness can build a

sense of self. Sporadic achievement is not enough—all the books speak of the necessity for sustained and concentrated energy of application. As we literally make of our lives a living spiritual continuity (our old friends “recollection” and “right self-identification”), the higher Memory will crystallize and reflect back to us the best of ourselves, so that we may be aware of it, and come to know it.

Furthermore, we shall then learn that the past, as well as the present, can be compounded to our inestimable advantage, and made to serve our turn. Every fact that comes to our attention to-day, every fragment of knowledge we acquire, has value in proportion to our ability to deal with it and use it. To-morrow, when we know more, the fact of yesterday takes on an added weight and significance. When at last we turn, and seek to gather all we have to lay upon the altar of the heart, we find that we are not limited by our immediate capacity for active service, but that we can draw upon the myriad experiences of a half-forgotten past, which heretofore have lain scattered and wasted, a source, maybe, of pain from which we turned. At first we are “stung by the nettles of repentance,” as was Dante standing this side the river Lethe, which bounds the Earthly Paradise. But in our eagerness to reach the goal set before us, like him we plunge in and cross to the other shore—“born again, pure and ready to mount to the stars”—we can no longer be held back by the mere pricks of nettles—we grasp and crush them, their sting acting as a spur to urge us on. Once on the other side, we find that the true river Lethe is the personality with all its desires, its gross egotism and “quality of darkness.” If our heart be truly set on the new birth, we no longer care for the personality and its desires, and we gladly take from it the memories of our whole life, or of a thousand miserable lives, distilling them for the growth of the spiritual man. Here in the past is a rich treasure store, a harvest to be reaped, by whose help we may quicken the growth of spiritual selfhood, and act more surely and with greater vigour in each step that lies ahead on our upward way.

Memory is neither a plaything nor a burden; it is a key to unlock one of the Gates of Gold.

A. G.

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*If a man were really happy, he would be all the happier the less he were “diverted,”—like the saints of God.—PASCAL.*

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*The men and women who reach the finest things in character and the largest usefulness are those who have learned in struggle how to be strong, and in suffering how to be sympathetic and gentle.—J. R. MILLER.*

# THE MEASURES OF THE ETERNAL MANDUKYA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

*Om: this syllable, this imperishable, is the All. Its expansion is what has been, what is, what shall be. All, verily, is Om. And whatsoever else surpasses the three times, this also is Om. For all this is the Eternal, this is the Divine Self; and this Divine Self has four measures.*

*Standing in waking, outwardly perceiving, of sevenfold form, with nineteen energies, experiencing the gross, Common-to-all-men, this is the first measure.*

*Standing in dream, inwardly perceiving, of sevenfold form, with nineteen energies, experiencing the subtle, the Radiant, this is the second measure.*

*Where entering into rest, he desires no desire, nor beholds any dream, this is dreamlessness. Standing in dreamlessness, unified, a sphere of spiritual perception, formed of joy, experiencing joy, whose energy is spiritual consciousness, the Wise Seer is the third measure. He is Lord of all, he is all-knowing, he is the inner ruler, he is the source of all, the forth-going and the indrawing of lives.*

*Nor outwardly perceiving, nor inwardly perceiving, nor perceiving in both ways, nor a sphere of spiritual perception, nor perception, nor non-perception; invisible, inapprehensible, ungraspable, indistinguishable, unimaginable, unindicable, whose essence is realization of oneness with the Eternal, where forth-going is ended, still, benign, beyond duality, is held to be the fourth; this is the Divine Self, this is the goal of wisdom.*

**T**HE Mandukya, briefest and yet most inclusive of all the great Upanishads, undertakes to describe the universe in terms of consciousness and of vehicles of consciousness in four progressive degrees. There is only a passing indication of the objective world presented to consciousness through these degrees.

The philosophical justification of this treatment is the truth that consciousness is the one thing we know at first hand; objects we know only as they are reflected in consciousness. That we should ever know objects as they are in themselves, that is, unrelated to consciousness, appears to be impossible, a contradiction in terms; though we may and without doubt shall come to know them as they present themselves to a deeper and more real consciousness, thus knowing them more truly.

Science undertakes to describe objects as they are in themselves; but in reality science does not so describe them, since all observation rests on the impressions which objects make on consciousness, whether immediately,



through the senses, or mediately, through various instruments like the microscope or telescope, which are simply extensions of the lenses of the eyes. All scientific observation, therefore, consists of the impressions which objects make on what we may call the outer layer of consciousness; while all scientific interpretation is derived from certain deeper powers of consciousness, powers of which science, even while continually and consistently using them, gives no real account, but simply takes them for granted.

Science uses reason to reach its conclusions, and often uses it with admirable power; yet science does not appear to have begun by establishing the necessarily precedent thesis, that reason is reasonable, that it may be depended on to reach truth. That is taken for granted, to a large degree quite unconsciously, with no very clear realization that the problem exists. The truth would seem to be that this conviction that reason is a trustworthy guide is itself derived from consciousness, from a deeper layer than the layer which reasons, a layer which we may call intuitional.

Science thus depends on sensuous consciousness for its observations, on rational consciousness for its interpretations and, if we are right, on intuitional consciousness for the validation both of sense perception and of the process of reasoning.

We may, perhaps, postulate a form of consciousness even deeper than intuition, a consciousness from which we draw the conviction that there is a universe to experience and interpret, the consciousness of Being itself.

The philosophical justification for describing the universe in terms of consciousness is, then, the simple fact that there is no other way in which we can describe it. It is all a question of our consciousness, and of what our consciousness contains. This is the beginning. There is no indication of a possible end.

The Mandukya Upanishad describes consciousness as one, made manifest in four degrees, with appropriate vehicles. But form or shape, as we experience it in our ordinary life, is present only in the first two of the four degrees. The third and fourth are above form in that sense. There is, therefore, a medial line; below it is the realm of form, while above it principles or potencies take the place of form.

The idea of conscious experience devoid of form by no means takes us beyond what we already know. Take music, for example, a very rich and abounding field of experience. As music reaches our consciousness, it has no form or shape, in the sense that a picture, or a statue, or a building has form or shape. Yet we are clearly conscious in music of a quality which corresponds to architectural form, like that, let us say, of the Parthenon, or of a quality which corresponds to beauty of colour. And all music rests on the truth that it can and does render a great realm of our experience. And this it does without shape or form in the ordinary sense. So that we are familiar with one very rich realm of consciousness which is independent of form. We may, therefore, form a concept, however inadequate, of a realm accessible to consciousness, in which reality is manifested without form as we experience it; in which powers and principles take the place of form: the realm above the medial line.

To come back to the text of the Mandukya. The first paragraph outlines the unity of the universe, the unmanifest All and its manifestation; the universe in eternity, and its manifestation in the three times, past, present, future. The Eternal, the Divine Self, is made manifest in four realms, four ranges of consciousness; if we wish to find more definite terms, we may, perhaps, speak of these four degrees as that of the man, the disciple, the adept and the Mahatma. The first two are described in terms of form; the third and fourth, in terms of principles or powers. The third and fourth are above the medial line, above Maya.

The second paragraph describes the vehicle of the consciousness of the man, the physical body. It is sevenfold: head, upper and lower trunk, the four limbs. It has nineteen energies; namely, five senses or powers of perception, five powers of action, five vital breaths, to which are added mind (Manas), imagination (Chitta), the personal sense (Ahankara), and intelligence (Buddhi).

This vehicle with its range of consciousness is called Common-to-all-men (Vaishvanara); it is described as standing in waking consciousness, perceiving outwardly, and experiencing the gross; that is, having the experience of ordinary physical life.

The second vesture or vehicle of consciousness is called the Radiant (Taijasa). *The Theosophical Glossary* says that this term is used "to designate the Manasarupa, the 'thought-body.'" The vesture called the Radiant would appear to be what *Light on the Path* calls the astral body. Both words mean "starry." The Mandukya describes it as a subtle counterpart of the natural body; like it, possessing form and members, and with a range of corresponding powers. It is said to stand in dream; that is, a consciousness of forms, perhaps a four-dimensional consciousness.

The third vesture appears to be what Shankaracharya calls the causal body, of which *The Theosophical Glossary* says: "This 'body,' which is no body either objective or subjective, but Buddhi, the Spiritual Soul, is so called because it is the direct cause of the Sushupti condition, leading to the Turiya state." We have translated Sushupti by "dreamlessness," a consciousness above form. Therefore the causal body (Karana sharira) is the vesture of a consciousness and a range of powers, which we have suggested may be the consciousness and powers of the adept. Of this consciousness, the Mandukya says that it is "unified, a sphere of spiritual perception, formed of joy, experiencing joy, whose energy is spiritual consciousness (Chetas)." And to this vesture with its consciousness is given the name "the Wise Seer" (Prajna). He is the Lord of all, all-knowing, the inner ruler. The concluding phrases of this paragraph: "the source of all, the forth-going and indrawing of lives," refer to the causal body, which, according to Shankaracharya, is "the cause and substance of the two other bodies," sending them forth in the series of lives, and, when each life is completed, drawing back the spiritual substance and force into itself; in this sense, the inner ruler of the whole series of lives.

The word Turiya, already cited, which is applied to the higher of the two ranges of spiritual consciousness above the realm of form, is simply the ordinal

number, "fourth." That consciousness is called by the Mandukya "Atma," which we have rendered "Divine Self." It appears to be a consciousness beyond individuality, which is in one sense the most fundamental thing in our present experience. And because this consciousness beyond individuality so completely transcends our experience, the Mandukya defines it almost wholly by negatives: "invisible, inapprehensible, ungraspable, indistinguishable, unimaginable, unindicable," adding the one positive indication: "whose essence is realization of oneness with the Eternal."

The second part of the Mandukya covers the same ground. Its purpose is, to correlate what has been said with the syllable Om; to show how the sacred syllable Om carries in itself the concentrated meaning of the whole teaching. The Sanskrit word translated "syllable" means "that which cannot be diminished, that which is imperishable."

*This is the Divine Self referred to the sacred syllable, the Om according to its measures; the stages are the measures, and the measures are the stages: a-u-m.*

*Standing in waking consciousness, Common-to-all-men, is the sound a: the first measure, from obtaining (apti) and from being first (adi-mattva). He indeed obtains all his desires, he is first, who thus knows.*

*Standing in dream, Radiant, is the sound u: the second measure, from exalting (utkarsha) and from being intermediate (ubhayatva). He indeed exalts the continuity of wisdom, he becomes unified, nor in his family is any born not knowing the Eternal, who thus knows.*

*Standing in dreamlessness, the Wise Seer, is the sound m: the third measure, from overcoming (miti) or from entering (apiti). He indeed overcomes this world and becomes the entrance, who thus knows.*

*Without measure is the fourth, inapprehensible, where going forth is ended, benign, beyond duality. Thus Om is the Divine Self. Through the Self he enters into the Divine Self, who thus knows.*

Perhaps the only comment needed is that the Sanskrit words in brackets (apti, utkarsha, miti), which have as their initials the three letters: a-u-m, are in part mnemonics. It would be difficult to find exact English equivalents beginning with these letters, therefore no attempt has been made to do this.

The Mandukya Upanishad is the theme of many commentaries and explanatory treatises. It is evident that its full meaning can be understood only through growth, development, spiritual experience, in which the higher realms of consciousness are unveiled. The whole substance of the great Upanishads may be used to illumine this little treatise; and it is the virtue of the Upanishads, that they have much to say concerning the higher realms of consciousness.

The Mandukya Upanishad thus gives us an outline map of four realms or ranges of consciousness. Without doubt each of the realms has within it endless diversity; perhaps we may think of each as having seven degrees, and of these again as subdivided.

Taking this outline map of consciousness, it would be profoundly interesting

to inquire into the knowledge of each realm which has been recorded by the saints and mystics of the world, as something actually experienced.

For the great Christian saints, for example, we have the materials ready to hand in such a book as *The Graces of Interior Prayer*, A Treatise on Mystical Theology, by Auguste Poulain; mystical theology being the accepted term for the study of these higher states of consciousness.

For another field of spiritual experience, such a book as *The Mystics of Islam*, by Reynold A. Nicholson, will give us abundant material.

Or we may take the New Testament, finding in what Paul says of the spiritual body a commentary on what is here said of the vesture called the Radiant. So the phrase, "whose essence is realization of oneness with the Eternal" suggests the saying of the Master Christ, "I and the Father are one." And when in the words, "Before Abraham was, I am," Christ speaks of the past as the present, or of the future as the present, "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," we have the record of a consciousness which, in the words of the Mandukya, "surpasses the three times."

Thus we may use this outline map in preparation for our journey.

C. J.

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*He does the most for God who is the highest skilled in prayer.*—E. M. BOUNDS.

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*The greatest and the best talent that God gives to any man or woman in this world is the talent of prayer.*—DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE.

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*Prayer returns not empty; no tradesman trades with such certainty as the praying saint.*—GURNALL.

# CHARTRES CATHEDRAL

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CHARTRES cathedral is thought, by many, to be one of the most beautiful monuments of the Middle Ages. It is possible that it served as the type of architecture which was followed throughout Europe; it is an expression of the soul of France, and embodies what is best and noblest in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The cathedral is a living witness to the faith and devotion, the chivalry and romance and art of the time; it has also much of the mysticism of the ages of faith. Those who built it were, in a true sense, mystics, and they have kept their secret, for we could not, in our own day, build anything like Chartres. The impression made on the observer is a profound and lasting one; he stands at the foot of one of the great pillars, and looks up at the forest of stone, and he feels that the builders understood something of the eternal mysteries, and caught the secrets of nature, and reproduced, in the stone, nature's perpetual adoration. Above, the stained glass flashes like living jewels, from the great rose windows of the transepts, and through the high windows of the choir, and from the side windows of the ambulatory where, in the subdued light, the colours glow and shine,—orange and flame and red, purple and blue. In the silence of early morning, or in the glory of the evening light, he who listens may hear voices of the distant past, and catch echoes of the prayers of pilgrims, and feel the heart-beats of vast multitudes, and sense the harmony that wells from the soul of that cathedral.

It is interesting to study its history. Tradition tells that it was built over a grotto where, in pre-Christian times, the Druids had set up a statue to a Virgin destined to bear a child. The early Christians built a chapel there, and in the eleventh century a great Norman cathedral was begun. This was destroyed by lightning before it was completed, in 1194. The vast Norman crypt remained, and on that foundation they rebuilt the present cathedral, in Gothic style. It was already a well-known place of pilgrimage, and, so great was the enthusiasm of the faithful, that the building progressed rapidly and the main structure was completed in 1220, the builders achieving a unity of design and purpose which is not often found. The cathedral was consecrated in 1260, in the presence of St. Louis and the nobility of France. In modern times it has been described as "*la cité mystique où l'âme rencontre Dieu sans effort*," and Napoleon declared that "*un athée serait mal à l'aise ici*." The heart of it is a reality that will exist when the very stones have crumbled to dust. Amid the psychic turmoil of the twentieth century the mediæval cathedrals, and all that they represent, remain as a bulwark and a stronghold.

Sometimes we speak with regret of those "ages of faith," when the fire of devotion was alive in the hearts of many, contrasting with the cold indifference of multitudes in our own times. The civilization that flowered in the twelfth century was inspiring in many of its aspects; religious enthusiasm was the mainspring of life and action,—at its best it was not a narrow dogmatism, but

an ennobling of all life with the radiance of the spirit. It is true that there was the brutality and coarseness, the ignorance and cruelty, the superstition and prejudice that belong to early civilizations, but there was also a fine energy and manliness, a profound faith and spontaneous devotion that have rarely been surpassed in later times. Chivalry was the ideal of service, the Guilds formed the basis of their social life, the cathedrals were an expression of their religious belief and worship. On the side of religion, we can learn much from the cathedrals and the genius that inspired them.

It is said that the building of such cathedrals was the outcome of esoteric knowledge, which was possessed by the few. That knowledge has been lost, and there is nothing, in modern churches, that can compare with the mediæval cathedrals, in their mysterious grandeur and serenity, and also in their wonderful acoustic properties. It is probable that the builders understood more profoundly the science of number, and used that knowledge in the creation of cathedrals such as Chartres, with the seven bays of the nave, and the apse supported by seven absidioles, the flying buttresses to correspond, and the three great outer portals, and the total of nine flanking towers. The portals are ornamented with sculptures that are world-famous; a detailed study of these proves that they reflect the life and spirit of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The south or royal portal is the oldest of the three; the sculptures are archaic in design and execution, but they have a charming simplicity and directness and many of the figures express a joy that is irresistible. It is the inner spirit shining through, *le reflet de la vision béatifique*, as one writer suggests. In one bay the nativity is represented; the Child is not shown in the manger, but in a cradle on the altar,—in that way the mediæval artists sometimes represented the sacrifice of the Incarnate Word, of the “Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.” Other subjects occupy the available spaces; we are, perhaps, surprised to find the figures of Greek teachers, representing the seven liberal arts,—Aristotle for dialectic, Pythagoras as the master of music, and so on. Again, there are realistic scenes showing the twelve months, with the appropriate signs of the Zodiac. The artists of the Middle Ages had none of our rigid distinctions between religious and secular subjects, between spiritual and material things; all things are infused with Life, and all therefore contribute to the glory of God.

The sculptures around the north and south portals are of later date, and show more mature workmanship. The figures are so lifelike and human that they compare favourably with the most finished products of classical sculpture. The artists had a variety of conception and execution, a profound devotion and reverence, combined with a delightful wit and humour which have produced a work that has rarely been surpassed. There is a scene showing the last judgment; St. Michael weighs the souls of men,—the blest, with hands joined and eyes upturned, are marching into Heaven; the damned (bishops, and priests and all) are hurrying off into the mouth of the dragon. There is a splendid figure of St. George; on the other side is St. Modeste, a figure of exquisite charm and grace. St. Martin occurs frequently, for the faithful of the

Middle Ages had great love for that gallant saint, a horseman and fighter, a monk and director of souls. The north portal gives scenes from the Old Testament, and looks forward to the coming of the King; the south portal shows Christ in glory. In one bay there are scenes depicting the active and contemplative life of Mary, serene and beautiful, whether she is spinning wool or sitting in meditation.

Within the cathedral, around the ambulatory, there is another series of sculptures, but of later date. No tomb or monument might be erected to mar the virgin purity and grandeur and serenity of the cathedral. Decorative work was concentrated on the stained glass, the centuries that have elapsed since it was put in, serving only to increase the beauty of the colouring. One of the marvellous rose-windows, the *rose de France*, was the gift of St. Louis. In our own time they have hung two long blue pennants at the entrance to the choir; they stretch down from roof to floor, showing up against the tall white pillars: the blue of the kingdom of France. The colours in the windows are arranged to catch and reflect the full radiance of sunlight, which shows faint through the darker shades, and vivid in blue and scarlet and purple, and brilliant in gold and orange and flame. In a few instances the windows have not been filled with stained glass, but with *grisaille*, a plain glass, silver-grey. These were inserted where the lighting required it, or to afford a contrast; and they witness to the keen perception and artistic sense of the designer. The windows in the apse were given by different Guilds; the water-carriers presented one of St. Mary Magdalen; the armourers—as a contrast to their profession—chose St. John the Divine. From below, the observer finds it difficult to distinguish the subjects in detail, but if he climbs up into the triforium, to view the glass from a higher level, he finds that scene after scene unfolds in a pageant of colour and beauty; it is possible to make out the very expression on the faces of saints and heroes, as the right perspective is gained.

The cathedral was built as a great act of worship; man-made and God-inspired, it was the most fitting homage man could render to the Deity. If we view life in terms of Power, Wisdom, Love, we can find in every great and noble work some reflection of that Trinity. Vigour and energy and strength went to the building of Chartres; wisdom was its foundation, devotion inspired it. The cathedral was intended for that great act of worship and sacrifice, around which the ritual and ceremony of the Church was built up. Often men lost the inner meaning of the ritual, the mystery behind the symbol was forgotten, and it became an empty inanimate form. But the light and the truth that had inspired that worship, came from the Lodge; the ritual was a faint reflection of a great ceremony and a profound mystery. There is, in the soul of man, an instinctive need to worship; it is the soul's recognition of its own divinity, and of its unity with the Oversoul. "The whole of religion," says Lacordaire, "is contained in one great idea—the abiding Presence of God with men. Emmanuel, God with us; this is religion." The great cathedrals were not built to confine the souls of men, but to set them free. There is, about Chartres, a quality that the French call *élan*, which needs to be felt, and cannot

be described. The cathedral gives the right *élan*, that the spirit may rise up, above the lofty arches and the vaulted roof, beyond the flying buttresses and the tall spires, to that plane where time and space cease to exist, and true consciousness begins.

Too often our conception of "religion" is narrow and one-sided. We think of it according to our character and temperament, and dispute over the extent of its influence in our own lives. Students are not agreed as to the derivation of that word "religion," but it seems probable that it is akin to *re-ligare*, a "binding back." That is one aspect of religion,—restraint, renunciation, self-sacrifice. To that inner call, one man answers, "I will not be bound," and in so doing he chains himself more firmly by fetters of his own forging; others, afraid, stop their ears and pass on, feigning indifference,—and through long ages they remain asleep, till some echo of the Voice penetrates to their inner self and rouses them from their slumber. Others find their ideal in some expression of art, or music, or learning, or science, or philosophy, and whenever that ideal is greater than themselves, it lifts them up and makes for freedom; whenever it sinks to something less than themselves, they are dragged down, and become prisoners in their own house. That is no less true of aspects of religion, which may be narrowed down to mere superstition and prejudice, or become arid dogmatism or dangerous fanaticism. *Religare* is a "binding back"; some think of it as a return: the return of the Prodigal to his Father's Home. We have travelled afar, like the Prodigal, and that return is a long journey, set with hardships, but it is a joyful return after the bitterness of exile. By their devious ways, one and all will return in the fulness of time. "In whatsoever way men come to Me in that way I love them; in all ways men follow My way." The religious life means sacrifice, but it is the sacrifice born of our own limitations,—"all these through sacrifice wear away their darkness." Seen from above, in the radiance of the light, it is something other than sacrifice,—it is liberation. "Stablish me with Thy free spirit," is the cry of every living soul; but freedom of spirit is only gained through renunciation of the personal life, the transformation of the mortal man into the life of immortality.

Sacrifice, worship, liberation,—that is the true meaning of religion, which is the Way to the Eternal. The mystics saw three stages of ascent,—the purgative way, the illuminative way, the unitive way, and when they spoke of the soul's journey, it was from their inner experience. That word "mysticism" is too little understood in our day, when it is applied, without discrimination, to idle dreams or vain speculations. In reality it means something akin to "initiation," and belongs only to the realm of the spirit. "True mysticism," says one writer, "has this of a sacrament about it; the outer form is simplicity itself, the inner grace merges with eternity." The mysticism that inspires the Middle Ages, that is outwardly expressed in the grandeur and the simplicity of the cathedrals, is of that quality. From them we can learn that the religious life makes for liberation, and, having learnt, may help others along the road to freedom, the road that leads out of prison, into the "glorious liberty of the children of God."

S. C.



## ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

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THE student rose to his feet. "I am aware," he said, almost with solemnity, "that the Ancient has a 'concern'—to borrow an expression from our friend, the Quaker—and that he has asked that space may be reserved for it in 'The Screen of Time'; but space or no space, I have a Declaration which must go in. I admit the importance of a real 'concern,' but you will agree with me that a Declaration, particularly when it affects the liberties of this great people, and perhaps may enlighten a friendly nation, England,—you will agree with me that the importance of such a thing is supreme. Let me explain.

"Some forty years ago, Andrew Carnegie burst upon England with a hundred million dollars, a coach-and-four, and a book which he had sponsored, called *Triumphant Democracy*. A few of the English, who are simple folk, were irritated; the huge majority frankly envied him his millions and his coach-and-four and his notoriety, and thought Democracy must indeed be wonderful if it could produce all that. The English, being simple folk, have been grasping for more Democracy ever since, and in some ways have been more thorough than Carnegie's adopted countrymen, for strikes in England have multiplied wonderfully, and Lloyd George, the once triumphant demagogue, by reviving the Roman system of doles, has given all Englishmen a living who do not want to work. Beggaring the rich—money for Roman doles not growing on hedge-rows; making employment almost impossible by depriving the employer of his means to employ; giving doles alike to men who want to work and to those who want to loaf; declaring that his country's heavy burden is due to the French occupation of the Ruhr (!)—these are among the policies which Lloyd George inaugurated, which his successors are unwilling or unable to reverse, and which stand out among Democracy's especial triumphs in England.

"Yet Carnegie was a good man; he lived according to his lights; he did not know what he was doing: and a few, a very few of his adopted countrymen, as he drove through England announcing that Kings are effete and that Democracy had triumphed in his person (for that was the substance of his message),—the very few knew exactly what he was doing, and were neither envious nor irritated, but amused. Perhaps a ripple of their amusement spread to other ranks; perhaps Carnegie himself learned better (for that would have helped to still what he had excited): in any case, in this country, in spite of politicians and Labour Unions and the Yellow Press, Democracy has not triumphed as it has in England. It talks; it boasts; and once in a while it produces a Declaration almost as provocative of envy as Carnegie's four-in-hand. America still can lead England in those ways, because, as already said,

the English are a simple folk, ridiculous only when they think themselves clever (witness Lord Curzon's last despatch to France), and they are quite easily made envious. We have no desire to play unfairly upon that weakness, but as good citizens we are proud of our Declarations—we always have been—and we desire to prove that this country in any case is not effete—that we can still do as well as Carnegie in his day, though we have lost most of our millions, and Ford cars must now do duty for four-horse coaches. So we display this latest Declaration to the English, saying to them (again): Watch us grow! Behold the Triumph of Democracy! If girls can do this, of what should not men be capable—Englishmen at that!

"For girls composed it: mere girls. It was to voice a Protest against Injustice. It was at Somerset, Pa., where parents and teachers had combined to forbid rolled stockings and sleeveless dresses in the public schools. It was then that the voice of Democracy, deathless, uttered itself in song. The girls composed and the girls sang it:

" 'I can show my shoulders,  
I can show my knees;  
I'm a free-born American—  
I can show what I please.'

"England may still Aspire to that which we Declare.

"Meanwhile, as England proceeds to ruin herself, both financially and in reputation, it is comforting to realize that while, in the United States of America, Declarations can be tossed off with unfailing gusto, and occasionally with heat, there is no confusion whatsoever between these and an Aspiration,—between these, and Business.

"It is comforting also to realize that in no other country in the world are the police so autocratic,—the one good use to which the Irish have been put, for without them to crush the Russians, the Italians, the Germans, the Greeks, the Jews, the Slovaks, and the rest of our population, it is impossible to say what might become of America's immortal Spirit."

"So much for yours," said the Ancient, smiling at the Student opposite him. "There is no hurry about mine. Whether Declaration or 'concern' or merely a growl, mine is for the few, and the few are accustomed to waiting upon the many.

"My growl is against modern medicine. It has sunk to the level of modern astrology. In the beginning—far back, when Kings were Adepts—medicine and astrology were means to one end, and that end was the transmutation of evil into good, by co-operating with nature for the purposes of the soul. The aim of nature was seen to be constructive, and when man had perverted natural processes to his own selfish ends, and had thus set up reactions in himself, the pain of which drove him to the feet of the Wise,—it was their function to work with the 'healing power of nature,' and to guide the sufferer back to the path of self-restraint, and of obedience to spiritual law.

"The Wise knew that all our physical ills are the result of psychic ills, that is, of mental and moral ills, and that diseases, in most cases, are an effort on the part of nature to throw the poisons, thus created, down and out through the physical organism. They knew that natural processes can be aided and controlled (that even the lightning could be harnessed); but at all times they were the servants of the Divine Architect, checking nature at one point only to provide her with a better and safer outlet elsewhere.

"They knew that there is no such thing as the permanent cure of disease until its cause on the moral plane is removed. You can eradicate small-pox, but the real 'disease,' which broke through to this plane as small-pox, will break through in other forms—as influenza, let us suppose—so long as the cause remains active on the psychic plane.

"Now modern medicine has become absolutely materialistic. It deals with symptoms and attempts to remove them. It does not recognize the moral world as causal. When it seeks causes, at best it goes one or two steps back through the chain—for there are many links in the chain between moral cause and physiological effect, from psychic to astral, to electrical or magnetic, to chemical and so forth (I do not pretend to know them). Money and success too often are the motive of medical practice; or it is used as a field for 'trying things,'—a game, though perhaps played with the zeal which other men put into trying a new 'stunt' at tennis. The small boy loves 'to see what happens.' Many old men are small boys still. How many modern doctors would feel,— 'I can serve God best by practising medicine, and so as to devote myself exclusively to that service, I must for ever renounce the comforts of home and wife and children, and give my whole heart and interest to study of the divine science'? Not until that attitude has been revived—until all thought of comfort has been eliminated as a right or as a reward—can medicine be brought back to where it once was."

"But surgery," protested our Visitor; "surgery has made enormous strides in recent years!"

"Superficially, yes," the Ancient replied. "As a child I played a game which we called Spelicans, and which others called Jackstraws. You tumbled together a number of curiously shaped slips of ivory. You extracted them, one at a time from the heap, without moving the others. Great skill could be acquired. The modern surgeon can remove you, a bit at a time—lungs, liver and lights, with bones as trimming—with amazing technique and celerity; but he has no least idea of after-effects, because his view of function is entirely materialistic. The removal of tonsils, for instance, will be a fad for a period of years, alternating, perhaps, with the appendix fad, until surgeons learn to remove them to their last root and filament. Tonsils, they say, are not necessary. Ask them what is the connection between tonsils and 'the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,' and they would think you were crazy. Yet, without going as far back as that,—what do they know of the catalytic action of tonsils? They see something of the immediate result of what they do; nothing of the ultimate result—just as a doctor prescribing acetyl salicylic

acid as a means to get rid of certain symptoms, sees something of its immediate result, but nothing of its ultimate result.

"I said that medicine has sunk to the level of modern astrology, which ought to be, as it once was, the science of celestial correspondences, indicative, among other things, of the soul's state, and of the individual's path to the eternal. Take up any astrological almanac for 1923; here is what they call a 'Guide' for August 22nd—'Buy, speculate, ask favours, travel, or remove before 10 P.M.' For September 5th, the 'Guide' says—'Be careful. Court in evening.' This advice, be it remembered, is based upon the movements of sun, moon and planets! The Magi lived in a corrupt age, but I suspect that the vulgarity of such 'Guidance' would have appalled them. The modern astrologer, however, is full of zeal; in most cases he believes sincerely that he can tell you when and when not to speculate, to buy, to sell, to court, etc., etc., with most likelihood of success. He seems really to think that such ends are worthy; yet, what are such ends, if not the avoidance of discomfort and suffering, the attainment of personal success and ease,—of your personal desire in any case? And what is the difference between that, and the motive which prompts most medical prescriptions? Even when a doctor is 'religious'; even when he has worked out for himself an idealistic philosophy of life, he seems to remain almost invariably a materialist in practice, with a drug, or, more often, a combination of drugs, to remove the symptoms known as indigestion, rheumatism, fever, catarrh, or what not. Allopaths and homeopaths alike do that, so far as I can see. Their methods are different, but their aim is the same. Practitioners of Bio-chemistry appear to get one stage further back in the chain that leads to causation; but dealing with finer substances and finer forces does not make them less materialistic fundamentally. Men have done marvels recently in the control of electrons; but radio is passing rapidly into the hands of Jews who use it for broadcasting 'jazz'. The ether rings with its hideousness."

"What is the cure?" asked the Recorder. "How about the law of supply and demand?"

"You mean that doctors will always supply what the public demands? In that case, part of the cure would be to make the public realize that it is being swindled; worse, that its collective life is in jeopardy, and that the most it can get from modern medicine is the transfer of discomforts from one pocket to another, so to speak. The public needs educating, but it has a high regard for its investments. On the other hand, even the broadcasters have learned that there is still some demand for good music. Always, among the public, there are a few who see further than the rest, and who desire better things. The rush for Couéism proved a widespread ability, not, alas, to recognize moral causes as paramount, but at least to see that the psychic nature controls the physical, and can be used, in lieu of drugs, for the removal of many symptoms,—always symptoms! There are doctors, however, who would be glad enough to lead the way—to 'lead the demand'—if only they knew how."

"But how can they learn, unless they not only study Theosophy, he told

Divine Wisdom, but apply the result to their practice of medicine, and incidentally throw into the discard their materialism and most of their 'scientific' training?"

"That, of course, would be the ideal solution, though it would not help them in the least to acquire an intellectual understanding of Theosophy with the idea of applying it only to their practice of medicine. Unless they apply their understanding first in their own lives, they will remain blind to fundamentals and therefore to essentials. For a man to prescribe moderation in eating who himself eats immoderately, means, among other things, that he does not know what moderation is, and that his advice, even if it should bring momentary results, will remain sterile in the deeper sense; that is, he will not have affected the cause of the trouble in the least.

"However, it would be absurd to expect the spirit of discipleship, or anything resembling that spirit, except from the rare individual; but they might begin with much less. The best of the profession already admit they know nothing. They might move forward from that to the point of assuming that others may have known something; that in India, Egypt, even in Greece, there were those whose understanding of the whole nature of man—of man as an interblend of spirit, soul and body—was deep and real. Traces of that ancient knowledge are still to be found. Always when men have given themselves unselfishly, religiously, to the healing of the sick, not as a profession, but solely for love of God or of a spiritual ideal,—the old knowledge has come back to them in part. As the *Bhagavad Gita* says,—in the heart of a man who is truly devoted to the Supreme, spiritual knowledge wellet up in the course of time. There were, for instance, the monks of the earlier ages."

"Monks!" exclaimed our Visitor. "What did they know of medicine?"

"Sometimes they knew enough to let people die in peace, which cannot often be said of modern doctors," the Ancient retorted. "Please don't confuse them with Rome, with which they had no more to do than you have, unless Rome put them in prison for knowing too much. Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus were monks. Remember that in those days there were no doctors, except in the larger cities, and that for miles of country around them the monasteries supplied all the service which we now regard as professional—medical included. Every monastery had its garden of herbs. Bartholomæus Anglicus, of the Friars Minor, was accounted one of the greatest theologians of the thirteenth century, the age of Thomas Aquinas, but he was as famous for his treatise on herbs as he was for his lectures on theology."

"But do you seriously suggest that modern medical science has anything to learn from a thirteenth century treatise on herbal remedies?"

"Stop and think. Those men were not like the rash experimenters of to-day, 'trying out' the latest coal-tar derivative because it was praised in last week's medical journal. They began with an immense respect for tradition,—for the experience of hundreds of years. Bartholomæus would have studied the *Leech Book of Bald* on his knees, for the glory of God. Further, his premises would have been sound, instead of utterly false. He would have seen the body

as the instrument of the soul,—as an imperfect and often as a damaged expression of the soul. He would have seen both health and sickness—death itself—as means to divine ends, and always he would have sought to understand and to serve those ends, instead of seeing his problem as a separate and purposeless phenomenon. If only because of his self-understanding and high purpose, he would have known what H. P. B. told us,—that too much physical life kills (a doctrine of supreme importance in real ‘healing’). He would have seen the universe around him as one, and as an extension, so to speak, of his own immortal spirit, God-created and God-maintained for God’s own purposes. Respect for his ancestors, respect for antiquity, respect for tradition—so utterly lacking in our schools of self-complacency—would have encouraged his respect for the Bible (for all Bibles, if he had known of more than one, for he had a profound respect for, and constantly quoted the wisdom of Rome and Greece). Thus he would have taken very seriously the statement in Ecclesiastes that ‘the Lord hath caused medicine to grow out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them, for with such doth he heal men, and taketh away their pains.’ Consequently, instead of looking far off, or to the complicated, for his remedies, he would have expected to find his remedies within reach, through divine Providence; he would have looked for simple, uncomplicated means to further the divine ends. For example, as nettles sting, he would have expected to find an antidote growing near the nettle; and he would have been right, as all of us know, for the dock weed grows where nettles grow, and does remove the sting. Nor do I see why the leaf should be more effective to-day when prescribed by Homeopaths, in triturated powder form, as *Rumex*, for diminishing the secretions of mucous membranes, and for any intense itching of the skin, or when two of its chief constituents, tannin and crysophanic acid, are derived from other sources, and are prescribed by Allopaths,—I do not see why it should be more effective when complicated in these modern ways, than it was when prescribed directly by some monk of centuries ago, particularly as modern manipulations and ‘improvements’ probably deprive the remedy of its life, and of certain ‘unnecessary’ constituents (like tonsils!) which may be essential to counterpoise its active principles.”

“I see,” said our Visitor quizzically; “wild thyme would cure everything because it grew everywhere!”

“Not such a bad reason as you may suppose,” replied the Ancient, unperturbed; “although not ‘everything,’ any more than it grew ‘everywhere.’ ‘I know a bank where the wild thyme blows.’ It was, as you suggest, widely used, and I imagine there was not a monastery in Europe, with any sort of a garden, in which it was not cultivated for medicinal purposes. An old book says: ‘there is scarcely a better remedy growing for that disease in children which they commonly call the chin-cough [whooping cough] . . . it kills worms in the belly . . . it is excellent good for those that are troubled with the gout . . . it comforts the stomach much, and expels wind.’ It is now known to contain a high percentage of thymol, one of the most popular of present day antiseptics, twin brother to phenol and carbolic acid, and preferred by many

modern authorities for destroying the germs of disease, for arresting gastric fermentation, for disinfecting septic sore throat, and for many similar purposes. Its use as wild thyme was, you suggest, a superstition; while, if prescribed as  $C_{10}H_{14}O$ , and made still more modern by being derived synthetically, from cymene, its use is scientific and legitimate?"

Our Visitor stuck to his guns: "They swore by mint as a disinfectant, or whatever the word was in those days; but mint does not seem to have accomplished much against the plague!"

"Nor does it seem that phenol, formaldehyde, cresol, perchloride of mercury, permanganate of potash, and the thousand and one other disinfectants of to-day, are able to accomplish much against the influenza! As for peppermint and spearmint, I see no reason why they should not be at least as effective as the modern menthol, which is derived from them, to the exclusion of their other constituents, supposed to be unimportant.

"One old writer assures us that he proved the value of mint by the following experiment: a quantity of air was made 'thoroughly noxious,' by some mice breathing and dying in it. 'This,' he says, 'I divided into two parts, in glass receivers. Into one I put a mouse with a sprig of mint, which lived very well, and the mint also flourished; but in the other, where there was no mint, the mouse died almost immediately.' He adds: 'wherefore this plain reasoning follows; that, as vegetables draw in by their leaves and roots the putrid effluvia of the air, so their emission of purified corpuscles contributes to making the remaining air more fit and wholesome for respiration; and from this circumstance I recommend all persons to use as many fresh vegetables as possible, and never to be without some sprigs of mint about them.'"

"Why not dried toads?" asked our Visitor. "I thought that dried toads were the most popular of all antidotes in those days?"

The Ancient laughed. "I have never tried them," he said, "and I doubt if the monks would have approved. None the less, there was a theory to support their use, and, as a theory, it seems to me to be at least as good as most modern medical theories—perhaps better. The theory was based upon what they called the 'sympathy and antipathy in natural bodies'; they had studied the loadstone carefully; they had observed that the colewort (cabbage) and the vine, if planted together, will 'give back and lean sideways, as if they really hated one another,' though, if cloth or paper were placed between them, this repulsion would not operate, 'because the corpuscles flowing from each are then stopped in their way.' Man was surrounded by invisible influences—'corpuscles' included. Some of these were evil, hostile, dangerous; some were good and beneficent. On the principle that like attracts like, and is repelled by unlike, many ancient writers insist that bodies composed of poisonous or noxious particles, such as quicksilver, a dried toad (!), hemlock and other poisonous herbs, acting by 'sympathetic attraction,' draw into themselves the 'infectious atoms' both in us and around us, while aromatic herbs and sweet-smelling flowers, used against hostile elements, act by repulsion or antipathy, and drive them away. Personally, I think it a very good theory, though I

am confident (as were the monks) that a man ought to generate so much 'sweetness' in himself—not a negative, but a dynamic sweetness—that his own 'effluvia,' as they called it, would be sufficiently powerful to repel all hostile influences, from the least to the greatest . . . In any case, if I had to choose—and I shall not have to choose—I would rather walk around with a dried toad in my coat pocket, than with the dried insides of some animal in my insides, glands or anything else!"

"What did you mean by the statement that too much life kills?" our Visitor asked, steering clear of the Ancient's final ripost.

"There you lead me away from monks and their herbs," was the answer, "to where modern medicine supremely goes to pieces; to where most can be learned, perhaps, from the ascetics of every age and persuasion. Too much physical life—too much *prana*—kills, said H. P. B. This is a physiological law, true of all men in all conditions. It has been suggested recently in France that the increasing prevalence of cancer may be due to the increasing consumption of sugar—of sugar manufactured from beets and sugar-cane. Sugar in chocolate, sugar in deserts, sugar in sweetmeats,—we know how its use has increased, in this country as well as in France. Now sugar in that form is a highly concentrated heat- and energy-producer; it is intensely 'vitalizing.' Taken in large quantities it is known to produce fermentation, acidity and other evils. It well may be that just as you can 'choke' a radiotron by feeding it with too much current, causing, as it were, a congestion of electrons, so you can 'choke' the human body with too much vital energy, causing a congestion of this energy at any point of irritation where the currents of life do not flow freely. That, however, is entirely speculative; nor do I believe that sugar can *cause* cancer: at most it would act as a contributing factor. But the excessive use of sugar is a form of self-indulgence, and self-indulgence, as every disciple knows, is the hidden cause of nearly all our diseases.

"There is the self-indulgence of the mind, first and foremost. This produces abundant physical symptoms, 'made-to-order,' as someone explained in the 'Screen of Time' about a year ago. Such symptoms are not produced deliberately, but instinctively, through the power of the sub-conscious self. Disciples, whether using our modern terms or not, would understand the method of Coué because, properly understood (and this means a deeper understanding than Coué's), they use it constantly against themselves. Understanding themselves—for they live on the principle that to know God, we must know ourselves—they understand human nature in others. They know the peculiarities of what we call the psychic nature. They know that in elementals, in children, and (to our shame) in grown men and women, the psychic nature thrives on attention. They know, therefore, that many a woman, no longer able to attract the attention she craves, as age deprives her of looks and energy, will turn herself into a chronic invalid, and perhaps will spend years on her back, suffering from all kinds of very real *malaise*, simply because of her sub-conscious desire to keep her husband in a condition of servitude, and herself as the centre of attention. They understand this, because they understand the



devilish trickeries of their own lower nature, in all its curves and contortions.

"Equally well they understand the self-indulgence of the body, as no one can until he has mastered it. Self-indulgence in matters of sex—which they recognize as the accumulated or immediate cause of the worst of human ailments—they have abandoned completely, but, knowing themselves, they wage incessant warfare against temptation.

"Remember, please, that they regard the body as a habitation. It must be kept intact; it must be kept in good repair; it must serve all the purposes of its master, the soul: but it must not be permitted to become a prison on the one hand, or an obsession on the other.

"That it may serve the purposes of the soul, rather than its own purposes, they realize that they must eat to live, and that to live to eat is to eat damnation daily, both physically and spiritually. Knowing that it takes energy to digest food, and that the least excess means waste of energy and worse; desiring to use every ounce of energy in the service of the Master whom they love,—disciples make it their business to discover the minimum amount of food which is needed to keep the body in a healthy and efficient condition. To eat something merely because they like it, would never occur to them. They must eat what is necessary, both in quantity and kind."

"Is not the flow of saliva controlled by our 'liking' for this or that food, and does not this materially affect digestion?"

"Doubtless; but the disciple enjoys his handful of rice, or his bread and butter, far more than the gourmet enjoys his sauce or his rich dessert. The truth of the matter is that the gourmet has stimulated his taste until he has deadened it,—until he cannot taste anything unless the flavouring almost explodes in his mouth. Literally, he does not know the sub-taste of anything. Salt has the same effect. An ascetic, confining his diet to the most simple and 'tasteless' foods, becomes aware of and enjoys flavours which the gourmet would envy. Having become, in one sense, indifferent to flavour, flavours rush upon him. It is the old rule: you have heard it applied in other directions!"

"John the Baptist was an ascetic, surely, and he is said to have lived on locusts and wild honey. Honey is sweet. How do you account for that?"

"Excellent," said the Ancient, "but not conclusive! It is not suggested that John purchased these dainties in the markets of Jerusalem, but that he picked up what he could find, and that both locusts and wild honey always being within reach, he made these his 'meat.' I believe, incidentally, that they would supply all the necessary ingredients, vitamins included, so dear to the modern theorist. If he had lived elsewhere, he might have used maize and olives and figs for the same purpose,—and figs also are sweet! There is an immense difference, however, both morally and physiologically, between a food and a flavouring, between figs and beet-sugar. Some people would insist that our modern sugar, both cane and beet, is entitled to rank as a food, seeing that it produces heat and energy. They would call it a muscle food. But do you know how the stuff is made?"

"First the cane is passed between rollers to squeeze out the juice; then the juice is treated with milk of lime to neutralize acidic ingredients; then boiled to coagulate the albuminous matters contained in the juice, after which the excess of lime is carbonated by the passage of carbon dioxide. Next, the filtered liquor resulting from this preliminary treatment is evaporated *in vacuo*, and yields upon cooking a mixture of sugar crystals and syrup, the former being separated from the treacle by centrifugalization. It is refined by dissolving in water, and decolourization is produced by percolation through animal charcoal, after which it is again concentrated and crystallized. I will spare you the rest. But can you believe that the good Lord intended such a product to be used as human food? Can you wonder that it is 'heating'?"

"Seriously, it *is* heating, and you will find even to-day, wherever so much as the tradition of asceticism survives, that the use of such sugar is regarded as an indulgence. The Lord made figs and dates and peaches and innumerable other things which supply all the natural sugar which our system needs (milk, as you know, contains a considerable percentage of sugar); but he certainly is not responsible for the unnatural processes I have described. You will realize, also, that because so 'heating,' it stimulates the lower centres, and thus the baser passions. Constant and strenuous physical exercise may enable the organism to dispose of it; but the man who is striving for discipleship is not looking for trouble, and will abstain from the use of such sugars so far as that is possible.

"This, I think, ought to be repeated again and again: *that mystical experience of any sort—experience of the Master, memory of past lives, recollection of the deep-sleep consciousness—is absolutely impossible so long as we cloud our inner senses with the fumes of food; and we shall cloud our senses in that way if we eat a spoonful more than is necessary, or permit ourselves to indulge any lingering taste for condiments, sweets, sauces and the various flavours which the Gita lists as 'rajasic.' Alcohol of course is out of the question.*

"We must pass from corruption to purity, on all planes and in all ways. To use another set of terms—though terms which have been dreadfully abused—we cannot heat the lower centres and start them vibrating, without robbing the higher centres, to which, if in earnest, we are striving to transfer our life. Nor can we honestly ask the help of spiritual powers so long as we cling to indulgences which are in flat contradiction of our prayers. We must choose: and the strange part of it is that whenever we abandon the lower completely, we attain for the first time the reality of that which we have abandoned. 'He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of *the hidden manna.*'"

T.

# LETTERS TO STUDENTS

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DEAR——

Do not try to look ahead. There is never a blank wall immediately in front; it is always a step or two away, and we do not see it at all if we are concentrated on the duties of the *moment*. It will have disappeared by the time we have taken those two or three steps. It always does. . . .

I am sorry that you are not in better physical shape. You must do what you can to get your body well and strong. . . . I think you are quite right in thinking that your physical condition is not entirely physical. Robust health is like wealth—few people can stand it. . . . If you could be so interested in something as to forget your body, you would be well in two weeks.

You are all simply surfeited with advice and with knowledge which you have not yet put into practice. It takes time to build real things into the very fabric of our natures, and that is what we must do. It is not enough to want—no matter how much—to see the Master, to know him face to face. We must *do* things to get there—we must be things. We have to turn that desire, that yearning, into acts, into conduct, into daily, hourly behaviour. We must make our desire dynamic, turn it into work.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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DEAR——

This summer I expect you to grow tremendously—to digest and make part of yourself, all the advice and teaching and principles which you have received during the winter. Weave these into the fabric of your being. Make them a permanent part of yourself, so that people who know you will learn the principle, not by hearing it, but by seeing it lived. That is how we should all try to spread the Master's message and to bring his kingdom to earth. . . . Keep on trying. That is all any of us can do. It is all the Master himself can do. . . .

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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DEAR——

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You should review and examine all experience—inner and outer—with complete impartiality,—that is, just as if I were to relate to you some similar experience. You should look for the essence, for the spiritual heart of it,

encouraging yourself to cling fast to whatever was helpful, encouraging, invigorating in its effects. The form is nothing; the spirit everything. . . .

You must not worry about the future, about your affairs, about anything. Consider and plan and reflect, yes; for we must do our part in the game of life; but worry—no! For that is a reflection on the Master; it comes from lack of faith. We do not realise how infinitely easy it is for him to provide us with anything, with everything. A touch here, a turn there, a thought or two, and it is done. Money, power, position, anything, everything we need, just as and how we need it. . . . It is our intense desire to help our children, that enables the Master to do what is necessary for them: our desire followed by effort. We do not know just what is wisest—we feel our limitations, our inadequacy; but he will supplement this, correct our mistakes, supply our deficiencies, if we do our part.

\* \* \* \* \*

You long for the realities of the inner world—for a closer union with the Master,—for a truer and more intimate association with your real friends, inner and outer; and all this is well; we must have these desires, and they must grow more and more powerful. But also we must do something about it. We must turn this desire into motive power that will govern and control our actions, which will conquer our self-will, which will prevent our getting sulky and resentful, when told to do something we do not want to do, as you have been quite recently. It is not enough to suppress the outer manifestation of these feelings, although that is a beginning; we must not *feel* that way. It means that we have not really surrendered ourselves, but still have likes and dislikes and preferences which are stronger than our love of obedience. In plain words, we want to be good, but we do not want to be good as much as—at times we want to be bad. Do not be content to recognise that you are rebellious and sulky, and try to suppress it, but look deeper, and try to find out *why* you feel that way. Look for the fundamental cause. Is it pride? Laziness? Dislike of being bossed? Or what?

With best wishes, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR——

You say constantly “I should like to *see* the Master.”

Do not forget that you *feel* him before you *hear* him, and that you *hear* him before you *see* him. Therefore I suggest that you spend your time in meditation and prayer trying to *feel* him and not either to hear or to see. Of course I mean such time as you devote to this kind of effort. . . .

Go on trying as you have been doing. Do not let your resolution relax. Do not allow yourself any indulgences in your efforts. Try ever to have a higher standard, a more perfect accomplishment. You can be gentle and kind. Indeed, you are gentle and kind. That is your real nature. The other thing

is a growth which you must get rid of. And then you will act according to your nature, without effort. . . .

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR——

\* \* \* \* \*

Do not postpone starting all your personal rules and regulations for your personal life until later. Consider that the winter's work begins at once, and do you try, from the very beginning, to get into the best mood of which you are capable,—the highest sense of service, the deepest devotion, the utmost faith and trust, and so be in splendid shape to take up one by one the different activities as they begin.

I return the reports. They are very interesting, and I think your experiences genuine. But remember that they do not mean necessarily progress and gain; nor, on the other hand, would their cessation necessarily mean that you had slipped back. The Master often grants us favours because we need them, because we need inspiration and waking up. It is a bad rather than a good sign in this case. Therefore, when they stop, it may be because we stand so firmly on our own feet that we no longer need outside support. I suppose that in the last analysis any kind of an occult experience is a concession to our weakness or human need for consolation and support. Remember too that periods of dryness, even of desolation, are bound to follow such times of exaltation. I wish you would re-read chapter two in Father Faber's *Growth in Holiness*, particularly page 33; and also an explanation of the different causes of dryness which appeared in the "Screen of Time" about a year ago.

It seems to me that one of the things you ought to try hard to do is to carry into your daily work, into the atmosphere of your home, and into your contact with all people, some of the happiness and joy you find in your heart. *It is the way to keep the joy.* We keep all spiritual gifts by giving them. Give the Master to others and he will give himself to you. Give your sense of his presence and his actuality to others, and it will increase these things in your own heart. Carry him into all you do, into your conversations. You do not have to speak of him; but feel him, feel his love for others, and try to let that feeling come through you. Love others because he does, and in his way. . . .

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR——

You are mistaken in thinking you have no mind. You have a good mind, but you have not yet learned to use it, save in places; and that is a very different thing from having no mind to use. One of the things you need to do is to use your mind, to think things out, even at the expense of fatigue and discouragement.

ment and apparent failure. Our minds are a part of us, given us by the Master, to use and use rightly. It will not do to thrust them aside and depend solely upon our instincts and intuitions. Most people depend too much upon their minds; you depend too little. You compare your mind with that of———. Please do not try to mould yourself on any other pattern, save that of the Master. If you tried to copy her, you would be more likely to copy her faults than her virtues. You each have many things the other has not, and that ought to be. It is not desired that any one should be other than the best and fullest expression of his own self.

When words from the Scriptures or elsewhere come into our minds, the test of their validity and of their source is their effect upon us. Were they inspiring—encouraging—stimulating? Did they continue to ring in our ears? Another can rarely interpret them for us. The same words produce different effects on different minds, and it is the effect they produce on *your* mind which is important; not what they mean to someone else. You see that after some days' effort to understand, you got the light you were seeking. I have no doubt that the Master does want you to carry his spirit and light with you so constantly that you can represent them to others wherever you go—publicly or privately. Apply these same tests to your other experience, about being tired of all this Church business; surely these words were not inspiring or encouraging or stimulating? Therefore you can safely assume that the first came from the world of the Master, if not from the Master himself, and that the others came from your own lower self. In olden times a nun would have said "from the devil"!

There is no reason why you should not be with the Master always, as you feel yourself to be sometimes. He is always there. It is we who leave him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR———

Last year about this same time I wrote you to watch for the physical reaction which is bound to come at the beginning of a holiday after we have been working hard for a long time. We have been living on our nervous strength, and so bank up arrears of fatigue which begin to come out as we begin to relax at rest time. It took a month last summer before you began to feel as well as you had before you left———. It may take you as long this year. I repeat all this because I do not want you to be discouraged over what is after all nothing but a natural and purely physical phenomenon. Your first letter shows decided signs of disappointment because at the start you feel so dead and lifeless and inert. You will rest by degrees and get well and strong by degrees, so imperceptibly, perhaps, that you will not realise it; but it will come. We are all in the same case. ——— has not yet begun to get rid of the accumulated fatigue of the

winter. It is coming out in layers as he tries to rest. It will be weeks, I am afraid, before he begins actually to gain health and strength for next season. . . .

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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January 26th, 1916.

DEAR——

What you need is not a "stinging blow," but simply and quietly to *listen* to what has been told you about yourself, to which you do not listen, so full is your mind of your own ideas.

Let me say it again, for I am convinced that it is a sin that "is most grievous to the Master."

That sin is your attitude of *self-depreciation*. Such an attitude is paralyzing. It prevents your moving or feeling.

Think for a moment: if an individual be convinced that he cannot move, he makes it impossible for himself to do so, *by that attitude of mind*.

This is a well known psychological fact, as well as a spiritual one; and yet you tenaciously refuse to act in accordance with the law which it represents, and at the same time bemoan the condition which is altogether the result of this refusal.

All that you need is to be faithful and obedient to what has been told you many times on this subject, to give up your own will here and follow the directions indicated, even though these are not in accordance with your own opinion.

Do not again turn from this advice because it is not what you have planned and imagine that you want. Surrender your self-will here.

With kind regards, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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February 6th, 1916.

DEAR——

Of course a fuller recognition of the Higher Self is an opposite of self-depreciation, but it is too vague and remote as a working ideal.

You should try to get hold of your own inner self—the real you, all those things in you you like, all those things you would like to be, for you would not have any ideas at all about them, if your soul were not these things already.

It is perfectly possible for you to identify your consciousness with this, instead of with the faults and failings of the outer woman. Try it. Do it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

July 12th, 1916.

DEAR——

. . . The more time you can spend in meditation the better, for meditation is the food of the soul, but do not waste time trying to meditate after you have done so for as long a time as you can without strain. We all have a natural limit which we must learn. Try it for ten minutes and increase the time to fifteen or twenty if you can. Do your prayers first if you find that gets you into shape to meditate. . . .

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 10th, 1916.

DEAR——

Self is of course the great enemy: it lies back of every form of sin—even the crude sins of the flesh, and the way to master it is the way you suggested,—little by little; by denying it, first here and then there, in almost any direction. It is hard at first, but gets easier; for not only does our will get stronger, but we create a habit of self-denial, and, furthermore, we begin to get the reward—a sense of freedom, as of being unbound, unchained; and more tangible if more subtile delights. The inner happiness of course comes too, as our inner life opens and flowers,—but you know all this already and have experienced much of it.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

September 24th, 1916.

DEAR——

We were all delighted to hear that you had finally found a fault which is not a scruple; but, such is our hard-hearted scepticism, we are still so doubtful of the accuracy of your diagnosis of yourself that I am going to ask, indeed I have asked,——— to let you tell her of your faults so that you may not run riot in a fictitious garden of them. No one, so far as I can imagine, is trying to convince you that you have no faults, but scrupulosity consists in our manner of looking at and treating them; and the reason it is so serious a condition is that, so long as we are under its domination, we never cure the faults. On the contrary they get worse and worse.

So talk the matter over with —— whenever you have a conviction of sin, and she will help to straighten you out.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.



DEAR——

There are a few simple things which I shall be glad if you will keep in mind. . . . You have got to be a saint: nothing else will satisfy your Master, or those lesser lights who are interested in you, or even me, who am in the same category as yourself.

It is important for you to study and to understand; it is more important for you to live the Life. Therefore pay particular attention to your half-hour meditation each day. This is a minimum and must be substantially increased as you go on. A saint cannot live in the world to-day and get along without several hours daily of prayer and meditation.

Mother Barat, whose life I recently read, said four or five hours was her minimum, and she liked six.

Believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR——

I know of no easy way to learn how to meditate. You have, I presume, read Professor Mitchell's little pamphlet on the subject.

Meditation is the *fruit*, or consequence, of mental prayer. It (the whole process) turns into meditation automatically, when mental prayer turns into an activity of the heart instead of an activity of the mind. Therefore you must get feeling into your prayers.

First, vocal, set prayer.

Second, your own prayer.

Third, feeling about your prayer or in connection with it.

True meditation will not come until your feeling, started by prayer, carries you out of yourself, as it were, up into the causal self we were talking about last night. . . .

Meditation is nothing else but the consciousness of the soul. People who *are* the soul, in one sense meditate all the time. That is what constant meditation means. You actually do meditate a good deal, but you do not recognise that you are meditating when you actually are. You think of it as some method or way of thinking or working the mind. It is not.

Try any kind of prayers—written, or invented at the moment by yourself—which *move* you and generate feeling.

As for the Sacred Heart movement, do not trouble yourself about it. The Master starts scores of movements, of all kinds, to suit each temperament and quality and kind of mind. The ideal theosophist should get inspiration from them all, for he should be able to see the facet of truth which each expresses. But we are not ideal theosophists, and many of these movements leave us cold, or actually repel us. For the time being let us get our inspiration from the movements we like, and let the others go. Time enough to examine ourselves to discover what we lack that prevents our appreciation, after we have got all we can from those we like.

I think your general trouble is that your efforts are too discursive, too scattered, not sufficiently detailed and one-pointed. It is much better to do one or two comparatively small things, faithfully and conscientiously and always, rather than to try vaguely for general excellence.

The effort to continue doing the easy, small thing, when we do not feel like it, when we are without inspiration or enthusiasm, is what helps our will and our general progress. It is amazing how small a thing will accomplish really big results.

Suppose you select some small practice—something in your attitude, or bearing or manners which you think needs correction, and adopt that as your *point d'appui*. ——— could perhaps help you to select the practice. Try it. Try to make it a positive as well as a negative practice. If you select a particular fault or peculiarity to be overcome, try to see and to study its opposite and learn to admire and love it. In this way, and by working to acquire the virtue or “grace” which you admire, your efforts will be much more interesting as well as more fruitful.

As to questions: ask any questions you feel like asking, but do not feel obliged to ask them. There are some who can get help that way, and it does not follow that you are one of them. There is the path of silence as well as the path of speech.

On the other hand, it would help you at times to do violence to your own inclination, and to ask the question which you are least inclined to ask. You will understand this better if you think of someone who is always ready and eager to ask questions, for you can see that in many cases they would gain more by denying their own inclination than by gratifying it.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR——

I find I have not replied to your last letter, and I am doing so now, not so much because your letter called for a reply, as because you may be waiting for an answer before writing me about other things which may be troubling you.

You ask me to tell you how to cultivate will-power. The answer is:—by exercising your will. This is done by making yourself do difficult things, or things you do not wish to do, or things you do wish to do in ways you do not like,—in other words, any activity that goes against the grain of your natural, lower inclinations.

It would cultivate your will power to memorize the differences between *The Secret Doctrine* and the scientific points of view, but I should try something easier first, something ——— will give you to do. You did not approve of ———’s first suggestion, but I should try it nevertheless.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.



# REVIEWS

*Three Years in Tibet*, by The Shramana Ekai Kawaguchi, Madras, 1909.

The author, a learned and devout Japanese Buddhist, for some time Rector of Gohyakurakan Monastery, Japan, determined to make a pilgrimage to Tibet, to seek for copies of the authentic Scriptures of Northern Buddhism, on which H. P. Blavatsky laid so much stress. He spent months in Darjiling and later in Nepal on the Southern frontier of Tibet, studying both literary and colloquial Tibetan, and finally made his way across the frontier into Tibet, in the direction of the sacred Lake Manasarovara. He passed through many perils and had many adventures; on the whole, he appears to have written the best book on Tibet in any Western language.

The book seems to contain three things of special value: pictures of the splendid Himalayan region, painted with all the sensitiveness of a Japanese artist; an insight into the religious life of Northern Buddhism, which serves as a valuable running commentary on passages in the letters which Mr. Sinnett includes in his two books; and, thirdly, a vital insight into the spiritual life and experience of the author, as a devotee of Northern Buddhism. We shall try to illustrate briefly each of these three elements.

Speaking of Tsarang, where he spent a year studying Tibetan, Ekai Kawaguchi says: "In summer, simple as is the contrast between the verdant fields of luxuriant wheat, interspersed with patches of white and pink buckwheat, and the majestic peaks that keep guard over the plain and look ever grand in their pure white robes of perennial snow, the combination makes a striking picture. Throw into the picture a buoyant army of butterflies, that flutter up and down, keeping time, as it were, to the stirring melody of skylarks, which is now and then softened by the clear notes of the cuckoo . . . this is the picture of Tsarang in summer, when the day is bright and warm. But more sublimely spectacular is the view on its winter's eve. The moment the sun begins to descend behind the snow-covered mountains that rise about ten miles to the west of the town, the equally snow-robed peaks that tower above the Eastern range become luminous masses of coral-red, as the last rays of the sinking sun strike them. The ruby colour gradually changes into a golden-yellow, but that only for a moment, and it fades away to reveal huge pillars of silver-white, shining out majestically against the cloudless clear blue sky. The scene once more changes as the dusk deepens, burying the peaks in faint uncertainty, and the moon in her glory rises slowly from behind them, to spread again an indescribable lustre of cold—if coldness has a colour of its own—over the mountain tops, which now look like a vision of celestial seas hung in mid-air."

The Buddhist pilgrim has much to say, of great interest and value, regarding the Dalai Lama, the Teshu Lama, the Old Sect of the Dugpas with its evil doctrines and practices, and the New Sect, founded by a native of India, Atisha, and perfected by Tsong-kha-pa who, "perceiving the fearful state of corruption into which the Tibetan religion had fallen, assigned to himself the Herculean task of purging that Augean stable. He took his stand on the fundamental proposition that priesthood must stand on asceticism, that priesthood devoid of asceticism was also void. . . . A number of the supporters of his precepts were collected to form the nucleus of the new movement, and they raised the standard of a spiritual campaign at Ganden about forty miles from Lhasa."

For the spiritual life of this reverent Japanese, three sentences must suffice. Coming across the bones of forgotten pilgrims under the thawing snow, he says: "Many a time I prayed in silence for the repose of the souls of the poor neglected brethren, as we went along our way." Again: "I remembered with awe the omnipresence of our Lord Buddha, and was thus enabled to keep my heart under control." At another time, almost drowned in an icy river in the snow-swept desert, he records what he thought was his last desire: "O ye! All the Buddhas of the ten quarters, as well as the highest Teacher of this world, Buddha Shakyamuni! I am not able to accomplish my desires and to return the kindness of my parents, friends, followers and specially the favours of all the Buddhas, in this life; but I desire that I be born again, in order to requite the favours which I have already received from all."

C. J.

*The Arabian Prophet, A Chinese-Moslem Work* by Liu Chai-Lien, translated by Isaac Mason, Shanghai, 1921.

Ekai Kawaguchi, coming across Mahomedans in Tibet, was surprised to find them believing firmly in reincarnation, and even pointing to passages in the Koran which, they said, showed that their belief was altogether orthodox. While the Chinese Life of the Arabian Prophet does not speak of reincarnation, it does show very strong Buddhist influence at many points. For example, it is entertaining to find that the idols which the iconoclastic Prophet threw down at Mecca are called "Buddhas," and that he is said to have forbidden his disciples to *kotow*, to prostrate themselves before earthly monarchs.

But the Buddhist traces go deeper than the use of words like these. One gets a contrasted impression from the two parts of the book. First, in the chapters recording prophecies and early wonders, it is evident that all the trappings and circumstance of an Avatar, as conceived by a Chinese Buddhist, are fitted on the personality of the Arabian Prophet; so that one is inclined to say that the followers of Islam in China do at least gain a clear concept of the Avatar doctrine, even though we feel that the spiritual status of Mohammed falls far short of that exalted rank. Take the story of the announcement of the coming birth of the Prophet: "The greatest of Prophets, Mohammed, has received the beginning of life; henceforth every where under heaven there will be peace and tranquillity, and the world will be illuminated." This announcement is attributed to the spirits of heaven and earth, the flying things and quadrupeds, and all living creatures, exactly as at the incarnation of the son of Suddhodana at Kapilavastu.

In sharp contrast is the realism with which many incidents in the Prophet's life are related, such as this: "The Prophet's uncle Abu Lahab lived near to the Prophet and he reviled him and smeared filth upon his house, which the Prophet personally removed. . . . A great-uncle of the Prophet very much disliked that he should regard as wrong the teachings of the ancestors, so this great-uncle vowed that he would kill the Prophet, and on meeting him one day he threw a great stone which hit the Prophet on the shin and caused the blood to flow. . . ."

While this book is not original history, the Chinese Moslem who compiled it seems to have dealt faithfully with his Arabic sources, and, seeing the Arabian Prophet through Oriental eyes, we may perhaps escape some of the mists of prejudice which are likely to creep into a Western Life.

This history leaves the life and spiritual character of the Prophet of Arabia still problematical. He was evidently a seer, or at any rate a psychic of exceptional powers; he had a sincere reverence for the One Divinity; he was a dominant personality with a great gift for organisation, and he devoutly believed in his mission. Yet his weaknesses are conspicuous, and there is much in his life which the Chinese chronicler finds it necessary to gloss over, to spare Chinese religious feeling. On the whole, one comes closer to the Prophet through this book by a Chinese Moslem.

The pictures of mosques at Tientsin, Shanghai and Canton are very interesting and illustrate China's tolerance of foreign religions throughout long periods of her history.

C. J.

*Outspoken Essays: Second Series*, by William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's (Longmans Green & Company, \$2.25).

A student of Theosophy may measure his own grasp of fundamentals by means of these stimulating and provocative essays by one of the intellectual leaders of the Church of England. Dean Inge is a Platonist almost more than a Christian, and this, not at all because he has seen singularly clearly that in its many materialisations, "secularised Christianity has neither salt nor savour" (p. 32), "serves neither God nor man" (p. 150). On the contrary, it is his whole intellectual approach to the problems of life. He reveals himself, at least in this volume of Essays, as a philosophical thinker. He holds, we think truly, that the Platonic conception of the Universe is the best philosophy available, though taken by itself it falls short of being a satisfying religion. This he finds in *historic* Christianity, because the *idea* of the Perfect Man was actually brought into manifestation, incarnated, in Christ. But when the Dean leaves the sphere of speculative philosophy—where he is at his best—and attempts to interpret the problems of politics, of government, of race-culture, of history,—he seems to lose hold of certain essential parts of the very truths his philosophy has led him to accept, and he casts around almost wildly for a theory which will solve to-day's problems for him. He acknowledges, for instance, that "the evidence of the saints seems to me absolutely trustworthy" ("Confessio Fidei," p. 15), and that "the whole process of Christ" means that "we, as members of his mystical body, are to die to our old selves, and to rise again clothed with the 'new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness'" (p. 46); but he would rescue the world from over-population and a steady levelling-down, by Eugenics (title of last essay; cf. pp. 175 and 237). All his practical arguments are tinged with this last thesis. He presents it,—defending it as "reasonable," in the vaguest way, and with none even of the guarded references to actual ways and means which Stoddard (from whom he quotes repeatedly) and Havelock Ellis do not hesitate to suggest, and from which the very instinct of the race revolts. (The Dean appears not to understand this instinct—it is "unreasoning"). Just as he compromises on this issue,—that is, accepts as inevitable the *status quo* of "human nature" with its terrible failings, and casts about for a "practical" way out of a material kind, rather than by allying himself unswervingly to a spiritual regeneration as revealed by Christ and the mystics,—so in the problems of forms of government, he cannot see a theocracy except in terms of human experience and failure,—in terms of the Roman Catholic Church or as developed by the Jews. The ideal world must be made manifest, yes—but still he cannot see that therefore the Kingdom of Christ is, and must be, a real Kingdom—the only real government. But despite what seems to us his inconsistencies, a certain truckling to the inevitableness of human failure, and no clearly formulated idea of what the next forward step of humanity will really be (regardless of his study of the mystics), Dean Inge has a splendid scorn for "ballot-box democracy" (p. 141). "The scheme of elevating the social organism as a whole without improving the individuals who compose it has only the result of degrading the individual still further" ("The Dilemma of Civilisation," p. 242); and he exposes the "unutterably shallow political thought of our time" ("The State, Visible and Invisible," p. 110) in a refreshing manner. He has also virtually accepted the idea of cycles,—though he uses it as an argument against ultimate progress. He sees the Great War only in terms of "catastrophy"; asserts that smuggling under prohibition is "morally justifiable" (p. 134), and states that there is nothing original in "Prussianism" because "it is carefully copied from Napoleon, its inventor" (p. 126). These quotations, while pointing perhaps to the generous admixture of chaff with wheat, at the same time should give an index to the trend of the day, and to the problems that are occupying men's minds in their search for Theosophy.

A. G.

# QUESTIONS OF HINDUISM ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 283.—*I have read that, just before entering into physical existence, its future life on earth is disclosed to the soul. To what extent are the circumstances and events of our lives predestined?*

ANSWER.—It has been said that, if we look, we shall find within our own experience the answers to most of the questions we ask. To what extent are our actions "predestined" so far as our experience with ourselves goes? How far are we free to act as we will to act, as our ideal bids us act? It is not that any Higher Power limits our freedom or dooms us to any fate less than the best. Each man is the master of his own fate, the "dispenser to himself of glory or gloom," who, by his acts of to-day, "predestines" the limits within which he will be able to act to-morrow. The man who never exercises his muscles predestines himself to weakness. If I indulge irritation and selfishness all my life, I cannot become sweet-tempered and selfless overnight. I am predestined to a battle before I can conquer the habit of a lifetime.

We ardently desire to give ourselves completely to the Masters' cause and to love them wholeheartedly. We find we cannot do it. Were we to try, we should find it even more difficult to give ourselves wholly to evil. We are bound by our own past, by good as well as evil, and can act in either direction at any given time only within certain limits. These limits must be well known to the Lords of Karma, who arrange the events of our lives accordingly. "No man is tempted beyond his strength." As a watchful gardener waters, sprays, or prunes a plant, or leaves it alone according to its needs, so our needs, determined by our past actions, in turn determine our outer environment and the events which "Karma" sends us.

A parent who really understands his son can predict fairly accurately what that son will do under ordinary circumstances; most of our reactions are so monotonously the same. That the soul before incarnation should see the outline of its future life and be shown its purpose, its opportunities, its crises of temptation, and the results of right and wrong choice, does not mean that the growth or experience of that soul is limited by any arbitrary decree. There have been, it is said, those who have done better than the Masters themselves dared hope, and no one would be more pleased than the Lords of Karma if by consistently choosing the highest within our reach we were to break through the frame of the picture which our souls were shown before incarnation.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—We have been told that the soul not only foresees in a measure the events of its coming incarnation, but actually chooses its future according to karmic law. One might see here a reconciliation of the doctrines of free will and predestination, since the soul of its own free will selects its own destiny. But even then, after coming to birth the personality may exercise its prerogative of free will and thwart the intention of the soul; it may make a mess of that incarnation and force the soul to start over again with much to undo. The soul is "predestined" to an eternity of bliss, but the successive personalities may delay its realisation of this through countless incarnations.

S.

ANSWER.—Every Teacher has taught us that the whole Universe is predestined. Yet, from another point of view, since man has been set apart in the animal kingdom by the gift to him of the power to choose between good and evil, it cannot be said that his fate is predestined. Rather is it in his own hands. Analogies in the third dimension are always dangerous, but they may be used as suggestions for meditation and consequent enlightenment. Let us suppose that our future life is revealed to us as in terms of a chess game, which has been played sufficiently for the game to have been developed into a combat, and to have passed the stage of manoeuvring for a combat. We see how the pieces are placed. We know that there are an almost infinite number of possible moves. Mathematically speaking, we know that there must be moves and series of moves which will end the game. We have opposed to us an able and untiring opponent in the lower nature, which we have built up for ourselves, and which can only survive so long as it keeps the game going. As there are three possible ends for the game—a victory for ourselves, a victory for the lower nature, or a draw—and as all that the lower nature is interested in is to save himself, either by winning or by keeping the game going, it is evident that the chances seem to be two to one in favour of our opponent. This, by the way, seems only right if we are to develop ourselves as players. If the odds were in our favour, we should no longer be free agents, and there would be no growth of our power.

G. W.

ANSWER.—A spider caught in a bottle, is none the less free to move as he may choose within the confines of the bottle. It should be realised, however, that this is a physical illustration which holds good only while a man continues to identify himself with his body and personal consciousness, and while his "fate," therefore, may still be read astrologically by corresponding movements of the visible planets. Once a man frees himself from this illusion, and transfers his sense of identity from his personality to his real and enduring self, he has in effect removed himself from the "bottle" of our illustration, and is acted upon by forces so much more powerful than those of the physical and lower psychic planes that what otherwise might be his "fate" is affected beyond recognition, if not completely swept aside. Incidentally, of course, the astrology of the visible planets becomes in that case grossly misleading, unless the spiritual correspondences with those planets, and the movements of some of the invisible planets, are taken into account.

O.

QUESTION No. 284.—*If one can throw oneself completely into something which is an outer activity, ought it not to be possible to do the same on the inner plane? Why is it so hard to do this? Is it because the inner consciousness is limited so far as experience goes, and therefore one does not have sufficient faith that the aim can be accomplished?*

ANSWER.—The questioner gives one answer. Another may be that we do not desire the things of the inner or higher plane with that ardour with which we desire the things of the outer world. Also we are impatient and expect, with our poor efforts, to reach Heaven at one bound.

St. C. B.

ANSWER.—To start a pump, an electric motor will draw sixty or more amperes of energy. Once started, the same pump driven by the same motor, will be kept going on one third of the initial expenditure of energy.

The average beginner never begins. He never overcomes the initial inertia of his lower nature, which is common to all of nature, and is in no sense peculiar to himself. When he "throws himself completely" into some outer activity, it is because he has imagined and has visualised some result which he desires. He is not always aware that he has done this, because in most cases his imagination has used him: he has not used his imagination. But the ease with which he has set to work and has obtained results, is due entirely to the fact that his imagination has done the work for him in advance—has aroused the energy with which to overcome the initial inertia of his nature. He can train himself to use his imagination deliberately in the performance of duties which he finds difficult, and which "go against the grain" of



his inclination. He should, for instance, if his task be the writing of a letter, sit down and imagine what he will say, before touching pen or paper. He will then find it easy to write what he has imagined. What he has learned in that way, he can then apply to the acts of the inner life; for the same law governs. He should imagine his immediate objective; he should imagine in detail the steps to be taken in order to attain that objective; and he must then without fail, take the first of those steps. He will soon find himself moving, and before long will be able to throw himself as completely into the performance of inner, as of outer activities.

If, however, he begins by declaring that he cannot imagine either his inner objective or any step toward it, he should read a book which suggests such an objective, and should stimulate his imagination by reading and by thought. If this does not help him, he can in any case go through the motions until something happens! The small boy who assured his mother that he did not feel polite, and that he was afraid it would be hypocritical to pretend politeness which he did not feel,—was told that good feeling follows good behaviour, and that “no behaviour” (inaction) is followed by no supper.

We are acquainted with several (outwardly) active members of the Society who complain, almost with tears, that their spiritual life is all “no supper.”

H. E.

QUESTION NO. 285.—*Is all suffering karmic? I am thinking just now of the horrible sufferings of the blacks who were brought from Africa in the slave-ships. Could they, in their dim perception of right and wrong, have committed deeds calling for such payment?*

ANSWER.—Moral suffering results from deliberate wrong-doing, but physical suffering—in animals, for instance—is not necessarily an effect of sin. The questioner mentions the poor blacks in the slave-ships, but what of the slaughter-house and the cattle-pen? The problem is to reconcile the fact of this apparently unmerited suffering with one's intuition of the essential justice of all natural law. Perhaps, as a beginning, we might do well to reconsider the usual view that suffering itself is evil. The Greeks had a saying that “suffering is instruction.” We soon learn that this is true of moral pain. Why may it not be true as well of the physical suffering of children, savages, and animals? Without constantly renewed pressure from the spirit of life, animals cannot evolve, savages cannot become civilised, children cannot become men. All beings in a state of nature need pressure, because otherwise they would yield themselves wholly to the dominion of Tamas or inertia. Though they are without sin, still they do not suffer without a cause, and this cause would seem to be their recurrent tendency to drop out of the procession and to settle down for an eternity in some oysterish state of existence. S. L.

ANSWER.—All human suffering is karmic, but it should be remembered that there are several kinds of karma—family, tribal, and racial, as well as individual. As for those Africans, did they not habitually treat their enemies and prisoners of war with hideous cruelty and unspeakable torture?

C. M. S.

ANSWER.—We are told on high authority, that of Mme. Blavatsky, that all suffering, mental as well as physical, is karmic, that is to say, it is the result of sin in some one or more of our lives, not necessarily the present life. The blacks who suffered so horribly may not have sinned grievously or with full knowledge of what they were doing in their immediate lives. But they had lived many times before, and perhaps in higher states, their present condition being therefore the consequence of sin previously committed against light. Their mental degradation may have been the result of subjective sin in full knowledge of what they were doing; if they had also practised cruelty and inflicted pain upon others, there would have been created a debt of physical karma, the opportunity of expiating which could only be regarded as a merciful dispensation.

S.

QUESTION NO. 286.—*In reading the Bhagavad Gita and other Eastern books I find constant mention of the yogi, but seldom encounter the word in the Western Theosophical literature. Just what does it connote; is it the equivalent of saint or chela; if not, what is the difference?*



ANSWER.—To practise Yoga is to seek union with the Divine, and he who thus seeks is called a yogi. A study of the *Bhagavad Gita* and other books shows that there are many paths to yoga and many degrees of attainment. In this sense every disciple, every chela, is following yoga in some degree, whether he knows it by that name or not; every saint has in some measure attained it, and therefore the words yogi, chela, and saint are in a sense interchangeable because to love is to desire union with the Beloved, and to love enough is to attain it. L. S.

ANSWER.—Originally a yogi, strictly speaking, was a devotee who sought freedom from rebirth through practice of the yoga system. In recent times "yogi" has become in India a generic term used to designate any kind of ascetic.

Yoga means union; union of the personal consciousness with the Divine Consciousness, of the soul with the Oversoul. The yogi strove to attain this through control of the psychic nature which in turn depended upon subjugation of his mental and physical natures. So a yogi might be comparatively a beginner or he might be one far along on the path of attainment.

C. M. S.

ANSWER.—When I was asked to write an answer to this question, I was shown those previously given, and with one statement in the first answer I find myself in complete disaccord,—“The words yogi, chela, and saint are in a sense interchangeable.” In spite of all that has been said and written on this subject, we have here a serious misunderstanding; but it appears to be difficult for the modern mind to grasp what chelaship really involves. I cannot pretend to elucidate it here, but certain essential differences may be indicated, which may serve as a starting point to that end.

Yoga means union, or union with the divine; but a yogi may be practising Hatha Yoga, Raja Yoga, Jnana Yoga, or any one of many methods of union, possibly with pure and unselfish motive, though more likely for the purpose of escaping from the ills of this life, or of securing a favourable incarnation when reborn, or for the purpose of gaining “powers” in this life. It is said that the large majority of those who popularly would be called yogis in India, are Hatha Yogis; that is to say, they seek to acquire psychic powers by scientific control of the breath, and thus of the chakras, and thus of psychic states of consciousness.

There is clearly an immense difference between such a man, and a saint on the one hand, and a chela on the other. A saint is one who is possessed of superlative goodness, and if he be really a great saint, he will possess the gifts and attributes which goodness unfailingly secures. The chela, in addition to goodness, must possess knowledge, and knowledge of a very high order—knowledge of life, and of the hidden laws of life, knowledge of the soul and its consciousness—above all, knowledge of himself, his higher and his lower nature, and knowledge of the Master to whose service he has given himself, whom he loves to the exclusion of all else, and who has “accepted” him because he is able to serve effectively and intelligently, as one to whom general orders can be given with complete assurance of his understanding, and his ability to work out the details in line with what is desired, and in proper “form.” At given points a saint may have far more of goodness than a chela, for the saint’s development is along one line, while the chela’s development must be along all lines simultaneously. The reward of the saint’s goodness will be the further training which will make him into a chela, enabling him to deal with *universals* instead of *particulars*, and to build up in himself that conscious instrument, endowed with all faculty, which replaces personality. The vision of the saint is coloured by time and place and environment. He sees in terms of his personal mind and experience even the glories of Paradise. The chela’s vision is not affected by these; he lives in the white light of Eternity, and beholds the Real.

CAVÉ.



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### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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#### THE LOGOS AND THE HEART

*Greater love hath no man than this. . . .*

THE surface character of the Logos, we can know from our own consciousness, since our consciousness is a direct ray of the Logos. All the powers within our consciousness are immediately derived from the Logos, however much we may have perverted them through the misuse of our free will. The cure of this perversion dwells in the regenerating power of the Logos in the heart.

Our free will itself is of the very essence of the Logos, a manifestation of divine creative power. And while, through misuse of free will, we have too often shamefully degraded the powers both of perception and of action, by turning them in wrong directions, yet the essence of the Logos, which is in these powers and in free will, makes possible their redemption.

Students of Theosophy believe that this redemption of all the powers in man is the main task and purpose of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion.

The surface powers of the Logos, we can know in ourselves, though we rarely recognize the divinity, the profound marvel and mystery, of these "common" powers. For the most part, we thoughtlessly and heedlessly take them for granted.

But the deeper powers of the Logos, in all their glorious majesty, we can perceive only as they are revealed to us in and by the Masters of Wisdom and of Love, who have found their divinity by losing themselves in the Logos.

The great Masters of the East, from the sages of the Upanishads to Shankara Acharya, have sought to reveal the Logos as Divine Light, that Light which, reverently and faithfully followed, will lead us along the path of redemption to our eternal home.

Saint John, the abstract quality of whose spirit makes him more Oriental than the other disciples, speaks of the Master Christ as the Light. But the



Master himself seeks to reveal himself, and thereby to reveal the Logos, as Divine Love. In himself he manifests and reveals a love which seeks to give, not to receive; a love which comes, not to be ministered unto, but to minister; a love which gives itself to the uttermost, and receives only in giving.

The Master Christ is in himself a revelation of fiery, passionate love, a love which outstrips the utmost of romance; a love returned but timidly even by his immediate disciples, a love that has never been adequately requited. In the long centuries, a few men and women have given all that was in their hearts, with the eager hope to repay that love; in virtue of their supreme giving, they have rightly been honoured as saints. Yet in all history there is no such tragedy as that immense, unrequited love.

We may hold that a main purpose of that Master's coming into incarnation nineteen centuries ago, coming as an Avatar, in the Eastern phrase, was to reveal this immeasurable, fiery and passionate love. And he appears to have planned to make this revelation in two ways: first, by immediately manifesting that divine love, with its healing and its joy; but also by hurling himself against those evil powers in the human heart which have been built up by the misuse of free will, and which are the negation and destruction of love; quite clearly perceiving from the very beginning that this fight to the death between love and hate must mean his own supreme sacrifice, a sacrifice which would include public ignominy, torture, the anguish and despair of his friends, a felon's death. Supreme love could be revealed only by the laceration and desecration of love by hatred; only by the revelation of what love will gladly and eagerly suffer, in a self-giving to the very dregs.

This complete self-immolation, courted in a deliberately planned and purposed attack on the powers that are the enemies of divine love, shows throughout his mission from its very inception. This would seem to be the meaning of his declaration:

"Think not that I came to cast peace on the earth: I came not to cast peace, but a sword. . . . I came to cast fire upon the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?" (R. V.)

This calculated challenge rings out in the vividly recorded sermon with which he began his mission in his own city:

"And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and he entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read. And there was delivered unto him a roll of the prophet Isaiah. And he opened the roll, and found the place where it was written,

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me,  
Because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor:  
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,  
And recovering of sight to the blind,  
To set at liberty them that are bruised,  
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.'

"And he closed the roll, and gave it back to the attendant, and sat down: and the eyes of all in the synagogue were fastened on him.

"And he began to say unto them,

"To-day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears.'

"And all bare him witness, and wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of his mouth: and they said, 'Is not this Joseph's son?'

"And he said unto them,

"Doubtless ye will say unto me this parable, Physician, heal thyself: whatever we have heard done at Capernaum, do also here in thine own country. . . . Verily I say unto you, No prophet is acceptable in his own country. But of a truth I say unto you, There were many widows in Israel in the days of Elijah . . . and unto none of them was Elijah sent, but only to Zarephath, in the land of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And there were many lepers in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, but only Naaman the Syrian.'"

We may be so familiar with this passage that we miss the challenge in it. A paraphrase may make it clearer:

"You, people of my own town, who have known me, and whom I have known, from my childhood, are full of pride and self-complacence because you are Jews, the chosen people, children of Israel, of the stock of Abraham. But consider how the history of your nation rebukes your pride. Though there were many widows in Israel at the time of the great famine, Elijah was sent by God, not to these Jewish widows, but to a foreigner, a Phœnician, not of the house of Israel, not of the stock of Abraham. And there were many lepers in Israel in the time of Elisha, but none of them was cleansed of leprosy, but only Naaman the Syrian, again a foreigner, not a Jew, not descended from Abraham. See how your own records rebuke your arrogance."

It was a direct attack. How keenly this sword-thrust pierced, the next verses show:

"And they were all filled with wrath in the synagogue, as they heard these things; and they rose up, and cast him forth out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might throw him down headlong. . . ."

These same fellow-townsmen, immediately before, had fastened their eyes on him, wondering at the words of grace which proceeded out of his mouth. Thus did the Master Christ cast a sword upon the earth.

This first discourse in Nazareth, so marvellously recorded that we can see every movement of the speaker, and of those who heard him, embodies both elements of his message: the abounding love, and the fiery onslaught against the evil of self-centred arrogance, which makes love impossible. The Avatar came, bearing immeasurable gifts in his hands, glad tidings to the poor, the lowly of heart, release to the captives, recovering of sight to the blind, liberty for them that are bruised, the acceptable year of the Lord; he stood ready to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke, bringing instead the yoke of his love, the yoke that is easy, and the burden that is light.

But, while he had so deeply studied and so profoundly meditated on the

words of Isaiah, he had not less deeply studied and understood the hard egotism of the men of his city and his country. He knew beforehand that they would reject his gifts and put the generous giver to death, in the implacable war of hatred against love.

In the last quiet hours between the farewell banquet and the betrayal, when he said of himself, "I am no more in the world," he set forth for his disciples the fundamental cause of this unappeasable enmity: "All these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me." They had shut their hearts against the Light of the Logos; self-love had thereupon warped and distorted and corrupted every divine power and gift, turning to evil what should have been incomparable good. The corruption of the best is the worst; therefore, these powers, thus distorted and become demoniac, were insatiate in their hostility against the Life of the Logos, which is the Spirit of Love.

The full insight into the evils of self-love which were intertwined with the religious zeal of the Jews must have revealed itself gradually and progressively to his mind, from the days when, a boy twelve years old, he sat in the temple in the midst of the teachers, both hearing them and asking them questions.

We are told that his parents went every year to Jerusalem to the feast of the passover, and it is natural to believe that, beginning with this twelfth year, he accompanied them, foreshadowing the ceaseless journeyings of the three active years of his mission.

Whether at Jerusalem or in Galilee, he had abundant opportunity to note the zealots who made broad their phylacteries, and enlarged the borders of their garments, loving the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi; the zealots who, when they gave alms, had a trumpet sounded before them in the synagogues and in the streets; who loved to stand and pray in the synagogues and at street corners, that they might be seen of men.

These generalized descriptions are based on keen and repeated observation, throughout years, and on profound meditation, which pierced through the outward appearance to the carefully hidden evil motive. We can conceive that, in this corrupting self-love, entwined about the things of religion, penetrating into divine things and polluting them, he discerned the ultimate enemy of divine love.

Seeing this egotism as evil, and the root of every evil, but most dangerous and malignant when it permeates and corrupts the things which concern the Father, the Master Christ made it the chief point of attack, hurling himself against it with the supreme energy of fiery love. Against it, as he foresaw, he was broken; yet, we believe, with the far-off, divine hope that, in the recoil, he would grind it to powder.

Therefore, it was against this stronghold of evil that he threw himself, in the synagogue of his own city, among his own townspeople; thus launching the attack which began the war of passionate love against the entrenched evil in the hearts of men.



The same passionate quality, as of a sword-point, leaps forth in many incidents; as, for example, when "he entered into the synagogue, and there was a man there which had his hand withered. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the sabbath day; that they might accuse him. And he saith unto the man that had his hand withered, 'Stand forth.' And he said unto them, 'Is it lawful on the sabbath day to do good, or to do harm? to save a life, or to kill?' But they held their peace. And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved at the hardening of their heart, he saith unto the man, 'Stretch forth thy hand.' And he stretched it forth: and his hand was restored."

Note once more the instant response to this challenge: "And the Pharisees went out, and straightway with the Herodians took counsel against him, how they might destroy him"; evil hatred flaring up against righteous wrath.

There is the same passionate quality in this other incident:

"And they brought unto him little children, that he should touch them: and the disciples rebuked them.

"But when Jesus saw it, he was moved with indignation. . . ."

Then instantly the manifestation of divine, compassionate gentleness:

"And he took them in his arms and blessed them, laying his hands upon them."

On each occasion, this fiery anger, visible to all, flamed out when hard hearts put obstacles in the way of his compassion, the strong movement of the heart to pour out love. Many times that kingly movement of the heart is put on record: "He was moved with compassion . . ." or, in his own words, "I have compassion on the multitude." The word the Master uses means a fiery longing, poured forth from the innermost heart, the virtue, the dynamic energy, which healed those who, with faith, touched even the hem of his garment; that living ray of the Logos which he embodied and revealed.

Without doubt, that compassion went out toward all right human relations, like the bond between husband and wife: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and the twain shall become one flesh: so that they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

There is the same solicitude regarding the love of parents for their children, the love of children for their parents: "For Moses said, Honour thy father and thy mother; and, He that speaketh evil of father or mother, let him die the death: but ye say, If a man shall say to his father or his mother, That wherewith thou mightest have been profited by me is Corban, that is to say, Given to God; ye no longer suffer him to do aught for his father or his mother. . . ."

Without doubt, the Avatar had at heart to sanctify all these human relations, permeating them with the love that gives, rather than seeks to receive.

Yet we are constrained to believe that his deeper purpose went far beyond even the consecration of these human relationships:

"The children of this world marry and are given in marriage: but they that are accounted worthy to attain to that world, and the resurrection from the

dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

"That world" is the eternal world of Spirit, to be entered by self-obliterating love of the Father, in contrast with "this world," the transitory world of matter. The Teacher's purpose is, to carry us over from "this world," to "that world"; from the life of the animal, with its natural relationships, yet irrevocably subject to death, to a life equal to the angels, a life immortal.

"That world" is "the kingdom of heaven" of so many of the parables, which carry, without fully revealing, the deeper message and purpose of the Avatar, a purpose going infinitely beyond any amelioration of our mortal life.

It is profitable, with this in mind, to read and meditate on each one of these parables, seeking the revelation which it carries, of the Master's deeper purpose, remembering that his true disciples are "the children of the kingdom," to whom it is given "to know the mysteries of the kingdom."

That world of immortality, entered through love of the Master's spirit, is the hidden treasure, the goodly pearl, the seed growing secretly, the leaven, the grain of mustard seed.

Finally, there is the terrible tragedy of the parable in which, his outer work drawing to a close, the Master sums up the experience of his own mission, the fruit of his fiery contest against the powers of egotism entrenched in the human heart:

"Hear another parable: There was a certain householder, which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country. . . . When the lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen?"

Like the first great sermon at Nazareth, this brings us once again to Isaiah, into whose heart the Master appears to have poured so much of his spirit, in preparation for the supreme effort of his own mission:

"My well beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill: and he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a winepress therein: and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes. . . . What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? . . ."

It is worth noting how completely the Master affirms his mission as an Avatar; on the one hand, by declaring the manner and purpose of his coming, and, on the other, by setting himself apart, as it were, from the nation in which he had incarnated, and from certain ideas fundamental to that nation.

First, as to the manner of his coming:

"And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was. . . . Ye are from beneath; I am from above; ye are of this world; I am not of this world. . . . I am the living bread which came down from heaven, I am that bread of life. . . . As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. . . . Yet a little while

am I with you, and then I go unto him that sent me. . . . If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I. . . ."

This is the whole cycle of the Avatar; the meaning of Avatar being one who, having passed through the river of death, comes back again to help others through the dark waters to the shore of eternal life.

Equally complete and striking is the way in which the Master sets himself apart from the frame of national egotism which shut in the Jews. He has come, indeed, to fulfil the law; but, speaking to the Jews, he says, "It is written in your law"; and, to his disciples, "The word that is written in their law"; never "our law," as though he were identifying himself with them.

Again, the Jews held that the Messiah must needs be the son of David, of the house and lineage of David, and therefore those among them who accepted the Master as Messiah, including his disciples, hailed him as the son of David.

But the Master himself suggests that the real sanction of his mission is quite other than descent from David:

"How say the scribes that Christ is David's son? And David himself saith in the book of psalms, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool. David therefore calleth him Lord, how is he then his son?"

In the same spirit is his saying,—“And, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.” Again, descent from Abraham, and the covenant made with Abraham, were the basis of the whole pride of race and election among the Jews. But the Master deliberately puts himself outside this limitation, and claims for himself a sanction of a wholly different kind, when he says:

"Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am."

It is worth noting that, just as he said, not "our law," but "your law," so he says, not "our father Abraham," but "your father Abraham," setting himself outside that frame altogether.

This complete standing apart from the traditional historic atmosphere of the house of David and the stock of Abraham may, perhaps, be brought into sharper relief by quoting as a contrast the words of a devoted disciple:

"I am a Jew . . . an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews."

The evil which the Christian Master combats, consists, therefore, in taking the divine powers of the Logos, and prostituting them to the uses of egotism. The cure for this malignant self-love is a divine love that shall break and melt away the hardness of heart, drawing the divine elements of the powers from the meshes of egotism in which they have been ensnared; drawing them forth toward the Divine Glory of the Logos. The method of that Master was, to break hard hearts by the overwhelming tenderness of his love; to draw them toward himself by that love's irresistible attraction, and thus to draw them out of evil isolation toward the Divine Union in the Father, the Logos.

Shankara Acharya, as a great Eastern Master, seeks to illumine the understanding, to quicken the intuition to the degree of inspiration, and thus to draw the spirit toward the oneness of the Infinite Light. The Master Christ seeks to break, to melt, to enkindle the heart, drawing it toward himself with the bands of love, so that the heart's isolation, and all the self-centred evil that goes with isolation, may be melted away and the heart merged in the oneness of the Divine Heart, the Life of the Logos: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself," and thus to the Father.

It should be absolutely clear that the spirit of the Christian Master is as far as possible from a soft, general benevolence, easily tolerant of egotism, arrogance and malice. On the contrary, the more brightly his love shines forth, the more keenly does he attack these enemies of love.

We can do no more than outline this sharp contrast in the closing scenes of this immense tragedy, when, following the Transfiguration, he "steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem."

There have been endless discussions and controversies, during long centuries, regarding the Master's manhood. We should like to see the word changed and, especially in these scenes of darkening tragedy, a clearer emphasis laid on the Master's manliness, as he advanced unarmed toward certain death. Not less striking is the infinite treasure of compassion which he was ready to pour out, in those closing days, as, for example, on the household at Bethany.

Perhaps the first Gospel gives the clearest view of the succession of events: the royal progress toward Jerusalem, "Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass"; a progress which led him direct to the temple, and to that passionate act of protest, when he "cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the moneychangers." The tremendous rush of anger, finding vent in vehement action, is worlds apart from easy toleration of evil.

Then immediately his acclamation by the children, perhaps some of them the children whom he had gathered in his arms and blessed.

On the next day he renewed the attack, in the temple, in the presence of the chief priests and the elders of the people: "Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

Then the parables, spoken in the temple: first the story, terrible in its anger, of the householder who planted a vineyard; then the parable, equally terrible in the pathos of divine compassion met by chill indifference, the marriage of the king's son and the excuses of the invited guests.

Finally, the gathering of passionate love, and passionate sorrow for love rejected, in the closing scene: "Behold, I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify . . . that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth . . . O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a

hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Thus the final attack was delivered, and the Master withdrew from the temple, the scene of so much of his teaching, to return thither no more. In the quiet hours that followed, while awaiting swift on-coming death, he gave his disciples the ultimate proof of his humility and his immortal love, after the farewell banquet, to the tragedy of which they were almost wholly blind. It is altogether fitting that the record of his infinite love, in the last address, should be made by the disciple whom, beyond the others, he loved.

Thus, with superb heroism, he waged his war, a war not for one life-span only, but for all time, until the victory shall be complete. Thus he revealed the Life of the Logos as flaming love, a love that burns everlasting.

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*Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at the moment without anxiety, according to the strength which He shall give me, the work His providence assigns me, and leave the issue; it is not my affair.*—FÉNELON.

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*The "living sacrifice" does not always mean active work; it may mean the patient endurance of a wrong, the quiet bearing of a pain, cheerful acquiescence in a disappointment.*—J. R. MILLER.

# FRAGMENTS

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**T**ELL us, O Wise One, what truly is memory,—the memory of the Immortal?

Forgetting.

*Forgetting?*

Verily: when there is neither before nor after, the soul casts no shadow. The Immortal concerns himself not with shadows that have passed, and, in so passing, prove themselves never to have been.

*But that which is of spiritual life, O Store of Wisdom, that surely the Immortal will remember?*

Nay: for the Immortal lives in the Eternal, where there is neither past to be recollected, nor future to anticipate; all is for ever present, in consciousness or vision.

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*Tell us then, O Wise One, what truly is life,—the life of the Immortal?*

Extinction.

*Extinction?*

Yea, Lanoo: save as thy daily acts are acts of the Immortal, save as thy thoughts are thoughts of the Immortal, save as the consciousness is consciousness of the Immortal,—extinction absolute, for ever. How else heaven? Must the Immortal exist wrapped in the mists of thy consciousness of to-day—thy little pains, thy little joys, thy little cares, thy little concerns,—shadows weaving about shadows, some dark, some sun-illuminated, like clouds about a mountain top? These are born and die, gather with the moisture and the wind, then dissipate, having no substance nor reality. Comfort ye—all these pass,—the endless phantasmagoria of which we are a part for a breath's space, while we desire or fancy it. Extinction to them when at last we see. Then the Immortal remains, that which has neither beginning nor end, which was not born and cannot die, radiant, eternal. So much of thee as is at one with the Immortal, so much shall live, in bliss unspeakable. All else in thee most mercifully shall pass away, since in reality it never yet has been.

CAVÉ.

# THE CREST JEWEL OF WISDOM

ATTRIBUTED TO SHANKARA ACHARYA

## IV

**T**HE Disciple said: Whether by delusion or otherwise, the higher Self appears as the separate self; but, since the vesture is beginningless, there is no conceivable end of the beginningless. (195)

Therefore existence as the separate self must be eternal, nor can the circle of birth and death have an end; how then can there be liberation? Master, tell me this.

The Master said: Well hast thou asked, O wise one! Therefore rightly hear! A false imagination created by error is not conclusive proof.

Only through delusion can there be an association with objects, of that which is without attachment, without action, without form; it is like the association of blueness with the sky.

The appearance as the separate self, of the Self, the Seer, who is without qualities, without form, essential wisdom and bliss, arises through the delusion of the understanding; it is not real; when the delusion passes, it exists no longer, having no substantial reality.

Its existence, which is brought into being through false perception, because of delusion, lasts only so long as the error lasts; as the serpent in the rope endures only as long as the delusion; when the delusion ceases, there is no serpent. (200)

It is true that unwisdom and also its effects are beginningless; but, when wisdom arises, unwisdom, even though beginningless, comes to an end like a dream on waking, utterly vanishing, root and all; even though beginningless, it is not everlasting, just as the previous non-existence of what comes into being, though beginningless, yet comes to an end.

So that we see that previous non-existence, though without a beginning, yet has an end. It is the same with the appearance of the separate self, built up in the universal Self through the association of the understanding, and in nature contrary to it; this association is a false perception, caused by the understanding.

It can only be ended through true wisdom, not by other means; and the Scriptures declare that true wisdom is to know the oneness of the Eternal and the Self. (205)

This is gained by true discernment between Self and what is not Self; therefore let there be discernment between the true hidden Self and the manifested self.

Just as even very muddy water shines as pure water when the mud clears away, so the Self shines forth bright, when darkness passes away.

When the darkness of unreality ceases, the separate self clearly perceives the hidden Self; therefore the separate self must cast out utterly all egotism and delusion.

Therefore this vesture formed of understanding, since it is subject to change, and material, and circumscribed, is not the higher Self; since it is visible and transitory, this non-eternal cannot be the Eternal.

The vesture formed of bliss is a form lit up by a reflection of the eternal bliss, but not yet completely free from darkness; its nature is happiness and joy; in it, worthy desires receive their fruition. This vesture formed of bliss shines forth in the holy man reaping the reward of his good deeds, coming into being of itself, without effort, when he rejoices, wearing the garment of righteousness. (210)

This vesture formed of bliss is fully revealed in dreamlessness; it is partially revealed in dreaming and waking, when the object of true desire is seen.

Yet even this vesture formed of bliss is not the higher Self, because it is subject to limitation, a manifestation of objective Nature, an effect of righteous deeds, built up of the sum of good actions.

When these five vestures are put aside, according to the Scriptures, the Witness, formed of illumination, remains after they are set aside; this is the Self, self-luminous, other than the five vestures; Witness in the three fields of consciousness, unchanging, unstained, to be known by the wise, through right self-identification, as eternal Being, eternal bliss.

The Disciple said: When these five vestures are set aside because they are non-eternal, I cannot see, O Master, that aught remains save universal non-Being, or that anything remains to be known by him who would know the Self through right self-identification. (215)

The Master said: O wise one, thou speakest sooth! Thou art skilled in judgment! Egotism and the rest are mere changing forms; when they pass, this Self is left.

He through whom all these are perceived, who himself is not perceived, him know as the Self, the Knower, through most subtle understanding.

Whatsoever is perceived by anyone, is perceived by virtue of this Self as Witness; that which is unknown of any can not be called the Witness.

This Being is his own Witness, since through himself he is perceived; therefore, he who is manifest through himself is the hidden Self, and no other.

This is he who is clearly manifest in waking, dreaming and dreamlessness, through his hidden nature ever shining as the real "I," unchanging; it is he who beholds the personal self, the understanding and all the powers with their manifold forms and changes; he shines, the Self, eternal bliss and consciousness; him know as Self, here in thy heart. (220)

He who is deluded thinks that the sun's image reflected in the water in a jar is the real sun; through a like delusion, the dullard believes that the reflection of consciousness contained in the vesture is "I."



When the jar and the water and the sun mirrored there are all put away, the true sun is perceived; in like manner the wise perceive the eternal Self reflected in the three fields of consciousness, the self-luminous.

Thus setting aside the body, the understanding, the reflected personal consciousness, and recognizing as his true Self the Seer hidden within the understanding, the partless Light which reveals all things, which is different from the existent and the non-existent;

The eternal, the Lord, all-pervading, very subtile, which has neither within nor without, which stands alone; truly knowing that Self in his own being, a man is sinless, stainless, deathless.

Sorrowless, become altogether bliss, the sage fears nought from any source. There is no path other than the knowledge of the true being of the Self, for him who seeks liberation, freedom from the bondage of manifested life. (225)

The knowledge that he is not separated from the Eternal is the cause of liberation, whereby the secondless bliss, the Eternal, is gained by those who are illumined.

The wise man who is one with the Eternal returns not again to the circle of birth and death; therefore, let it be truly understood that the Self is not separate from the Eternal.

He wins the Real, the endless Wisdom, the pure Eternal, supreme, self-sustained, the one essence of everlasting bliss, at one with the hidden Eternal, undivided.

This is Being, the supreme, the secondless, since there is no reality apart from this; nor does aught else remain, when consciousness of the transcendental reality is gained.

For when all delusions of the understanding are cast away without remainder, then this whole universe, perceived as innumerable forms through unwisdom, becomes the Eternal only. (230)

The earthen jar, though it be moulded from earth, is not separate from the earth, since it is essentially earth. The form of the jar has no independent existence. What then is the jar? A name only, built up as an appearance.

The independent existence of the earthen jar cannot be perceived by anyone apart from the earth it is made of; therefore, the jar is built up as an appearance; the earth, of which it essentially consists, is the reality.

The manifested universe exists through the Real, the Eternal, and is ever That alone, nor is there aught beside That; he who says that there is, is not free from delusion, he is like one talking in his sleep.

"The Eternal is this universe": thus declares the word of the Scripture, the excellent Atharva Veda. Therefore, this universe is the Eternal only; nor has what is perceived any separate existence, apart from its source.

If this transitory world be the Real, then there is no liberation through the Self, the holy Scriptures are without authority and the Lord speaks untruth; but those of great soul cannot admit these three things. (235)

The Lord, who knows the reality of things, has declared: "I am not contained in these things, nor do beings dwell in Me."

If this manifest universe were reality, it would be perceived in dreamlessness; but since nothing is then outwardly perceived, it is unreal, like the appearance of a dream.

Hence this world has no real existence apart from the higher Self; its separate existence is perceived through illusion, like the serpent and the rope. What reality is there in that which is conjured up? Only through error does the underlying Real thus appear.

Whatever the deluded perceives in his delusion, is the Eternal only; the imagined silver is the pearl shell; in the same way forms are given to the Eternal, but whatever is imagined in the Eternal, is nothing but a name.

Therefore, the Eternal is secondless Being, consisting of pure illumination, stainless, full of peace, beginningless, endless, changeless, formed of everlasting bliss. (240)

When all the divisions caused by Glamour are cast aside, there shines forth somewhat eternal, steadfast, partless, immeasurable, unformed, unmanifest, unnamed, everlasting, self-illuminated.

Those who are illumined know this as that in which knower, knowing and known are one, which is endless, above differentiation, absolute, partless, pure consciousness, the highest Being.

This supreme Self, the perfect Eternal, cannot be left nor taken; neither by mind nor speech can it be apprehended; it is immeasurable, beginningless, endless.

In the text of Scripture, "That thou art," the Eternal and the Self are indicated by the words, "That" and "Thou"; when they are thus understood, the oneness of the Self and the Eternal is clearly seen. (244)

The oneness of these two, thus defined and declared, is concealed by attributing to them contrary attributes, as in the case of the firefly and the sun, the King and the slave, the well and the ocean, the atom and Mount Meru.

The seeming difference between the two is caused by the vestures which contain them, but these vestures are themselves unreal. Hear the truth: cosmic differences, beginning with the world of abstract forms, come into being through the Lord's power of Glamour, Maya; the five vestures come into being through the separate self;

When these vestures, which enwrap the Lord and the separate self are cast aside, there remains neither Lord nor separate self. The king has his kingdom, the vassal his village; when these are taken away, there is neither vassal nor king.

The Scripture: "There is the teaching, 'Not thus! not thus!'" of itself contradicts the duality imagined in the Eternal; through illumination in accordance with the teaching of Scripture, the distinction between the two is to be rejected.

"It is not this, not this; since it is built up by imagination, it is unreal, like the rope seen as a serpent, like a dream"; thus repeatedly rejecting completely this visible world, the oneness of the Self and the Eternal will be realized.

The two are to be defined according to their essential nature, in order that their undivided oneness of essence may be shown. Not by the derived meaning alone, nor by the literal meaning alone, but through the essence common to both, understanding will be gained. (250)

By saying, "This man is Devadatta," the identity is established by rejecting contrary attributes; in just the same way, in the Scriptural teaching, "That thou art," contrary attributes are to be set aside.

By recognizing that pure consciousness is the essential character both of the Eternal and of the Self, their unity of being is perceived by those who are illumined. Thus in a hundred holy texts is set forth the oneness of the Eternal and the Self, their undivided being.

According to the Scripture, "This Imperishable is neither gross nor fine, neither short nor long," in itself indefinable as the ether, set aside false conclusions, and abandon thy preconceptions, since all that is outwardly perceived is mirage only; affirming "the Eternal am I," with purified intelligence, know thine own Self as partless Light.

Just as every jar and vessel made of earth is held to be earth only, so all this, born of Being, having Being as its essence, is Being only, since there is nothing beyond Being; of a truth, "This is the Real, this the Self," therefore, "That thou art," the Eternal, full of peace, pure, undivided, supreme.

As in dream, the imagined space and time and objects and perceiver are all unreal, so also here in waking, the world is conjured up by our unwisdom; since this body, its powers and life-breath, and the thought of it as "I" are all unreal, therefore, "That thou art," the Eternal, full of peace, pure, undivided, supreme. (255)

That Eternal, which transcends birth and rule and race and clan, having nor name nor form nor quality nor fault, dwelling beyond space and time and all things objective, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which cannot be attained by any speech, yet is attained by the pure vision of illumination, a realm of pure consciousness, beginningless substance, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which rises above the six waves of human weakness (pain, delusion, age, death, hunger, thirst), which dwells in the heart of him who has attained to union, which cannot be discerned by thy powers or known by thy understanding, flawless, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which, self-supported, is the support of the world built up through illusion, which is other than the existent or the non-existent, partless, which can be reached by no similitude, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which is free from birth and growth and change, waning and sickness and death, everlasting, the cause that puts forth, upholds, destroys the world, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self. (260)

That Eternal, wherein all difference ceases, whose character never changes, still as a waveless ocean, for ever free, in nature impartite, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which, being One, is the cause of many, the Cause that sets aside all other causes, itself apart from cause and what is caused, "That thou art": bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which is unchanging, mighty, imperishable, other than that which perishes and that which perishes not, supreme, everlasting, eternal joy, stainless, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, the one which appears manifold, through illusion, through change of name and form and character, itself changeless like the gold in many ornaments, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which shines alone, beyond the highest, hidden, of single essence, of the character of the supreme Self, eternal substance, wisdom, joy, endless, everlasting, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

(265)

Let the disciple bring this meaning, thus declared, to consciousness in his Self, through the recognized forms of reasoning, through intuition, putting doubt and confusion away; the meaning of this text will become as evident as water held in the hand.

Knowing this pure Being, which is perfect Light, dwelling in the Self, relying on the Self as a king on his army in battle, cause this manifest world to melt away in the Eternal.

In the intelligence, in the heart, other than the existent or the non-existent, is the Eternal, the Real, supreme, secondless; he who, through the power of the Self, dwells in this heart, for him there is no more subjection to bodily life.

Even though the truth be known, nevertheless this impress: "I am the actor, the experiencer," is deep-seated and powerful, as it is beginningless, the cause of circling birth and death. This impress is to be conquered by strong effort, through the vision of the Light in the Self. The sages have said that the attenuation of this impress is liberation.

This false attribution of "I" and "my" to the body and its powers, which are not Self, must be conquered by the wise man through devotion to the true Self.

(270)

Recognizing the hidden Self as the true Self, Witness of the understanding and its activities, making real the thought, "That am I" by right conduct, slay the thought of self in that which is other than the Self.

Ceasing to follow the way of the world, ceasing to follow the way of the body, ceasing to follow the way of tradition, set thyself assiduously to follow the Self.

When a man follows the way of the world, the way of tradition, the way of the body, true wisdom is not born within him.

Those who know declare that the harsh domination of these three ways is the iron chain fettering the feet of him who seeks to escape from the prison house of recurring birth and death; he who frees himself from this, attains liberation.

Just as sandalwood, mingled with water and rubbed, drives all ill odours away, so the divine impress of the Master shines forth through strong effort, completely expelling the savour of outer things.

(275)

The impress of the higher Self is hidden under the dust of countless evil desires that lurk within; cleared by the strong effort toward wisdom, it becomes manifest like the scent of sandalwood.

The impress of the Self is entangled in the meshes of desire for what is not Self; through devotion to the eternal Self these meshes are completely destroyed.

In measure as the mind obeys the hidden Self, it frees itself from the impress of outer things; when it has rid itself completely of outer desires, the realization of the Self arises, free from all impediments.

By constant obedience to the Self, the mind of him who seeks union is conquered and the impress of outer desires fades away; therefore, make an end of resting in the false self.

Darkness is overcome by Passion and Goodness; Passion is overcome by Goodness; imperfect Goodness is overcome by perfect Goodness; therefore, make an end of resting in the false self. (280)

Perceiving that the impulses of past acts flourish the personality, be steadfast, rely on valour, and with strong effort make an end of resting in the false self.

Thinking, "I am not the separate self but the Eternal," rejecting everything that is not the Eternal, make an end of resting in the false self, which is built up by the impetus of the impressions of desires.

Knowing through the Scriptures, through right reasoning, through meditative experience, that thy true Self is the Self of all, make an end of resting in the false self, which is built up by the play of deceptive appearances.

The saint is not at all concerned with getting and spending; therefore, ever grounded in the One, make an end of resting in the false self.

To confirm the realization that thy Self is one with the Eternal, according to the knowledge of the oneness of the Eternal and the Self instilled by the Scripture, "That thou art," make an end of resting in the false self. (285)

Intent on dissolving completely the thought of "I" in this body, intending thyself steadily on this task, make an end of resting in the false self.

So long as the persuasion that the separate self and its world are real continues, like a dream, so long, O wise one, continue to make an end of resting in the false self.

Without a moment's loss through dreams, or the sound of worldly opinions, or forgetfulness, seek the real Self within thyself.

Casting away bondage to this corruptible body of flesh, formed from the bodies of father and mother, as though it were an outcast, accomplish thy end, uniting thyself with the Eternal.

Merging thyself in the higher Self, as the ether in the jar is one with the universal ether, losing the sense of separation, enter ever into silence, O seeker after wisdom! (290)

Becoming one with the self-luminous foundation of all, through the aspiration of the manifested Self, the great manifested world and the handful of clay alike are to be abandoned like a pot of dirt.

Causing the thought of "I" built up in the body to merge in the Self, which is pure consciousness, being and bliss, putting off the limitation of form, become ever one with the absolute Eternal.

Knowing that "I am the Eternal," in which the mirage of the world is seen like a city in a mirror, thou shalt be one who has attained his goal.

Going to that which is the Real, essential Being, primal, secondless consciousness, bliss, without form or act, let this body of delusion be rejected, which the Self has assumed as an actor assumes a costume.

By the universal Self the visible world is seen to be a mirage, nor is the separate self real, since it is seen to be transitory; how can the thought that "I know all" stand with regard to this transitory self and its powers? (295)

The fundamental Self is the Witness of the separate self and its powers, since its presence is always recognized, even in dreamless sleep. The Scripture declares that this hidden Self, which is other than the existent or the non-existent, is "unborn, everlasting."

The Self who is unchanging is alone worthy to be the knower of all changes of things that change. The unreality of things that change, and of their changes, is clearly seen again and again, in thoughts and dreams and in deep sleep.

Abandon, therefore, self-attribution to this form of flesh, since the false self thus attributing itself is built up by thought only; recognizing as thine own Self that partless Wisdom which is unaltered by past, present or future, enter into peace.

Cast away self-identification with race, clan, name, form, and stage of life, which rest on this vesture of decay; abandoning also the character of actor and experiencer associated with the personality, and become that whose own being is partless bliss. (299)

There are other bonds of man, seen as causes of recurring birth and death, but the root of them all is the personal self, which first arises in consciousness.

C. J.

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*We are to plan our work as if we were to live for ever, as indeed we are; we are to do it as if we were to die to-morrow, as indeed we may.—ANON.*

# DIAGRAMS AND SYMBOLS

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**M**AN lives largely by symbols alone and is more or less reconciled to the fact,—is even enamoured of his symbols; and yet, if they take the elementary form of diagram, his feelings are often hurt. In fact the greater his need of the diagram, the greater his resentment at the work it entails. It would be invidious to select students of Theosophy as pointing this moral, but students of Theosophy are not innocent. In dealing with diagrams we must first make up our minds what they can and cannot do, for whatever the subject of our study, it makes all the difference in the world whether we regard these necessarily partial efforts to clarify our ground plans as darkenings of counsel, instruments of torture, or lamps unto our feet. When the baby in his high chair points a fat finger at the outline of a duck in a picture book and says "quack-quack," he is recognizing a living object in pictorial presentation—that is to say, by a symbol; with delighted chuckles he hails the effort of the artist to speak to him without words. He is quite aware that a real duck—soft and waddling and yellow—is only feebly suggested in the picture book, but he has the grace to welcome the little scratch on paper that refreshes his memory, warms his imagination and stimulates his sense of correspondences. When an older student groans over a page of triangles and squares and figures, unlikely as it may look at first glance, he also is being helped to recognize, to remember, to understand; he is being offered a ground plan of the eternal verities; his first reaction should be gratitude, and his second, hard work. Unfortunately he is likely to show himself less wise than the baby, and to make one of two mistakes, or sometimes both of them, one after the other. He either rejects the diagram as calling for too much concentrated effort, or he tries to bear his whole weight upon it, when it naturally caves in like a meringue—and all the time it is neither for hate nor for love, but for use.

If we examine some of the diagrams presented to us after we have graduated from high chairs, we find the same difficulties and the same demand upon us for common-sense. All Nature conspires to educate us, and turn we never so restlessly, our eyes are still confronted with a symbol. Suppose we have reached the map stage. Here is Italy,—something that looks like an old green boot sprawling down the paper. There are many correspondences between the real Italy and the old-boot symbol, and these correspondences we must attack with our imagination and our will. Italy is a complex subject; by-and-by we shall find that there is a body of Italy and a soul of Italy; that she has seven principles and each principle has seven subdivisions; that she has her physical body, her psychical body and her spiritual body; her past, present and future, her story and her karma. We may learn to know her on any plane; people have been met who never rose above the plane where they were done out of ten *lire*, and others who rave in the intoxication of her beauty. But there are

some who go to her and are never free again; they have become spiritually implicated; wherever they wander they dwell in Italy—they say “open my heart and you shall see graven upon it Italy,” for they have found her soul. To find the soul is undoubtedly our quest, but first we must turn with patience to the map and learn by heart the rivers and the mountains and the ports, learn to read without boredom the symbol of a symbol of a symbol, the everlasting verities suggested by a scratch.

And so it goes from youth to age and there is no escape from the eternal whisper of the symbol, the eternal challenge of its least seductive form, the diagram. To seize another instance at random,—house-hunting can give unexpected insight into this matter. While engaged in this dreariest of all dreary pursuits, one may, indeed one must, wallow in diagrams. Builders of the Kali-Yuga age have a most dispiriting theory as to what constitutes a house, and you survey with sick distaste, one after another, bleak boxes set on end, with glazed slits all over them. Can it be here and thus that homes are built? Can the soul possess itself in a brick-box? Then the agent unfolds a blue print, long and wide, and your distaste deepens—what has this thing to do with what you seek—light and warmth and shelter? Not readily do you recognize that in these lines and dots and figures can be found a dim reflection of a spiritual thing, and that by it is demonstrated something that no most besotted builder in deepest Kali-Yuga can cheat you out of—the interior life. As you puzzle over it, meanings will emerge: What is this? and this? What is this black smudge in this wall? “It is a place for an open fire.” An open fire! You begin to warm to your diagram and presently carry it off to share with one other home seeker you happen to know. With mutual study comes rich reward, shining light on correspondences, delighted recognition of aspects. The ground floor is found to be the least expensive—how right that is! nasty material plane, cheap and dark and stuffy—we will go up higher, undaunted by altitudes, we will mount to our limit. You pore over dots and lines. Here is space for books—we will dedicate it to the Higher Manas! Here will be the glowing fire—the soul of the house—lo, Buddhi! And here is a window open to the morning sun—Hail Atma! Did you ever think to fall upon a blue print and kiss it? Did you ever dream of finding your heart’s desire lurking in a diagram? Did you know that Home is just a state of consciousness?

When man would express his dawning sense of the Divine Wisdom, he geometrizes—as above, so below. He moves in ordered pattern and by mystic symbol. Stammering and inexpressive, he perforce ekes out his meaning with gesture—the prescribed gesture of his ritual. Shapes and forms are our alphabet and our first lesson. It is imperative that man should understand his rituals lest they become fatiguing and ridiculous. The Unitarian at High Mass either laughs or falls asleep, but his brother is lifted into unknown dimensions. Every religious system, every church, every cathedral, every Altar is rooted in diagram and flowers in symbol. The nave (*navis*, a ship) is the ship of our rescue; to draw near the Altar we must pass through the sign of the



Cross; to turn to the East is but to repeat the immemorial custom of ancient worship and to turn whence comes our light.

The student of Theosophy—ingrate that he too often proves himself—is direct heir to the Ancient Wisdom if he will; favoured graduate in spiritual mysteries if he will; spoiled child of spiritual tuition whether he will or not, for those who know, spend themselves to teach him, to draw his diagrams and translate his symbols. Let him watch and pray lest he enter into the temptation of insensibility to excess of Grace.

L. S.

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*Rename your obstacles opportunities, and you will turn what threatens to mar your character into what will help you to make it.*—ALBERT G. MACKINNON.

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*Dost thou want things necessary? Grumble not, perchance it was necessary that thou shouldst want. Endeavour lawfully to supply it; if God bless not thy endeavour, bless Him that knoweth what is fitted for thee. Thou art God's patient; prescribe not thy physician.*—QUARLES.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

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ONE experiences something of the thrill of discovery when meeting in purely secular—as opposed to theosophical—literature, a scientifically proved fact, or a widely accepted theory, or a well-reasoned train of thought that especially accords with or corroborates theosophical teaching. Indeed it is all too easy to carry this to an extreme, and to exclaim, whenever a writer expresses a rational idea, “How remarkable! he really ought to be in the T. S.” Safely short of this extreme, however, is the pleasure of finding such a book as the *History of the Philosophy of History*, by Professor Robert Flint, where a long view and a depth of thought on the subject, beyond that ordinarily met with, afford a very real contribution to the theosophical interpretation of history.

One of Professor Flint's fundamental ideas is that all human evolution is a quest for true unity, and he traces the progress of this quest from the time when man's consciousness of unity with his fellow man was limited to the tribe, and when all outside the tribe were either enemies or slaves. He shows the gradual growth of a sense of relationship with other men, of citizenship, of national feeling, then of still wider oneness, until Christianity, with its teaching of a common Fatherhood, brought the teaching also of a universal brotherhood—though *recognition* of brotherhood he shows as but the first step on a very long path to be trodden before actual realization can be attained.

He quotes another writer as saying that history in the objective sense is the process by which nature and spirit are developed, and the gradual growth in mankind of a tendency to investigate this process is a matter of special interest to him. He refers to the very early ages when for centuries historical records were nothing more than a chronological entry of events as they came, and traces the growth, little by little, of a tendency to see cause and effect in these events, of an effort to deduce general laws, to learn a lesson from them, and finally, at a surprisingly late date, to work out a philosophy of history. “Nationality,” he says, “is to a people what individuality is to a person and therefore to history what individuality is to biography.” Such a point of view, when applied to the life story of one nation after another, is of course invaluable in connection with the theosophical interpretation of history. “As the individual steadily attains to clearer self-knowledge and greater freedom and power in the manifestation of his true self, so each growing nation is seen gradually to enter more fully on the possession of its genius, and gradually to reveal more distinctly what its character and capacities are.”

There are many points at which this book is rich in suggestion. For the present purpose it may be as well to take only the contribution to the theosoph-

ical teaching of the seven principles,—the teaching that nations like individuals are composed of seven principles, some of them well-defined, some of them only potential; that just as in the case of the individual, some one principle is usually more clearly defined than the others, and from that one the nation acts, it being the predominating element in all that is done; also that with nations as with individuals all the national life, the struggles and vicissitudes, successes and failures, are for the purpose of developing an entity, an individualized unit, embodying completely the national purpose, the genius of that nation. Doubtless many of us have tried to apply this idea in relation to present day events, and certainly some have found the effort exceedingly baffling,—one or two reaching the point recently of confessing that they do not know a principle when they see one, and really need a kindergarten exposition of the subject. Professor Flint, who, it may be supposed, would have a like difficulty in the matter of “principles,” affords no such exposition, but his method of treating the different ancient civilizations according to their degree of advancement in the quest for unity, is capable of distinctly illuminating application.

It is usually easier to see clearly when we have a sharp contrast, and there is much that is suggestive of a difference in predominating “principle” in the contrast that is drawn, on the one hand, between the result of the work undertaken by the Persian monarchs (the outstanding feature of which is the almost world-wide extension of power achieved by Alexander the Great and his countless hosts), and, on the other hand, the mighty domain firmly established by Rome when, in addition to the exercise of her military prowess, she turned her attention to the internal development of her conquests, to the establishment of political unity, the building up of a Roman citizenship, the encouragement of literature, thought, philosophy, and the recognition of the supremacy of law.

In the *Secret Doctrine* a phrase contrasting Greece and India is also significant. Madame Blavatsky there says, “The Greek philosopher adored form, and the Hindu sage alone perceived the true relation of earthly beauty and eternal truth”; and she gives a similarly suggestive comparison at another point where the tendency of India to spiritualize all philosophy and to make it subservient to metaphysics, is contrasted with the Jewish tendency to materialize whatever teaching was received. The two great civilizations of Greece and India, each so sharply individualized, and each the culmination of a long line of evolution, might well be expected to manifest significant differences,—Greece, which one authority sees, not as the small country on the Mediterranean, but as that mighty force which has expressed itself through one language and through its own distinctive ideals, and “unbroken in its continuity for nearly thirty centuries, has moulded to its own likeness nearly every race it met”; and India which reached its flowering, spiritually speaking, and has had predicted for it a renewed life at some future time. Is it too fanciful, then, to see in the Greek emphasis on the physical aspect of Being, the manifestation of a predominating “principle,” and similarly a “principle,” though

a different and far higher one, in the sacred wisdom of the East, the recognition of eternal truth?

Regarding Greece, Professor Flint gives additional comment, all of which is suggestive. He speaks of Greek philosophy as acknowledging subjection to no authority save *reason* (in contrast to a spiritual foundation as in ancient India, or a theological basis as in mediæval Europe); and in referring to her anthropomorphic polytheism, says that while singularly beautiful, it is "mainly the product of imagination and the æsthetic sense, with no depth of root either in the reason or the conscience, with feeble philosophical and moral possibilities." Elsewhere he writes, "Art or culture had been the dominant fact in Greek life, the positive law or policy in Roman life; religion or piety as understood by the Church was made the dominant fact in mediæval life." It may be helpful, for the moment, to apply such a statement as the above to individuals whom we know, and to think of two persons, one of whom possesses in a high degree the legal type of mind, the other being well developed as to the imaginative, the æsthetic, the artistic and cultural side of his nature. We instantly see the significance of the distinction; and when instead of persons, it is nations that are considered, it is safe to suppose that these are no less outward and visible signs of a significant inward state.

The fundamental differences in the two great civilizations of Greece and Rome are so generally familiar as to need no detailed mention here. Professor Flint regards them as teaching humanity the lesson of the unity of mankind—though on the human side only. The political unity which was one of the great achievements of Rome, paved the way for the spiritual unity which was the message of Christianity. His summing up of the Roman genius which so fully, freely and completely manifested itself, causes one to wonder what heights might have been attained if, to that splendid virility and power, had been added the spiritual element. The history of the Mohammedan people at once suggests itself in this connection. There, the way in which the contagion of religious fervour swept through tribe after tribe and nation after nation, and in a startlingly brief time welded together totally unlike elements, and raised up a civilization equal to, and in many respects surpassing, any in contemporary Christendom,—is sufficiently indicative of the power of the spirit.

In the age of Greece, the age of Rome and the Christian era, one would like to see three related steps, each evidencing a successively higher stage of evolution and the gradual development of a next higher faculty. Such may well be the case in the first two instances. But while the teachings of the Master Christ, actually put into practice, would without doubt develop a higher "principle" than the western world has hitherto known, Christianity, as has often been said, has yet to be tried, and we are far from the time when what might be called the Christian line of evolution will have reached its culmination as did those of Greece and Rome. However, Christendom does not lack its counterpart of such a state. The *Secret Doctrine* makes it clear that where there is the septenary division, each member of the sevenfold group may be in turn a septenate. If a nation, then, were in process of developing, say, its

fifth principle, it might be expected to pass through what might be called a kamic aspect of that principle, a lower and a higher manasic aspect, a buddhic aspect and so forth. Thus, a state, highly spiritual *for that plane*, might be evidenced by a nation which was not, as a matter of fact, fundamentally far advanced—the completion of a minor cycle within a major cycle, so to speak.

Such a point, where presumably the culmination of a minor cycle was attained, occurred in mediæval Christendom at the time when the wave of cathedral building passed over Europe. The Crusades had in many ways re-formed European life and thought. They had broken down barriers, overcome antipathies, overturned many social conditions and built up others, widened men's vision, stirred them to new ideals, enthusiasms, devotion—in a word, “helped to emancipate the human mind and educate the human heart”—and above all, had welded men together, pledged to the accomplishment of a single purpose. Even if only for a brief time, Europe had known unity, had endeavoured to give expression to a common purpose in unity of action, and whatever subsequent events might be, however imperfect the attempt, mankind—Christendom—had, in a sense, seen the Vision. Those who had seen most clearly were of the national group which, through the Middle Ages, had gradually been evolving the French nation. From the point of view of national entity, there could scarcely be a more interesting study than the growth and development of France from the time of the Capets through the Hundred Years War. Complex and involved to be sure, from many points of view; ceaselessly changing in government, in policy, in territory; now going forward with rapid strides, again wavering, hesitating; yet, little by little, unifying, consolidating, developing a central nucleus, until one begins to feel that the steadily growing entity which is to become France, is testing one method after another, trying out one principality after another, assimilating that which is its own, casting off such as is unfit. And France it was that gained most from the Crusades, giving herself with the most complete self-abandonment, rising with a united energy never before equalled in the West, fired by devotion to the Cause of Christ as that Cause then presented itself.

In a letter on this subject by a student of Theosophy, there is the statement: it is “nonsense to suppose that a nation can perform its function properly (and each nation has a particular function) until it has fully digested its experience and has come to self-understanding. Before there can be a true relation (or happiness) between individuals, each of the individuals involved must have established a true relation with the Master,—and this, of course, not because the Master wills it so, but because it is a law of life, which the Master obeys, as we should. And again, the same thing is true of nations. They do not need to become less national, but more truly national,—more truly themselves. Religion is not an end; it is a means to an end. God would wipe himself out if he could benefit man thereby. Self-restraint is not an end; it is a means to an end,—and the end in that case is the ability to ‘let go,’ to give oneself, to abandon oneself completely and absolutely, at the right time and in the right direction. No one can do that in a human relation, or for

divine purposes in the world, until he has learned to do it in relation to the Master."

In the stormy centuries through which France came to birth as a nation, it is not difficult to see the working out of all that is implied in this passage; and as France came to some degree of self-realization, she must have gained also—as shown in the Crusades—the ability to "let go," to abandon herself. "In the silence that follows the storm," the flower blooms, and in the period following the Crusades, when the wave of cathedral building swept over Europe, leaving those marvellous monuments of man's brotherhood with man and of his yearning toward God, France showed that she had begun to aspire for a true relation with the Master.

The story of that great national experience has been too splendidly told elsewhere to permit of any attempt to condense and retell it here. Several passages from Henry Adams' book, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, show better than anything else, perhaps, the unity of purpose, the oneness of spirit, the vision of brotherhood which had been attained. The quotation is from a contemporary letter written by the Archbishop of Rouen to the Bishop of Amiens, describing the building of the Cathedral of Chartres:

"The inhabitants of Chartres have combined to aid in the construction of their church by transporting the materials; our Lord has rewarded their humble zeal by miracles which have roused the Normans to imitate the piety of their neighbours. Since then the faithful of our diocese and of other neighbouring regions have formed associations for the same object; they admit no one into their company unless he has been to confession, has renounced enmities, and revenges, and has reconciled himself with his enemies. That done, they elect a chief, under whose direction they conduct their waggons in silence and with humility.

"Who has ever seen!—Who has ever heard tell in times past, that powerful princes of the world, that men brought up in honour and in wealth, that nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and that, like beasts of burden, they have dragged to the abode of Christ these waggons, loaded with wines, grains, oil, stone, wood, and all that is necessary for the wants of life, or for the construction of the church? But while they draw these burdens, there is one thing admirable to observe; it is that often when a thousand persons and more are attached to the chariots,—so great is the difficulty,—yet they march in such silence that not a murmur is heard, and truly if one did not see the thing with one's eyes, one might believe that among such a multitude there was hardly a person present. When they halt on the road, nothing is heard but the confession of sins, and pure and suppliant prayer to God to obtain pardon. At the voice of the priests who exhort their hearts to peace, they forget all hatred, discord is thrown far aside, debts are remitted, the unity of hearts is established. But if any one is so far advanced in evil as to be unwilling to pardon an offender, or if he rejects the counsel of the priest who has piously advised him, his offering is instantly thrown from the waggon as impure, and he himself ignominiously

and shamefully excluded from the society of the holy. There one sees the priests, who preside over each chariot, exhort every one to penitence, to confession of faults, to the resolution of better life! There one sees old people, young people, little children, calling on the Lord with a suppliant voice, and uttering to Him, from the depth of the heart, sobs and sighs with words of glory and praise! After the people, warned by the sound of trumpets and the sight of banners, have resumed their road, the march is made with such ease that no obstacles can retard it. When they have reached the church they arrange the waggons about it like a spiritual camp, and during the whole night they celebrate the watch by hymns and canticles. On each wagon they light tapers and lamps; they place there the infirm and sick, and bring them the precious relics of the Saints for their relief. Afterwards the priests and clerics close the ceremony by processions which the people follow with devout heart, imploring the clemency of the Lord and of his Blessed Mother for the recovery of the sick."

Complete devotion, self-abandonment, penitence and contrition—and yet, contrary to the modern view of these virtues, there was nothing washed-out about it. This was a period not only of yearning and aspiration, but of tremendous energy and virility. The cathedrals themselves prove this. Adams points out the fact that certain of them expressed the unity of Church and State, of God and man, Peace and War, Life and Death, Good and Bad, and adds that not until considerably later did they give expression to the modern idea of war as a discord in God's providence. This was a time when St. Michael was the patron saint of France,—“mightiest of all created spirits, the nearest to God. His place was where the danger was greatest; therefore you find him there.” Adams has a marvellous power of catching from the carved stone the voice, the music of that day, and of expressing it in words that carry one upward in that same wave of aspiration. He describes the Salle des Chevaliers of the Order of St. Michael in the beautiful Abbey church that bears his name, and refers to “the instinct of the Archangel's presence which has animated his architecture. The masculine military energy of St. Michael lives still in every stone. The genius that realized this warlike emotion has stamped his power everywhere, on every centimetre of his work; in every ray of light; on the mass of every shadow; wherever the eye falls; still more strongly on all that the eye divines; and in the shadows that are felt like the lights.”

Further on, when the cloister is being discussed, he says: “The architect meant to reassert, with all the art and grace he could command, the mastery of love, of thought and poetry, in religion, over the masculine, military energy of the great hall below. The thirteenth century rarely let slip a chance to insist on this moral that love is law.” It would seem that here, in a few words, is shown one of the fundamental differences between the genius, the predominating “principle” of Rome, and that of France.

It is one of the most exquisite periods in history, with the beauty of realization, of fruition, the beauty of the full blown rose. The culmination of a minor

cycle only, but full of promise, rich in suggestion of the time when Christendom shall attain to its fruition, when the Cause of Christ shall have triumphed. Someone has said that the faith of the middle ages was as blind as it was sincere, and would have us believe that in that fact lay the reason for the inability of mediæval Europe to continue at the level then attained. However, in many theosophical writings the progress of the pilgrim along the Path is described as a series of steep ascents, each crowned by a lifting of the veil, a momentary seeing face to face; then the vision fades, the veil falls once more, and all that can be seen with clarity is the one rocky step next ahead. Such is then, presumably, the law of life, and in her subsequent course France but obeyed that law, gaining "correction through adversity and instruction through errors."

With regard to present-day nations, speculation along this line always carries with it the danger of losing perspective, of being unable to see the wood for the trees. It is proverbial too that a man with a pet theory sees corroboration of it in everything he meets. The *North American Review* for June, 1923, contains an article which, while it could in no way be regarded as corroborative evidence of any theory whatsoever, nevertheless calls attention to some straws which perhaps indicate the way the wind is now blowing. As indicated by the title, "The Midday Pause," the article is concerned with the two-hour rest in the middle of the day, which, in the Cathedral towns and villages of France has become almost a rite, and which is expressive of a philosophy totally unlike that of the greater part of the modern world. The writer contrasts the attitudes toward work and play which are, she claims, characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin peoples. The Anglo-Saxon works from necessity, or to satisfy some ambition, or because he has a definite end to gain by it,—perhaps in order to amass money which will enable him to avoid work, or to have power, possessions, prestige. And when he works, his work fills his horizon. "He cannot linger by the wayside to pick a flower and savour the joy, not of making but of being." This has continued at an ever swifter pace until incessant movement has become a part of his very existence; he lives in the midst of rushing activities, overshadowed by mountains of material facts. And in all his work there is some other reason than the work itself.

The Frenchman, on the contrary, is shown as regarding work as an integral part of life,—not set apart from play, not a thing to be hastened through with; work and play being interdependent parts of the whole. He takes his work and play as only a nation old in living, one that has spent centuries in learning the art, knows how to take them. In the midday pause, "even the black cat composes itself anew upon a window-sill which dates back to St. Louis, as generations of black cats have composed themselves before in its sunny corners. High noon is old—old as human beings. The little shops have always been there—there when the faithful, chanting, tugged the great blocks of stone to build the cathedral for the greater glory of God; there while the workmen reset the jewelled glass, carried away for safety during the Great War. Generations of children have come home at high noon, twittering like so many black-



birds. There are the creamery and the grocery and the oilshop and the butcher. And the neighbours know each other to a hair, and their children have always gone to school together and will remain together in town or village, unless perchance they take the plunge and marry elsewhere. The parents have worked from eight to eight and collected sous, and the children brought up with the same intensive frugality, collect sous too and keep them with the same tenacity, and the curé has christened and confirmed them and they have made their first communion together and slandered each other and been jealous and still stayed on next door because there is no reason why they shouldn't. And within the frame of this stability, there has been time—time for everything, time amid hard toil to agree upon the quietude of noon, to concentrate on superlative cooking, to think, to philosophize. The ready wits of the French people of whatever kind have not their roots in a rush, in a sustained effort to get something over which is tiresome and takes a lot of time. The philosophy, even the excellent diction, found in surprising places, is not the result of work or of play, but of a whole, complete mode of life, which contemplates them both alike and makes of both together a little cosmos."

One is reminded again of the letter already quoted and of the thought that a nation can perform its function properly only when it has fully digested its experience and has come to self-understanding. One can think of many ways of digesting experience and of gaining self-understanding that are more spectacular, more decisive perhaps, than collecting sous or philosophizing in a bakeshop; yet the simple, homely existence pictured here is a large part of the undercurrent of a nation's life, and a potent one, and as such it is indicative. *Through the Gates of Gold* speaks of admission to the "sanctuary of man's own nature, to the place whence his life power comes, and where he is priest of the shrine of life." This points to a state, of course, infinitely beyond that which the average Frenchman, or the average individual of any modern nation has attained. Is it too fanciful, however, to see a counterpart of it—a correspondence on a lower plane—in the picture of the midday pause, and in the Frenchman's attitude toward his life and his work and his play? We have every one of us experienced the power of brooding. Brood over a slight or a wrong and it can go to such a point that our injured feelings, our exasperation, perhaps our hatred become a power that sweeps all before it,—reason, judgment, discretion. The force we have generated by our brooding becomes master in our household. In the life of our own nation, the moving picture theatres and the current fiction magazines, both pouring forth a stream of filth which is the mental food of thousands of our people, suggest one kind of force that the nation's unpurposed brooding is generating,—certainly not a kind that will aid man to enter the "sanctuary of his own nature." The Frenchman's real life, says this writer, is "in doing and conducting things—whether he is selling wine or bad matches or postage stamps, or whether he is discussing or bragging in his café—not in changing them, or in spiritual earthquakes, whereby he obtains a superficial view of a great many things. He is not so much interested in selling as in the way of doing it, in the demeanour and circumstances of his neighbours, and not

only in the actual facts of their existence but in what they think and how they think it." While without doubt the Frenchman has a long course to follow before he shall have reached a point where his brooding has the "whole force of the spiritual world behind it," yet certain of the simple facts of French life, tend to convince one that France as a nation stands in the foremost rank, as western nations are ranged to-day—particularly if one has held that conviction all along!

There is one more pertinent thought from Professor Flint's book, one in which he draws very near to the theosophical teaching regarding the enduring personality—and again, by making it applicable equally to individual or to nation, he contributes still further to the theosophical interpretation of history. "Man is a spirit," he writes, "and therefore is not merely what he is made to be, but mainly what he makes himself to be; humanity is spiritual, and therefore not merely the passive subject of change and variation, but mainly self-formed and self-developed. Man is not born free, but he becomes free in the measure in which he becomes man, as he becomes man in the measure in which he becomes free. And only as he becomes himself can he learn to know himself. Humanity can only be the object of its own intelligence in the measure that it has realized itself, and revealed itself to itself, by its exertions and achievements. Self-knowledge and self-comprehension must follow on, and can merely be commensurate with the self-production and self-development which are due to freedom." As indicative of the sense in which the word freedom is used, he says: "That goal can only be a state in which humanity fully realizes all its powers, or, in other words, a state in which there are no other limits to the exercise of its powers than the very conditions of their complete and proper exercise,—the laws of nature, rationality, and morality. An individual, a nation, the race, can only be wholly free when in full possession of a true and entire self."

J. C.

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*Not the impulse, but the steady, even-paced purpose tells truly the story of the life.*

S. D. GORDON.

# PASCAL AND THE MYSTICS

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**T**HIS is the tercentenary of the French geometer and philosopher, Blaise Pascal (1623-1662). Many articles have appeared, showing his titles to greatness both in science and religion, for Pascal was, indeed, a great man, almost the last offshoot of the mighty stock of the Renaissance. In the force and amplitude of his mind and in the diversity of his interests, he seems to belong to the century of Leonardo da Vinci.

But there is another side of Pascal's life, which has received special attention—for good reason—since it bears directly on modern life. Coming at the end of the Renaissance, Pascal was in a certain sense also the first of the moderns. The apparent contradiction between science and religion seems to have been first formulated clearly by him in terms which leave no doubt as to the suffering of his mind and heart. The Renaissance had produced many skeptics, but few, if any of them, give the impression of having suffered from their unbelief. Indeed, their unbelief was not at all of the scientific order. They were often, like Montaigne, easy-going men of the world with an exceeding fondness for classical antiquity. Pascal was not of these. If we would find someone with whom to compare him, it is not Montaigne, but rather Huxley or Matthew Arnold or some other struggling soul of the Nineteenth Century. In short, Pascal suffered not from skepticism but from agnosticism, quite a different thing. He could not reconcile his mind with his heart, and could conceive of no other way of solving the problem than that of wholly suppressing the mind. Unfortunately, he was partly led to this by his association with the Jansenists of Port Royal, and his attitude toward the mental powers was dictated by the Jansenist doctrine of original sin and the total depravity of human nature. Therefore, when Pascal said that the Heart has reasons which the Reason does not know, he was speaking not as a mystic, but as a theologian having certain contemptuous views as to the ability of the intellect to symbolize Truth. We have heard that argument much repeated since Pascal's day, but there is reason to believe that Pascal did not thoroughly convince himself. He was not temperamentally a "fundamentalist" like Mr. Bryan. He had a powerful and logical intellect trained in mathematics and physics, and he forced himself to use that intellect in a half-hearted and illogical attempt to destroy itself. For what could be more illogical than the assumption that the heart, which also had been stained by the sin of Adam, was any more competent to represent Truth than the mind?

As Maurice Barrès remarked in his tercentenary address, Pascal was born into the lawyer caste, and inherited from his father a rigorous and stern conception of man as a creature doomed to answer for his sins before the Great Judge. However much he professed to despise human logic, Pascal was always logical—given his premises—when treating of the frailties of human nature,

reasoning clearly and directly from crime to punishment. The old tradition of the Roman Law, "to give to every man his due," was at the foundation of Pascal's thought, as it underlay so much of the Calvinist and Jansenist theology of the day. The Roman Law was, indeed, a magnificent achievement, the greatest monument of Imperial Rome; but it was not intended as a theological instrument. To apply its phrases literally to the relation between God and man, is as absurd as to apply them literally to the relation between a loving parent and a naughty little child; for the Roman Law was framed to regulate the relations between beings on the same plane of responsibility. In any event, at the same time that Pascal was proclaiming the superiority of the Heart to the Reason, he was using his Reason to fashion a doctrine which virtually denied the superiority of the Heart.

This seems to be Pascal's tragedy,—that like other agnostics he was impelled by love of Truth, but shackled by prejudices which obscured the Truth when it was made manifest to him. Pascal was too profound to be deceived by scientific materialism, but was prejudiced by adherence to a hard and dogmatic theology, which led him to misinterpret his genuine religious experience. Thus the "Reason" which Pascal ruled out of his life, had its revenge, and prevented him from understanding what the Divine Presence had revealed in his heart.

A distinguished French Academician, Henri Brémont, has discussed Pascal's difficulty in an article on "Pascal and the Mystics" in *La Revue de Paris* (June 15, 1923). The article is so illuminating that it is regrettable that it has not been translated into English, for it not only makes clear the weakness of Pascal's method, but gives a most lucid rationale of the true mystical experience, which underlay Pascal's conversion. "The greatness of Pascal is to have imagined a mystical method for the conversion of the skeptic, but unfortunately he misunderstood the character of this method and the principles which justify it. It is admirable as long as it harmonizes with mystical experience, but deceptive and even dangerous when it tries to stand alone."

Following this statement, the Abbé Brémont explains just what he means by mystical experience, and his exposition is so luminous and withal so theosophical, that we are going to quote him at some length.

"*In eo vivimus et movemur et sumus*: the mystics start from this axiom. Whether we be good or evil, Pagan or Christian, God is in us. Or better, we are in him; we cannot act unless he acts in us and by us; he is in us before all our acts and from the beginning of our existence. He is there, not as a thing, but as the living principle of all life. He is there, not as an idea, for the idea of God is not God. He is there before I love him and although I do not love him . . . The presence of God forms, creates and sustains our inclination and need to love him, which are, indeed, the real and living shadow of his presence. . . . The special privilege of the mystics is the ease with which they enter this central zone, and the intensity of the inner activities of their consciousness. All men are potentially mystics, and become such in fact from that moment when they acquire a certain consciousness of God in themselves.

"Contemplation or mystic knowledge is to be distinguished both from

rational knowledge, which is acquired by means of concepts, and from sense-knowledge. It is knowledge, like the former, but indeterminate and confused; it is contact, like the latter, but the contact of spirit with spirit . . . Thus the mystics do not prefer one *idea* to another *idea*. To rational knowledge, which is formed of ideas, they oppose experience, that very mysterious but real experience which unites the centre of their being, not with an idea of God, but with God himself.

"But it is a most important and little known fact that the mystics do not oppose this experience to intellectual knowledge, as if these two were enemies. Mystic theologians have no need, like Pascal, to humiliate the intellect. Both intellect and contemplation are drawn towards the same object, but in different ways; the one seeks the Truth, the other the Reality of God. The flame is not at war with the hearth. There is one soul, which has a centre and a circumference, which reasons about God and which possesses him. . . . The immediate perception of the real, directs and inspires the intellect and the will, to the degree that these are attuned to the influence of the centre, and this results in rendering our obscure possession of the real more definite and more productive. The mystic is not content with possessing God; unless he fall into quietism, he must ardently desire that all his outer nature, his thinking and willing faculties shall participate in this possession, submitting by acts of adoration and love to the divine presence. . . .

"The philosophy of the mystics is essentially optimistic, in sharp contrast to the philosophy of Jansenius and his school. It always presupposes the divine presence in us, active and radiant at the centre of the soul; as well as the perpetual possibility of our coming into contact with this presence and of uniting ourselves with it. Original sin and present sin cannot break this contact which gives us being, nor check the radiance which is the principle of our life. It is not true that our faculties have been perverted, but rather that sin has strengthened our natural inclination towards a vain and superficial life. Thus the whole problem consists in finding a way to restore or to maintain a state of harmony between our two selves, to reunite our outer with our inner activity."

STANLEY V. LADOW.

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*Happiness is a habit—cultivate it.*

# ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA

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FOR us truly to understand Catherine the woman, Catherine the mystic; for us to see with comprehending eyes the inner life of her spirit, its visions and its aspirations, we must know something of the outer circumstances of her birth, of the surroundings and environment of her early life, of those moulds of physical heredity and thought and feeling, those characteristics of family and of race, which necessarily influenced and formed to a great degree the outward expression of her inner life and purpose. We must think, too, of Catherine as a servant of those spiritual Powers of the Unseen who have laboured ceaselessly through centuries to send light into the darkness of this world. We must think of her as choosing voluntarily to be one of those who, at that moment of time in this world's history, could be a bearer of that Light, and who was to incarnate in order to undertake the mission appointed. Necessarily, in order to labour effectively in the world of that day, she must have sacrificed, voluntarily for that incarnation, such occult memory and knowledge as she possessed, and having made the sacrifice, eagerly, gladly, on fire to serve and to further the purpose of those great Powers, we must picture, as far as we can, the influences of all kinds, within and without, which furthered or which restricted the fulfilment of her mission. We must try to see the ways in which she used, or in which she failed to use, those outer circumstances which were her tools. In no other way can we obtain an understanding of the inner life of the soul of the woman, of its struggles and its victories, of its ecstasy and its anguish, above all, of that fire of love which burned steadfastly in inner triumph and understanding and vision, and in outer defeat.

A daughter of the people, she "came forth from the vigorous breast of the community to which she belonged. Hers was the middle condition; neither too high nor too low to understand the thoughts and needs of men in every state."<sup>1</sup> For Catherine Benincasa, born in 1347, in Siena, was the daughter of a master dyer, a man honourable and of the governing class, well-to-do in this world's goods at the time of Catherine's birth. He was deeply religious, "one who noted signs and wonders in common things and ordinary circumstances." Catherine's mother, Lapa Benincasa, was of a different type, robust, frugal, a careful and excellent housewife, outspoken but affectionate. Catherine was one of many brothers and sisters. Even as a very little girl, with long golden brown

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<sup>1</sup> The quotations in this article, as well as many of the facts upon which it is based, are from the following works:

*The Mystic Bride*, by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson, London; T. Werner Laurie.

*Saint Catherine of Siena*, by Edmund G. Gardner, M.A., London; J. M. Dent & Co., 1907.

*Saint Catherine of Siena*, by the author of *Mademoiselle Mori*, London; Methuen & Co., 1906.

*Saint Catherine of Siena as Seen in Her Letters*, by Vida D. Scudder, London; J. M. Dent & Sons.

*The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena*, by Algar Thorold, London; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

hair and smiling eyes and mouth, Catherine was full of that charm of manner and of gesture which later on was to be of such inestimable service to her in her work and in her contact with people in the world. She was an immense favourite with other children, but she was beloved as well by all the elders in that district of Siena, for besides her gaiety and high spirit she early showed unusual qualities of mind and heart, and her talk was full of a strange power which turned the thoughts of men to God. Without education of any sort, she was yet deeply thoughtful, and she loved to sit quietly in a corner and listen to the friars who came to talk with her father of religious matters. They were, for the most part, of the Order of St. Dominic, and from them Catherine learned much of the great saint, whom she made her model.

Visions came early to her. In her sixth year she was returning to her home one evening with her little brother Stefano, and crossing the valley she began to climb the street that led to the Fullonica, her home, while her brother ran on ahead. The great church of St. Dominic stood out dark against the sunset, and gazing upward as she climbed, she saw in the sky above the church a vision of Christ with St. Peter, St. Paul and St. John. The Lord smiled on her, and blessed her, making over her the sign of the Cross. Catherine, motionless and spellbound, stood gazing up into the sky, insensible to the passers-by, deaf to the urgings of her little brother, who was calling to her to join him. Impatient at last, Stefano ran back, and taking her by the hand shook her rather roughly. Startled and weeping, Catherine cried out—"Oh, if you had seen the beautiful thing which I saw, you would not have done that!"

It was the beginning of all things for her, this call to a little child to his Kingdom by the Saviour of the world. It was the beginning, not only of those visions of the world of the real which later became constant, but the commencement as well of a definite turning to and desire for the religious life. For from that day Catherine became more thoughtful, graver; she loved to escape to quiet places where she could say her child's prayers undisturbed, or to sit alone in the Church of St. Dominic pondering over the visions which she had seen. Often she gathered her little companions around her, and talked to them of her Lord, while they listened with the rapt attention which later was shown by men and women of the world. But as she grew in years, this obvious desire of hers for the religious life met increasingly with the disapproval of her family, for they regarded it all as but the passing fancy of a child, and were bent on arranging for her an advantageous marriage. For Catherine there was to be but one wedding; to be the bride of heaven was her sole heart's desire; she had already surrendered herself in her heart, and in fullest obedience, to her call. This opposition of hers to her family's plans, to the long-established custom of her time, must have seemed to her parents very like disobedience. So, as punishment and discipline and in order to put pressure on her to yield, she was told that she could no longer have a room of her own, and all the hardest and most menial part of the housework was put upon her.

Unshaken by this, and undisturbed, Catherine went about her household work cheerful and happy and gay. She found a little corner where she could

pray undisturbed, where she could draw near in quiet to the unseen world she loved which was her true home, her true source of inspiration and of dawning understanding. For it must be remembered that Catherine could not read as a child; that in those early days, as later in life as well, wisdom and true vision came to her by direct revelation and not through the written page; and this inspiration she carried even then into her outer work, kneeling on every step as she went up or down the stairway in the most complete devotion; imagining, as she went about her household duties, that her father represented her Lord; her mother, Mary; her brothers, the apostles and disciples; and that she was working for them in the Temple. She found an opportunity sometimes of stealing quietly away into the country which she loved; and once, resolved to lead the life of a hermit and a solitary—for there were many such near Siena of whom she had heard—she set off one day to find her cave, taking with her a loaf of bread, in case as she said, “the angels should delay coming to feed me.” She found her cave amid rocks some way below the walls of the city, and kneeling there to return thanks for this great discovery, she felt herself lifted up out of the body, time and space transcended—a true and sure test, it has been said, of the reality of spiritual experience—and experienced a foretaste of that ecstasy of communion which was to be hers in increasing degree with the years. As she descended, and ordinary consciousness returned, she felt that her Lord did not wish her to remain in the cave; night, too, was coming on, and the loneliness made her child’s heart uneasy, and she began to think of the sorrow and distress there would be at home when they could not find her. She prayed again for direction, and started to retrace her steps, running as she drew near to the Fullonica, in the darkening twilight, with that swift lightness and ethereal grace of hers which seemed something more than human, only to find, most disconcerting discovery of all, that her absence had not been noticed.

But Giacomo Benincasa had watched his beloved daughter with a seeing eye and an understanding heart; long since it had dawned on him that here was no momentary whim for things religious, and time convinced him that Catherine had found her true vocation, that her professions were real. Still, in order to be sure, he waited for a sign, and a sign was given him; he came upon her unawares one day while she was kneeling in prayer, and saw a snow-white dove hovering over her head. This to Giacomo was proof positive; it was the Holy Spirit which hovered over his child; Catherine was free from that moment, as far as her family was concerned, to follow her call.

Now, at the age of sixteen, there began for Catherine those years of solitude and isolation, broken by only one short interval, in which there came to her a wealth of knowledge and spiritual experience, a high degree of self-conquest and self-understanding. A little room in the basement of her father’s home was given to her, where lights burned day and night before a crucifix; and there for more than three years Catherine lived retired, visited only by her confessor and her mother. Her bed was a plank, with a log for a pillow, and upon it she would take the few hours sleep which she allowed herself, rising again in the



night to pray during those periods when the Dominicans in their monastery on the hill were sleeping, that the stream of intercession might be always unbroken. In this cell she wore the hair-shirt and the chain-girdle, flogging herself thrice daily until the blood flowed, eating only increasingly small morsels of bread and vegetables, swallowing only a mouthful of water, until her active and vigorous young body was reduced and wasted to a shadow, and her health impaired. Such austerities are singularly repulsive to-day to the thought of an age which makes a god of the body; in which no evil is greater than physical pain, nothing so much to be desired as comfort and ease. But one must recall the extent to which Catherine was hemmed in by the moulds of Church, one must remember that in her time there was but one Church, the sole source of all precedent and tradition and example for those who wished to lead the religious life, inner or outer. Her great hope was that through her light might come, first within that Church itself, and then through the Church into the world outside; later on, in the effort to realize that hope, she attempted to work solely through existing ecclesiastical machinery and organization, and forced as it were the autocratic principles of papal rule into all her outer activities. So, in that first inner struggle, and in that first passionate devotion and self-surrender, she turned for self-discipline to such extreme penances, because she had the instruction of the Church, and the examples of many great saints to remind her that this was the proved Way, that by these self-imposed austerities, by this vicarious atonement, and through the steadfast motive and purpose behind it, spiritual help for the many would result.

In her intense humility she believed implicitly that through her own inner sins and shortcomings she herself was responsible for much of the evil and sin that she saw in the world about her. The turbulence of physical life may have played its part, but it has been said that Catherine's austerities were practised "not only to bring her strong young body into subjection, but because she believed that, since we are members one of another, her sufferings could help the souls of others," and that her "otherwise incomprehensible self-accusations of causing misfortunes and failures in the Church are made intelligible by her view that by the godly or ungodly life of one member, all the others are either strengthened or weakened." Unquestionably, in the fervour of her desire and in the intensity of her longing for perfection and for the coming of Christ's Kingdom on earth, she confused the issue, came to regard what was a means only, as an end in itself; it was the beginning of that same tendency which manifested itself later on in her externalization, in her too great absorption in the fascination and interest of her outer and political work. Unquestionably, too, she was told directly of this mistake, and came later to understand it. For in her *Dialogue* is the following: "I have shown thee, dearest daughter, that the guilt is not punished in this finite time by any pain which is sustained purely as such." And, again, "And I say, that the guilt is punished by the pain which is endured through the desire, love and contrition of the heart; not by virtue of the pain, but by virtue of the desire of the soul, inasmuch as desire and every virtue is of value, and has life in itself, through Christ cruci-

fied." In proof that the lesson was learned in terms of penance, we find her writing later to "Sister Daniella of Orvieto, clothed with the habit of Saint Dominic, who not being able to carry out her great penances had fallen into deep affliction," insisting that penance be treated as a means and not as a chief desire—"Dost thou know why it must not be chief? That the soul may not serve God with a thing that can be taken from it, and that is finite; but with holy desire, which is infinite, through its union with the infinite desire of God; . . . Herein, must we make our foundation and not in penance."

Times of inner struggle came, of wrestling with the powers of evil and of darkness, in the solitude of her retirement, for in spite of desire and intention Catherine unquestionably had her periods of reaction. Looking into her heart she saw that all pride of life and of self was not dead, she found at times her thoughts wandering to the things of the world, her imagination dwelling on all that she had renounced, self-pity uppermost, fears as to her powers of endurance, strong. She prayed for fortitude: "She prayed not for deliverance, but for strength to overcome." And fortitude and strength came, and with them release from oppression and persecution of evil, and much more. "O Lord," she cried, "where wert Thou when my heart was so vexed—?" "Daughter," replied the Saviour, "I was in thine heart." The light came, and Catherine saw "that her pains at the thought of sinning had been her merit, and must serve for the increase of her fortitude,—that divine grace was there in her revulsion from evil, although she had not felt it as a present comfort. She knew herself to have been safely carried over a stage of experience that could never again distract or frighten her." "Now that by my help," it is recorded that she heard Christ say, "thou hast manfully fought out thy battle, know that I am, and will be ever, in thy heart more openly, and that I will visit thee yet oftener and more lovingly than before."

"Thus did Catherine Benincasa come to dwell in the two cells in one—knowledge of herself and knowledge of her God—wherein alone can be lived the truly Christian life." She came to learn "that the cell of the religious like the Kingdom of Heaven is within, and that that cell to be a true one must be in two parts." In her solitude Catherine came very close to the unseen world. She smelt the fragrance of celestial lilies, she heard the strains of heavenly music. "Father," she said one day to Fra Tommaso, "do you not hear the Magdalene, how she sings with a high voice and with grace of singular sweetness?" The latter part of each day was for her a time of vision and of ecstasy. Whether in the body or out of the body, she knew not, but time and space ceased to exist and her little cell was, as it were, "hung up by the four corners," and she entered into those mysteries of spiritual experience which she always felt could not adequately be described by any later words of hers, and were known by their fruits only, into those realms of the world of the unseen where forms are thought of as formless, but where forms may perhaps for the first time become real. Her Lord himself appeared to her constantly, conversing with her familiarly as friend with friend, calling her "my daughter Catherine" as she sat listening at his feet, or walking up and down the room with her

as they recited the Psalms together, alternately repeating verses, as was the habit of religious. She learned to distinguish between the illusions of the psychic world and real experience, to know surely true vision from the false hallucinations of the powers of evil and of darkness. Again she was directly guided, and in her *Dialogue* we find the following—"If Thou askest Me how it is to be known whether a visitation is from Me or from the Devil, I reply to thee that this is the sign. If it is the Devil who has come into thy mind in a form of light, as has been said, to visit it, thou wilt suddenly feel in his coming great joyousness, but as he stays thou wilt gradually lose joyousness, and thy mind will be left in tedium or excitement, darkening thee within. But if the soul is in truth visited by Me, Eternal Truth, she will, in the first sensation, experience holy fear, and with this fear, joy and security, with a sweet prudence, that in doubting, does not doubt.—If it be of Me, her first sensation will be one of holy fear, her second joyousness, and at the end she will feel joy and hunger for the Virtues." Simple and direct, as vitally and fundamentally true for the beginner in religion to-day as it was for the Saint centuries ago. As we live the life we come to know of the doctrine, whether or not it be of God; we become able to distinguish by its fruits and its results, not only within us but through the outer expressions of our acts, the reality of our inner experience. It is to be a doer, and not a hearer only, that counts; one must not rest in the joy of spiritual experience alone; it is as a means that it is given. For the *Dialogue* continues—"I have thus shown thee a means by which the soul, if she will go humbly and with prudence, cannot be deceived, which she will be if she tries to navigate herself by means of her imperfect love of consolations, rather than by love of Me, as I have told thee." Again to Catherine was the direct warning given not to confuse the means with the end; the same tendency was re-asserting itself, on a higher plane of spiritual experience; the danger of it all, if persisted in, in the great outer work to which she was soon to be called, was plain to those clear and far-seeing eyes which were directing Catherine's mission.

In the cell of her heart, therefore, Catherine had ever before her the thought and the vision of her Lord; and if, in striving after fortitude, in the fire of her longing for clear and true understanding, in her effort to acquire a particular virtue or grace, she lost, for the time and in part, her hold on some still higher truth, she had always as her objective the perfection of faith and of love. Constantly she prayed that the consciousness of her Lord's presence in her heart might be perpetual; the promise "I will espouse thee to Me, in faith," had for long rung in her ears. Finally, one day, toward the end of these three years of retirement, when all Siena was gay and feasting during the last of the Carnival, and rioting and indulgence were rife, Catherine was on her knees in her cell, praying that she might be allowed to make reparation, to atone, for the sins that were even then being committed by the people of her city. Again came the words, and with them the fulfilment of the promise. The Lord Christ appeared and spoke—"Because thou hast forsaken all the vanities of the world, and set thy love upon Me, and because thou hast, for My sake, rather chosen to afflict thy body with fasting, than to eat flesh with others, especially

at this time, when all others that dwell round about thee, yea and those also that dwell in the same house with thee, are banqueting and making good cheer, therefore I am determined this day to keep a solemn feast with thee and with great joy and pomp to espouse thy soul to Me in faith." Then Catherine saw a multitude of saints and angels hovering near; a ring with precious stones, yet ever invisible to other eyes than hers, was placed on her finger; and the Divine Voice said;—"Behold I here espouse thee to Me, thy Maker and Saviour in Faith, which shall continue in thee from this time forward, evermore unchanged, until the time shall come of a blissful consummation in the joys of heaven. Now then, act courageously; thou art crowned with faith and shalt triumph over all thy enemies."

The first hint of a greater call, in those militant words. The first suggestion of the need for effort and fortitude and endurance against enemies other than those inner ones against which Catherine had fought so valiantly in her cell. "Now then, act courageously." Yet, up to that time, there is nothing to show that Catherine had regarded these years of solitude as in any sense an inner preparation for an outer work. That she was to wage war against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, was as yet no part of her understanding of the call which had come to her. It was still the inner warfare, the inner life of meditation and communion, which claimed her soul's attention. But the preparation, even if not consciously made, was almost complete. For long Catherine had prayed that the Lord would take away her will and would put his will in its place, meditating often on these words in the Psalms: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Now one day, in the midst of a great light, it seemed to Catherine, that the exchange which she had desired was effected, and that the Lord, taking away her own heart, placed within her side his Sacred Heart, burning with the holy fire of love and obedience and sacrifice. It was the crowning gift. It was the symbol of all Truth. It was love that had made possible the Blood, made possible that obedience unto death. In Catherine's own words: "Nails were not enough to hold God and Man nailed and fastened on the cross, had not love held him there." And in this vision of the wounded side; in this exchange of hearts, so vital to the needs of the world as well as to the individual soul, Catherine came to see the consummation of her preparation, found for herself that fire of love and of obedience which burned away self-will for all time, and turned all sacrifice into joy.

Immediately prior to the beginning of the three years of solitude, Catherine had earnestly desired to join the third order of St. Dominic. Of this order, the Sisters, living in the world, were clothed in the black and white habit and were called the Mantellate. In those early days she had had a vision of Saint Dominic himself, who had promised her that she should be vested in the habit which she desired. But the members of the order were all women of mature age, and at first Catherine's request met with an emphatic refusal. Later, falling ill with some sickness akin to small-pox, Catherine became so wasted and

so temporarily disfigured, that her mother became alarmed. Upon being told by Catherine that there was every likelihood that she would be taken out of this world unless she were allowed to join the order which she desired, Lapa became her most willing emissary, and as a result of her earnest pleading with the Prioress of the Order on Catherine's behalf, a deputation of sisters was sent to see Catherine, and decided for the admission of the postulant. "Of a strong will," Catherine, "acquired the special grace of taking rebuffs sweetly and the habit of veiling tenacity in a manner of gentleness. But in youth, at least, she never rested till she had her way. By her, as by others, the lesson that God's ways are not as our ways, had to be learned. It was Catherine's glory that she studied it deeply when it came to be presented to her. But at seventeen she had not mastered it, though, like many another ardent maiden starting out on a chosen career, she undoubtedly felt that she had solved life's problem when, about the year 1364, in the Church of San Dominico, she was vested with the greatly desired habit, mantle and veil according to the customary form and in the presence of many brothers and sisters of the Order into which she entered."

It was, then, in the black and white habit of the Order, which she never again left off until the day of her death, that Catherine came forth into the world again sometime in the year 1367, and outwardly resumed the life of her family. The decision to do this was not suddenly arrived at; gradually she had come to see that she must renounce this life of contemplation, and at first it was in terms of helping the people of her city that she thought. The words, "Now then, act courageously," rang in her ears. It was a repetition on a far larger scale of her childish perception that instead of being a hermit she must go home. "I have a mission for thee," the inward Voice answered, to her search for light as to her course, "and it is My will that thou should'st appear in public. Wherever thou goest I will be with thee and never leave thee." And so, quietly, unpretendingly, still without any preconceived purpose or definite idea as to what her future work was to be, but awaiting her Master's word, she took her place in the daily life of the community. She visited the poor among her neighbours, distributing among them of her father's wealth, for Giacomo had granted her permission to give away as much as she saw fit. She cared for the sick, and the lepers, of whom there were many, as had St. Francis and St. Clare in their day. "Her name gradually became known far beyond the ward of the Oca; her voice, lovely both in speech and song, soothed dying beds; her touch and prayers healed the sick; it was told that the daughter of Giacomo Benincasa cured when the doctor had said there was no hope, and with each sufferer restored to health her fame grew." Her reputation and her influence spread in the city, and she was called upon to decide and settle many of the disputes and feuds, bitter and of long-standing, which existed between masters and workmen, and between families. She visited and prayed with criminals and malefactors. In a famous letter to Father Raymond of Capua she describes the execution of a young knight of Perugia, Niccolo Tuldo, who had been condemned to death for criticism of the Sienese Government. Catherine

went to him when he was utterly lost in incredulity, rage, and despair, bringing to him such comfort and consolation that he willingly received the Communion, which he never before received, and spoke calmly and only of the goodness of God. Catherine awaited him at the place of execution, as she had promised, with a soul so full that of all the multitude of people about she could see not one, and making the sign of the cross, she received his head in her hands as the executioner's stroke fell. "Then came a vision of the Master, God-and-Man, the primal Truth, receiving in the fire of his divine charity the soul of Niccolo, sharing with him the crucified love with which he received painful and shameful death" through obedience, and a vision of the soul of Niccolo, turning on the threshold of Life, with a sweet gesture full of love and comprehension, to give a sign of thanks to her who had accompanied him. Surely one of the great letters of the world, full of intense emotion and excitement, but full too of spiritual experience and knowledge vouchsafed, that transcended expression; an effort to tell in mere human words what outer eye hath not seen nor outer ear heard; a great desire to convey to the heart of man that which can only be truly discerned by an inner and purified intelligence.

It was now that Catherine's special devotion to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper began; in very truth she was dependent on it, not only for inner and spiritual strength and inspiration, but for physical and bodily sustenance as well, for her years of austerities had so impaired her vital powers that it was with the greatest difficulty that she could force herself to swallow the most minute particles of food. "To those who criticized her almost entire abstinence from human food, she would answer humbly: 'God for my sins has smitten me with a singular infirmity, by which I am totally prevented from taking food; I would eat right willingly but cannot. Pray for me that he may forgive me my sins, because of which I suffer every ill.'" Persecution, in addition to criticism, was her lot as well, and she was deprived at times by the Dominican friars of the Sacrament, for when she communicated in their church, so great was her fervour and devotion, that she would remain lost for long after in an ecstasy of thanksgiving and rapture, unconscious of all outer things. Once, under such circumstances she was thrown out of the church into the street to lie in the broiling sun, where a passing friar kicked her brutally as she lay helpless. She was robbed by the friars of the money which she had for the poor. She was called hypocrite and deceiver; her very popularity itself aroused ill-will and jealousy; it was said that her fasts were for outer effect, that she ate well enough in secret; and other more dangerous and scandalous charges against her were not lacking, and to such an extent were evil reports spread that upon one occasion Catherine was called before a meeting of the Mantellate to defend herself. Slander was continuous and even her patriotism was questioned. But Catherine's high courage was nothing daunted, although, as she herself put it, for well-doing she received evil, for the honour which she sought to do her fellow citizens she received shame, and in return for life she was given death. Rather did she rejoice and persevere in all that she did. "When our Saviour hung on the Cross and heard the ungrateful talk of the people

around, did he for their cruel words abandon the work of their redemption?" she asked.

By degrees this storm of disapproval died away, and Catherine was surrounded once more by loving respect and reverence. The plague came again to visit Siena, and Catherine was everywhere, inspiring and heartening all in the horror of that time by her cheerfulness, her activity and devotion. She had always nursed the sick, and had healed many of divers complaints who had already drawn near to the valley of the shadow, through the faith and the love within her, through her own sure inner knowledge of those spiritual defects and causes which accentuate, even when they do not actually produce, the most distressing outer physical symptoms. To her, bodily ills were small in comparison with these inner corruptions, and when, in spite of all efforts at nursing on her part, six of her little nephews and nieces died of the plague, she buried them with her own hands, saying joyfully and without a tear, "These, at least, I have not lost." But in this time of her city's distress, when courage and hope were gone, and men's hearts were failing them for fear, the slim figure in the black and white habit, erect and vigorous and active, impervious to contagion, sustained by an inexhaustible inner force, moved ever about among the suffering. Gladness and joy radiated from her; others caught fire from the glow of her enthusiasm, and found new strength. She trained the novices in nursing; she had so much to teach beside the outer care of bodies! In the height of the plague Messer Matteo, Rector of the great Hospital of the Misericordia, worn out with high pressure of work and the care of those for whom he was responsible, was found helpless and speechless; the rumour spread that the scourge had claimed another victim, and his room was filled with all classes of people, rich and poor alike, who loved him and who had come to mourn and to pray. Messengers ran to seek Catherine, who came quickly. She saw at a glance the physical danger of the man; she saw too the danger that lay in the atmosphere of the room itself, in the stark fear and despair that hung there like a cloud. She prayed, turning for help within, and at that contact with the world of the real, Life itself, flooding through her, reached the sick man. Instinctively, with gay humour, with a quiet decision that carried untold confidence, she cried out, "Messer Matteo, rise! Rise up, Messer Matteo; rise! This is no time to lie sluggishly in your bed." The cure was made; the recovery was only a question of time. To those round about, it was a miracle; to Catherine, a working of universal law. Her only fear lay in the words of commendation, of worship almost, which she knew she would hear, and she departed quickly from among their midst.

"For the King of glory who must reign until He has put all things under His feet, Catherine ever worked, counting her body as dead; studying, applying and interpreting the things of the soul. Her ways remained so winning, her words so direct and yet so tempered with the love she bore her neighbour; her pity for all the afflicted, the depressed and the restless of mankind kept always so instinctive, that great families—usually through the introduction of some member who had come beneath the sway of Catherine's personal kind-

ness and interest—sought her help in the healing of divisions and the making of peace. . . . The woman on her knees or prone upon the ground, humbly appealing to a Strength above and beyond her, moved the offended and sullen ones more than arguments could have done.” It was this reputation as a peace-maker, as well as the stories of her miracles and the reports of her personal sanctity, together with her eloquent and golden speech which began to draw to her many followers, disciples. They came to her from all walks of life, men and women, young and old, rich and poor, noble and peasant, eager to renounce the world, to serve under her direction. She called them her spiritual “family”; when she went abroad, she was always accompanied by one or more of the Mantellate; those of the men who were better educated—Neri, Bartolommeo, Maconi, Raymond—she made her secretaries, and to them she dictated her letters. The two last became her biographers; all were converts and pupils; all had turned to her through some sin, through sorrow, through inner need. All had found, through her, new motive and purpose, catching fire from her enthusiasm and life, gaining wisdom and strength through service. She ruled them gently, with love, but with an iron authority; in spite of all temporary uncertainty or weakness on their part, she put, as she said, such a yoke on their necks that they never slipped away. Upon the death of Giacomo Benincasa, and upon the break-up of the family at the time of the Revolution in Siena, her mother Lapa became one of the Mantellate, and lived as one of Catherine’s family, under the direction and authority of her daughter. During this period Catherine was visited often by learned divines, who came to propound intricate and weighty theological questions, in order to trip, to perplex and confuse her. Strong through infusion of divine grace, Catherine met bland hypocrisy with gentle diplomacy, clearing away the confusion of words until the Truth shone through, or, straight to the point and direct in her answers, she confounded her questioners, breaking down all barriers and reaching their very hearts.

So in all ways, inner and outer, things moved forward to a time of active participation in the affairs of the Church, in questions of political and of national moment. Catherine knew now to what she had been called. She had prayed earnestly that she might soon be freed from the encumbrance of the body and united to her Lord, and there had fallen upon her a mystical death, a suspension of all bodily activity and functioning of several hours’ duration, during which those about her had believed her to be actually dead. In this state of spiritual consciousness, of clear vision,—like Dante’s of Heaven, Purgatory and Hell—she was told to repeat what she saw, what the Divine Voice said to her: “‘Seest thou of what great glory they are deprived, and with what grievous torments they are punished, who offend Me? Return, then, and make known to them their error, their danger, and loss.’ And, for that my soul shrank with horror from this return, the Lord added: ‘The Salvation of many souls demands thy return, nor shalt thou any more keep that way of life that thou hast hitherto kept, nor shalt thou henceforth have thy cell for habitation: nay, thou shalt have to go forth from thine own city for the welfare of souls. I



shall be always with thee, and shall guide thee and bring thee back; thou shalt bear the honour of My name and witness to spiritual things before small and great, the laity no less than the clergy and religious; for I shall give thee speech and wisdom which none will be able to withstand.'"

From this time on, Catherine's work was done openly, before the world. Italy was torn by dissension, city was opposed to city, bands of armed marauders ravaged the countryside. The Church was corrupt and worldly; the Pope, held to be "Christ on earth," was absent with his cardinals at Avignon; the Orders were evil and lax; pride and avarice and immorality were rife among the clergy. To Catherine had come the vision of a world-embracing brotherhood, to be made possible by a Church reformed and purified, by the power and the love of Christ working through this Church; to the reform of the Church, then, Catherine dedicated her life. We can picture her in the varied outer scenes of those busy years, receiving as the ambassadress of the Pope to Pisa or to Florence, the adulation of the people, as they knelt and kissed her hands. We can see her at Avignon, pleading with all of her heart's eloquence with Gregory to return to Rome; we can imagine that momentary triumph and joy when later on, slim and erect and full of grace in the black and white habit, she walked at last before Gregory as he made his entry through the streets of Rome. We can hear with a thrill her clarion call to the nations of Europe to a Crusade, to unite under the gonfalon of the Holy Cross to free the Sepulchre. We can enter into the disappointment, the anguish, of those later years in Rome, when all outer effort seemed to have failed, when the cardinals rose against Urban and the Great Schism rent the Church. Through all the distractions, the confusion and turmoil, of these outer events the Church was always first in her mind and heart; her feminine nature, emotional and sympathetic, loyal and given utterly to implicit obedience, saw only that first state of the Church to which it must return, when the honour of God and the salvation of souls came first, and men cared only for spiritual things and not for temporal. But her very obedience made her hold fast to the forms and moulds of the Church, made her again confuse the end and the means; although she called upon the Pope to reform the evil and corrupt priests, she enjoined people to love them "by reason of the virtue and dignity of the Sacrament." "One wonders if Catherine saw how bound she was to the triumph-car of the papacy, and how inconsistent with much of her own teaching were those other words of hers." In her call to a great Crusade there appears to have been, not only the thought of the spiritual power made available for use in the world by a gathering of the nations with such a community of holy resolve and high purpose, but a motive shrewdly politic as well; a military expedition to the Holy Land against the Turks, with the Pope at its head, would have done much to still faction and difference, to revive the prestige of the papacy and restore its power. In the sweep and activity of Catherine's outer life there came an increasing absorption in the political aspects of the warfare which she was waging, in the externals and in the details of that outer activity itself; never less close in her inner self to the world of the Real, she failed in certain ways to

grasp the relative significance of outer calls to effort, failed therefore to give free opportunity for its expression to that inner power which was working in and through her. "Catherine as the Prophetess of things Divine and as Seer of the evils that contaminated human character and human institutions; Catherine as the Peacemaker, between man and man, family and family, political party and political party, Church and State, was Catherine the Woman and Catherine the Saint. But Catherine as the mouthpiece of a policy, as the ambassadress of a potentate, as the puppet of a political organization, was lower than the divine Mother of Souls she had come to be, and less than the Holy Maid she had been."

But it is not the record of the measure of her success or of her failure in that outer work which so absorbed her in those later years of her life, which concerns us here. Rather is it the record of the inner life of Catherine the Woman, Catherine the Saint; and that inner record is contained, not only in her *Dialogue*, but in her letters. She wrote, on political questions, letters of spiritual exhortation and appeal to Kings and Queens, popes and cardinals, great nobles and soldiers. She wrote as well letters touching and loving, full of the most tender counsel to men and women of the world, to recluses and religious, to prisoners and outcasts. These letters all begin with the same words, with the same note of humility and love:—"I, Catherine, servant and slave of the servants of Jesus Christ, write." They all end with the words, "Sweet Jesus, Jesus love," as if she were in truth offering up all that she had written to him, with the prayer that he would bless and further her effort, that he would take into his care and would help the person to whom she had written. Dictated as they all were to her secretaries, for she learned to write only three years before her death, they are full of the impetuous outpourings of her heart; full, to one who may read between the lines, of her own inner experience. To one who can so read, "before long the very accents of a living woman will reach his ears. He will hear her voice, now eagerly pleading with friend or wrongdoer, now brooding tender as a mother-bird over some fledgling soul, now broken with sobs as she mourns over the sins of Church and world, and again chanting high prophecy of restoration and renewal, or telling in awe-struck undertone sacred mysteries of the interior life." With a deep and true knowledge of the world and of human hearts, she enters with a warm and understanding tenderness into every phase of consciousness. But whether she is dealing with the crudest sins or the most subtle shades of inner experience; whether she is bidding the Pope resign if he feel unequal to the work to which his Lord is calling him, or whether, in tender and playful vein, she is writing to the little maid, Nanna, her niece; one finds in these letters infinitely more than merely the personal record of her inner as well as of her outer life. The clear vision, and the directness of authority with which she writes make vivid the evil which she is combating; the letters are permanent rules of conduct for all time; the way out is shown. For although the note of humility is first struck, we find her, now unrelenting in condemnation and severe in rebuke, now pleading for tolerance and forbearance; now writing of abstract duty, and

now in terms of most practical direction; and always, at the last, straight to the point, the evil at issue is clear, the contrast shown. "We are lifted above the world into a region of heavenly light and sweetness, when suddenly—a blow from the shoulder!—a startling sense of return to earth. From the contemplation of the beauty of holiness, Catherine has swiftly turned us to face the opposing sin. 'Thou art the man!' A few trenchant sentences, charged with pain, and the soul which has been raised to celestial places awakes to see in itself the contradiction of all that is so lovely. Into the region of darkness Catherine goes with it. It is not 'thou' but 'we' who have sinned." And then, impassioned appeal, that the vision of sin may be replaced by the desire for holiness, through that Way which is Truth and Life.

For many years Catherine had prayed, had expressed the desire in her letters, that she might "be fastened and nailed to the tree of the most holy cross of Christ, crucified with him, through love and deep humility." At last, not many years before the end, her heart's desire was granted, she was signed with the signs of our redemption. On the fourth Sunday in Lent, when Catherine was twenty-eight years old, as she was kneeling lost in ecstasy in the Church of Santa Cristina, she received in her body those same marks, that same mystical revelation which Francis of Assisi had received one hundred and fifty years before on Mount La Verna. Those about her saw her slowly rise up, still kneeling, her face glorified and luminous, and stretch out her arms. She remained motionless in this attitude for a short space, and then sank to the floor as though wounded. Catherine herself tells of it in her own words. "I saw," she said, "the crucified Lord coming down to me in a great light, and for this, by the impetus of the mind that would fain go forth to meet its Creator, the body was constrained to rise. Then from the marks of his most sacred wounds I saw five blood-red rays coming down upon me, which were directed towards the hands and feet and heart of my body. Wherefore, perceiving the mystery, I straightway exclaimed: 'Ah, Lord my God, I beseech Thee, let not the marks appear outwardly on my body.' Then whilst I was yet speaking, before the rays reached me, they changed their blood-red colour to splendour, and in the semblance of pure light they came to the five places of my body, that is, to the hands, the feet, and the heart. So great is the pain that I endure sensibly in all those five places, but especially within my heart, that, unless the Lord works a new miracle, it seems not possible to me that the life of my body can stay with such agony, and that it will not end in a few days." But the end was not to be yet; her strength was supernaturally renewed. Later, when one of those about her asked if the pain from the wounds still lasted, she replied, "Those wounds not only do not afflict my body, but even fortify it; so that, instead of receiving torment from them, albeit I feel them still, they bring me strength."

It is, and must be, Catherine the woman, Catherine the mystic and saint, Catherine the mother of souls, who remains fixed so deeply in our hearts and minds,—not the politician, not the blind adherent of an ecclesiastical system. As a politician Catherine won no great or lasting success; rather did the paths

of political expediency lead away from the closeness and sureness of that inner communion which was hers, entangle her in the mazes of external things, confuse the way, and obscure the end to be attained. In resting on the dogma of the Church it is as if she inadvertently closed her mind at times to the Truth and the Vision which had been given her, through her effort, with its manifest impossibility, to express in terms of the Church's teaching that which she had inwardly discerned, and which was utterly beyond all complete and human expression. Externalization of effort impaired and prevented the greater work, just as externalization prevents the realization of the true mission of woman in the world of to-day. We see all around us the conditions of the real, the spiritual world, upside down and reversed. We see women absorbed in all manner of outer activities and interests to the exclusion of their far greater opportunity. We see men looking in vain to them for that inner inspiration, that supply of spiritual capital which it is their high duty to conserve and to expend. Obscured is the ideal that a woman should create within and around her a spiritual centre, herself the priestess, those other women close to her the vestal virgins, whose mission it is always to keep the fire burning in order that man, returning to this centre, may go forth again to his labour refreshed and strengthened, his motive fortified and clear. The story of Catherine does not contain the moral that women are inherently unfit to engage in outer effort, to accomplish outer results; women are proving day by day that they can do those outer things and do them well. Her story "shows simply that woman is faithful to her nature and her destiny only when she remains a saint and a mother—the function of her maternity of spirit being to bring forth souls as the function of her maternity of flesh is to bring forth bodies. As ministrant at once to individuals and to nations, of material consolations and spiritual advices, she is ineffable. When she goes to the service of her kind in the spirit in which Catherine originally set forth, the spirit of doing the will of God, of binding up the broken-hearted, of proclaiming liberty to the captives of sin and of opening prisons of ignorance and habit in which men lie bound; when she keeps close to homely duty and the guidance of her capacities, her opportunities and her conscience, no matter how widely those duties open out, or what great occasions fall in her way, she is doing woman's part. And, even as she must consider no task of human service mean, derogatory or unclean, so she must not fear any duty as too high, too public, or too responsible, should it appear before her clearly as the duty she is called to fulfil."

Some such fuller understanding, tinged perhaps with a growing shade of doubt as to the real value of many phases of her outer political work, and with wonder that with her heart's burning fire of love she had been able to misunderstand, may have come to Catherine at the end. For when she lay dying—and she died at the age of thirty-three, the same age at which her Lord died, and after a long illness and weakness of body which must have been to her active spirit a crucifixion in itself—those about her heard her speak with broken words. At that moment, when her spirit was passing, the powers of evil and of darkness must again have been trying to break through, seeking by

all means to lay hold on her, taking advantage of the dawning of a more complete and full understanding to insinuate even that she had worked for her own ends. For she said vehemently, as if repelling some sort of an accusation, "Vain glory? Never, but the true glory of Christ crucified!"

"The true glory of Christ crucified." Truly, in this heart on fire with love, that had made the hearts of others burn within them, there had been but the one motive. Against whatever outer miscarriage of divine purpose there may have been, there stood for her merit her first great voluntary sacrifice,—her choice of incarnation that the divine will might be done and the Father glorified. Above all, and above all for us, stands the spirit of Catherine the Woman, tender and sensitive and loving, giving utterly in the good fight, truly lost in holy desire for perfect obedience, believing itself in all humility worthy of sufferings and unworthy of any reward. Truly did she bear in her spirit, as in her body, the marks of the Lord Jesus.

STUART DUDLEY.

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*The greater our love may be, the greater the surface that we expose to majestic sorrow; wherefore none the less does the sage never cease his endeavours to enlarge this beautiful surface.*—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

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*Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now.*—EMERSON.

# WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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**A**T the outset I should explain that my actual joining of the T. S. was of no particular significance. It was my great good fortune to be born in a Theosophical atmosphere, friends and relatives being ardent and active members, and I joined while comparatively young,—in part perhaps because it was the natural thing to do, and in part from the purely imitative spirit in which the immature do many things which have an unexpected significance in later years. So, in my case, "Why I stayed in" is more nearly analogous to the "Why I joined" of other members.

When first asked by the Editors of the *QUARTERLY* to write this account, I realized with some surprise that I never had really thought out the basis for my action; I could not have given a reply to any question about it. The self-analysis involved has at least been profitable, if not flattering.

My first real interest in Theosophy was an almost purely intellectual one, which arose out of a still more superficial excitement over the phenomena in *The Occult World*. Of a naturally restless and inquiring mind, I enjoyed delving into the mysteries of Cosmogogenesis, arguing about Fohat, and even got a certain amount of mental titivation in reading through Rama Prasád's exceedingly "stiff" *Nature's Finer Forces*, though I could not understand a word of it. Then, too, I was sufficiently young to attract a certain amount of attention from older members at the meetings of the Society, and this must have flattered my vanity, while the novelty lasted.

However, it did not take me long to discover that there was an unexpected "joker" in Theosophy. Back of the pleasant mental playground, there loomed the vision of a "Life," and an urge to follow it—a vision of ideals, a standard of conduct, a goal, with as good a guarantee of possible success as any the world has to offer. I began to suspect that the Masters did not argue amiably about Fohat, or that the only difference between them and me was the fact that they did not find Rama Prasád's book "stiff" reading. They were exceedingly busy in a totally different direction, and their disciples were exceedingly busy in the same direction, ever striving for more efficiency, and hoping, hoping and praying, that new recruits in the ranks of the T. S. would become busy in the same direction, only less burdened with a sense of their inefficiency. The Universe was a spiritual Universe, full of immortal souls to be saved, including one's own; and the best way of doing that was to work for others, because you could not really succeed with them, without overcoming most of your own weaknesses "on the side."

Nothing could have been more distasteful and more inopportune than this

revelation at the time it came. My hands were full, trying to secure complete independence, and the right to live and to do exactly as I pleased, without having to bother about other people. As my elders united in absolute disapproval of these aims, and did everything possible to prevent their fulfilment, I had no time to worry about my soul, and deeply resented having one, and the necessity of saving it. Worrying about another man's soul was quite out of the question. In passing I must pay a certain mead of tribute to the whole-hearted thoroughness with which I sacrificed everything to realize these wretched aims. One of the things that inevitably had to go was my interest in Theosophy. For a time I was almost completely successful, tasted the cup of independence, and did not think of Theosophy from one year's end to the next. I was apparently happy, and certainly thoroughly contented. I continued my membership in the T. S., however, for the sake of the interested relatives and friends, and thought I was doing very handsomely by them.

But this period was of relatively short duration. It was so lonely. The people I had thought most of had no use for me. The new acquaintances I made were somehow unsatisfactory. Things began to go wrong, and they dropped me. I began to see that independence was a fine thing, if you made no mistakes; but while I tried my best, I would make them anyhow, and had to take the unpleasant consequences. Troubles cropped up on every side, and the road out of one had an extraordinary way of leading straight into another. My happiness disappeared. Karma, kind and merciful Karma, would not permit my illusions to continue, and my house of cards began to tumble. Apparently it was true after all that I had weaknesses of character and faults. People found them out, or discovered a too rampant egotism, and were repelled. As a matter of policy at least, I began to practise consideration for others, and started somewhat fitfully trying to overcome some of the faults of which I happened to be aware. Now this is fearfully "stodgy" work with so poor a motive, and progress is so slow. Perhaps no one will ever really get into heaven on the ground alone that he feels he ought to try.

Service in the army during the War taught me the valuable lesson that the loss of all independence was by no means a crushing disaster. It also showed me that doing things in which I was not in the least interested for other people (superior officers) as part of a general scheme or plan to further a cause in which I was interested, was not so bad as had been supposed. In fact it was positively surprising how much satisfaction one could get out of it. After the War I returned home to live, and once more came into contact with Theosophy.

It was a dreary enough period. A flock of troubles, held over during the War, were clamouring for solution. A career or profession had to be found, and in this direction I had to make a new start. Fitting into another person's home required the abandonment of some at least of the ways and indulgences acquired when alone. Theosophy almost instantaneously became a comfort, a solace, a support, a philosophy with which to bear the trials of life, trials I had wantonly invited and most richly deserved. I could mention the loving-kindness and wise help of friends, but after all, Theosophy was back of this, too.

So I "stayed in," because it was the brightest and most comforting spot I had; it represented the things I believed in most and thought most worthwhile.

The analysis has so far been true, I think, but somewhat on the surface.

There is another factor which an honest account must mention. I do not believe that people can come into touch with Theosophy by chance. I do not believe that people are drawn into the Movement, who are utterly beneath its thought or its idealism. If every cause have its effect, contact with the Movement is a heritage from the past, a talent we are expected to invest and render productive. Woe to us if we bury it. And I realize, as I scan the years, that my belief in Theosophy was automatic and instantaneous. Masters? Of course! Reincarnation and Karma? The most sensible and obvious explanation of great mysteries. There was no doubt, no intellectual difficulty, no violation of preconceived ideas, no painful struggle to reconcile opposing points of view. There never has been. I cannot plead this excuse. Discipleship? A still small voice inside said: "Yes; that's fine; I like it; it is the grandest goal of life I know; I believe in it absolutely." This voice has always been there. That I may have refused to listen is another matter. So I joined the T. S. because I couldn't help myself, and I stayed in because I couldn't help myself, and now I stay in because I can't help myself, and I wouldn't do anything different for anything in the world.

The fruits of blindness are as nothing to the fruits of turning away from the Light. Once the still small voice speaks, the possibilities of this life and of future lives are narrowed down to two. You must kill your lower nature, or it will kill you. You have lost the contentment of ignorance, and have graduated to the plane where true happiness becomes a goal and a possibility. The effort to plunge down again into the contentment of ignorance is hopeless. You can fool yourself for a time, but circumstances are certain to shatter this delusion; and the price to be paid is the indefinite postponement of happiness. Once the enemy is seen and faced, only complete victory will bring complete and lasting happiness. If you turn and run away instead of knocking him down, sooner or later Life will drag you back to face him, and he will have grown stronger, and you will have grown weaker. The inevitable fight will be harder and will last longer. The worst of all types of warfare is the guerilla war, which drags on interminably, and the harassed pursuer sees little sign of the enemy, little sign of progress, but, lost in a maze of steep mountains, can only stumble desperately onward.

I pray that some fellow member, reading these lines, will avoid my mistakes, and so perhaps these will count less heavily against me.

XXX.



# AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

## IX

### THE NEW KINGDOM (THE EMPIRE)

TO the casual observer, life in the City of the Sun ran smoothly on its way, winters and summers passed, year succeeded year. The city itself grew and flourished, the temples still rang with the hymns of praise, and within the city limits at least, there appeared to be nothing but peace and good will. But the sympathetic student of the period knows that in reality this was not so, for already Akhnaton must have begun to realize that he was losing in the battle for the Great Cause which lay so near to his heart, and too late he was discovering that those of his nobles who had followed him from Thebes, had, with very few exceptions, done so for the sake of gain.

In the first flush of youth, in his own strong spirit of consecration, the young King had, no doubt, imagined that much of his own piety and faith was innate in those of his subjects who seemed to sympathize with his ideals,—now, slowly and with bitter sorrow, he was becoming disillusioned. There was the added anxiety of failing health, and, suspecting as he did the sincerity of his followers, he must have had serious fears for the future of his work. We know little in detail of what the King was thinking and feeling during these years when such apparent tranquillity reigned at Akhetaton, but it is certain that his critics are unjust in saying that his time was wholly given to "psalm-singing." Had he withdrawn his interest and his authority from the rest of his kingdom, as completely as is generally supposed, life in the Royal City could not have lasted out the first years, for the scheming and plotting of the Amen priesthood never abated. Of a portion of the King's heart and mind at this time we get eloquent glimpses, however, partly from his own actions, partly by what was recounted of him by his nobles.

Rather reluctantly, perhaps, he decided that the office of High Priest must pass from his own hands<sup>1</sup> into those of another, one whom he could train and who he hoped would be a faithful servant of Aton in case of his own death. There is a detailed record of the investiture of Meryra as High Priest; he has been summoned to the royal presence and is seen standing in an attitude of great reverence before the King. Akhnaton, no doubt with deep emotion at transferring so exalted and sacred an office even to a man whom he must have trusted, and in whom he placed so much of his hope, says: "I make thee High Priest of Aton to me in the temple of Aton at Akhetaton, doing it for love of

<sup>1</sup> The King had been the only High Priest of Aton from the beginning until now.

thee, saying 'Oh my servant who hearkenest to The Teaching, my heart is satisfied with every business that thou art about. Behold, I give thee this office . . .'" and yet, as Davies points out, Meryra's tomb, so full of texts, "nowhere reveals any personal devotion to Aton beyond that which ambition and policy required."

The King was not even free from treason. Maÿ, who held a very high office and came into close personal contact with his master, fell into sudden disgrace, and disappeared with a swiftness which can only mean death. He must have leagued himself secretly with Akhnaton's ever-watchful, ever-active enemies, the priesthood of Amen; there is no other likely explanation. An arresting passage is to be found in the records of Horemheb, General of Akhnaton's army, later King. One of his titles was "Master of the Secret of the Royal Palace" and he speaks of the occasion on which he was "called to the presence of the Sovereign because the palace had fallen into trouble."<sup>3</sup> We are not told what this trouble was, but it must have been of a serious nature, otherwise Horemheb would not have been summoned, nor would the incident have been recorded.

There is something which touches our deepest sympathies in the almost feverish intensity manifested by the King in his effort to fire the hearts of his apathetic subjects with his own burning love of Aton. In the tombs of the nobles we find repeated allusions to this ceaseless effort, in such phrases as: "He [the King] rose at daybreak to teach me." "He rose early every day to teach me because of my zeal in performing his teaching," says Tutu,<sup>4</sup> high in favour, and he adds proudly: "He teaches me. Lo! I tell you something worth hearing," but his zeal proved to be "lip service," no more. Another says that every morning he took lessons of the King "because of the great love which I bore to the royal teaching,"—yet we hear no more of this man in later days, and the precious gift offered by the King was wasted on him as it was on the others. Aÿ, the friend of Akhnaton's childhood, affirms that his "fame reached the palace" because of his "obedience to the King's teaching," yet this very Aÿ, one of the staunch pioneers of the Aton faith, to whom so much had been entrusted and from whom so much was hoped,—this very Aÿ when, later, disaster swept over the land, proved utterly false to his early faith, and as Davies caustically remarks, is represented "worshipping the whole Egyptian pantheon." That was the great betrayal! Of all the deserters, Aÿ's apostacy was the saddest.

Even the Dowager Queen Ti, despite her early enthusiasm, had apparently somewhat lost sympathy. She did not of course openly oppose her son, but she seems to have felt that the conduct of affairs had passed completely out of her hands, and the result was comparative indifference. So far as is known, she never lived at Akhetaton (though she had a palace there), evidently pre-

<sup>2</sup> *Rock Tombs of El Amarna*, by N. de G. Davies, Part I, pp. 21-22.

<sup>3</sup> *Tombs of Harmhabi and Touatankhamon*, Theodore M. Davis' Excavations, p. 10.

<sup>4</sup> Weigall identifies Tutu with the noble who later became the Pharaoh Tutankhamon, about whom so much has been written of late.

ferring her own residence at Thebes where she had been the "Great Queen." During his reign she paid several state visits to the King, all of which are recorded as of the utmost political importance, and no doubt the entire and unquestioned support of the Queen Mother would have assisted greatly in the religious reforms of the son, but there is no evidence to show that any such unqualified support was given. Tiy's parents, Yuaa and Tuau, prominent and zealous members of the early group, were long since dead. Akhnaton could depend on no one.

It is evident that Akhnaton seized eagerly at the least evidence of devotion to his god, hoping always for the best, time after time realizing that his hopes were vain; but he never flagged in his efforts, no matter how great the discouragement, nor did the Queen, Nefertithi, his one untiring and unfailing supporter, his one faithful friend. So we know that the King rose at daybreak to teach his people, and we can see him later, standing in the great temple, before the high altar, greeting the Rising Sun with his splendid Hymn of Praise,—that high altar which stood in front of no statue, as was the old-time custom in Egypt, but which was placed in the centre of one of the great courts, facing the east so that the first warm, life-giving rays of the morning sun would be shed on it in benediction. No name, no sign was needed, for Akhnaton's was a Formless Deity, all-pervading and therefore to be in no way confined. In that crystal-clear morning air, such as is hardly to be found out of Egypt, the sounds of worship must have carried far over the gleaming city, but they fell, more often than not, on indifferent ears.

Then in the cool of the evening, when the shadows were lengthening and the glories of the Setting Sun flooded the sky, we see Nefertithi as High Priestess, officiating at the evening sacrifice in her own temple, surrounded by priestesses, and as the sun dipped behind the Mountain of the West, we read of her: "The Great Wife of the King, whom he loves, who unites her beauties, and returns thanks to Aton with her sweet voice and her beautiful hands, holding the sistrums." There follows the prayer: "May she be at the side of Ua-en-Ra (Akhnaton) for ever and ever, even as heaven stands firm, with all that it holds."<sup>5</sup> It has often been written of Akhnaton that in all his religious movement there was to be found but one sincere believer,—himself; but we may safely add Nefertithi, whose heart was as freely given as his own, and who tried, with him, every possible way of making Aton a daily and living influence in the lives of the people.

If there were smouldering troubles within the Sacred City, however, troubles less concealed were sweeping over the land, for in trying to restore to the dying religion of Egypt its ancient, simple purity, in trying to free his country from the corroding superstitions with which the priesthoods (particularly that of Amen), had filled the hearts of his people, Akhnaton had set himself unequivocally in opposition to the strongest and most unprincipled forces for evil in the whole land. To add further to his difficulties the people at large, duped

<sup>5</sup>*Rock Tombs of El Amarna* (Tomb of Aÿ), by N. de G. Davies, Part VI, p. 29.

and misled by the Amen priesthood, and knowing little of ancient times save what the priests chose to disclose, must have felt that the King was setting at naught their most cherished traditions. Now the Egyptian worshipped tradition, his multiform religion was built upon the past; it has been said of him that there was one thing he could not do and that was *to forget*. Through countless centuries he had been bound to form, and his ritual was the result of the slow growth of the slow-moving ages. So slow-moving had this growth been, that the deterioration caused by the increasingly corrupt priesthood was probably, to the average Egyptian of the middle XVIIIth Dynasty, almost imperceptible,—standards of thought and conscience being no longer what they had been. It is not surprising, then, that there was wide-spread, popular discontent. Here was a people who loved form, and they were offered the Formless; who through long-established familiarity had grown to feel a dependence on the most elaborate magical charms,—and now in the place of these charms they were given prayers, prayers so simple and direct, so free from ceremonial that they could not understand them. We can but have a deep compassion for the Egyptians whose inherited thoughts and customs had been so suddenly swept to one side, and we are prone to question the wisdom of Akhnaton's uncompromising break with the priesthoods. But in our sympathy for the people at large we must not lose sight of Akhnaton's ideal, of what it was he was attempting, for he saw deeper into the dangers of the time than they did. To a man of his ardent and incorruptible sincerity, it was intolerable that the purest elements in the ancient rituals should be prostituted by the priesthoods. It has already been shown<sup>6</sup> to what an extent the Amen priesthood in particular, had perverted the moral integrity of the people (playing upon their superstitious fears for the sake of personal gain), and to what a dangerous extent it held the people in its grip. Akhnaton was not the man to compromise, as had Amenhotep III. Vigorous action had been needed and he had seen but one course, a complete annihilation of the perverters of religion, an apparently complete and far-reaching change in the outer expression of the old religion itself. It is probable that Akhnaton, young as he was when he came to the throne, had foreseen many of the difficulties and dangers ahead, and as he grew older and wiser and learned to look deeper into the hearts of men, he found himself daily and hourly face to face with these dangers. For the priesthood of Amen, inactive on the surface because they were forced to be so, were working as only they knew how to work, by stealth, slowly sapping the foundations of Akhnaton's kingdom. These masters of Black Magic must have used all the power at their command against the "heretic." The King's failing health and mysterious illnesses, may well have been largely the result of their incantations, and we may fancy that he knew this and recognized the immanent danger to his cause, he himself being its one remaining faithful servant..

The army too was disaffected, and it is usually said that this was so because of Akhnaton's conduct of affairs in Syria, the "policy of inactivity," but we can

<sup>6</sup> See *Theosophical Quarterly*, October, 1922, pp. 137-9.

trace much of this disaffection to the machinations of the priests, who did all they could to secure the sympathies of the military powers.

As to Akhnaton's so-called "Syrian policy," that is a matter of so much controversy that it is quite impossible to deal with it satisfactorily without giving it undue space, and yet in trying to understand his motives and ideals it cannot be altogether ignored. On the face of things, so far as the actual preservation of the Empire on its former magnificent basis is concerned, the results of this policy would seem to have been most disastrous, and it looks as though the King made no attempt whatever to hold Egypt's Syrian provinces won at so much cost by his forefathers. The trouble so long brewing in Syria while Amenhotep III was still alive, came to a head during Akhnaton's reign,—he *inherited* the trouble, he did not *create* it. There was open and widespread rebellion, and most of the evidence we have in our possession suggests that Akhnaton made no very great effort to put down the uprising. Indeed it is definitely stated by most writers, that when Akhnaton died, Egypt had not a single Asiatic province left. This is generally attributed to his "pacifist" tendencies,—it has even been said that warfare in any form was abhorrent to him. Such criticisms are, of course, made by those who cannot or will not realize that Akhnaton's true battle-ground had been from the beginning that of the Soul. On that battle-ground he was as fearless and as resolute as had been his illustrious ancestor Thothmes III on his own. With equal audacity and spirit had Akhnaton, like Thothmes, "gone forth at the head of his army, showing the way by his own footsteps," but that way was peculiar to himself. From the very first his warfare had been moral and spiritual, not physical. It has been said: "On every plane we find conflict, a life and death struggle"; the fighting qualities so strongly marked in his ancestors were, by Akhnaton, transferred to the interior plane,—it is quite simple and easy to understand if we have sufficient sympathy to do so.

It is natural, however, to seek a somewhat more detailed explanation of Akhnaton's apparent indifference to so pressing a matter as the Syrian troubles, and to the so-called "desertion" of such of his Syrian vassals as remained faithful, for it may justly be claimed that he should have given his attention to the outer as well as to the inner needs of his country and its dependencies. Many interpretations, for the most part censorious, have been arrived at by many writers, but, at best, these interpretations are merely speculation, since we have no really conclusive evidence to show us what Akhnaton's basic motives were; for despite the highly important historic records furnished by such of the Tell el-Amarna letters<sup>7</sup> as have been preserved to us, the whole situation remains too obscure to allow of a final verdict. Anyone studying an average history of Egypt will find almost invariably adverse conclusions, but if we look below the surface, refusing to be blinded by mere outer events, we are sure that whatever the explanation of Akhnaton's conduct, he certainly was not "drifting,"—that was not his way and it never had been. The most

<sup>7</sup> Ref. *Theosophical Quarterly*, July, 1922, p. 19.

elementary justice requires the taking into account of a man's well-known character, when passing judgment on an only partially explained act of his; to arrive at an unprejudiced decision the one must of necessity colour the other. For the benefit of those who wish to form their own opinions, therefore, a few references, each presenting the matter from a somewhat different angle, may be given, and the reader sufficiently interested may thus make further investigations for himself.<sup>8</sup>

Before leaving the subject, however, we cannot do better than quote Maspero, who is, at best, no admirer of Akhnaton, and who has remarked rather sulkily in his *Art Studies* that the older generation of Egyptologists extolled him far too much. Referring to the Tell el-Amarna letters, on which are based most of the hottest controversies, and questioning the truth of the claim made by so many writers that during Akhnaton's reign all of Egypt's possessions were lost, he says<sup>9</sup> that there was "payment of tribute in the time of one of the weak followers of Akhnaton," which shows that "all of Egypt's possessions in Syria were not lost, as is generally stated." (Breasted for instance writes: "We know from the Amarna letters, that Egyptian power in Asia was at an end under Akhnaton."<sup>10</sup>) Maspero goes far towards proving that "Syrian wars were carried on by Akhnaton himself,"<sup>11</sup> and he continues: "I am not prepared to allow that we know from the Amarna letters that Egypt's power was at an end under Akhnaton. We possess a small part only of the correspondence [the Tell el-Amarna cuneiform tablets] which was exchanged during those years between the court of Egypt and its vassals in Asia; it is to say the least, imprudent to declare that, because we have no more letters, there were no more of them showing that Akhnaton retained part of the territories he had inherited there from his father."<sup>12</sup>

The justice of Maspero's views will be recognized by anyone who has read the story of the discovery and well-nigh unpardonable abuse of the Tell el-Amarna letters,<sup>13</sup>—of how "some fellahin, digging for marl not far from the

<sup>8</sup> *The Tell el-Amarna Letters*, by Hugo Winckler.

*The Tell el-Amarna Period*, by Carl Niebuhr.

*Syria and Egypt from the Tell el-Amarna Letters*, by W. M. Flinders Petrie.

*The Tell el-Amarna Tablets in the British Museum*, by Bezold and Budge.

*Rock Tombs of El Amarna*, by N. de G. Davies, Part II, p. 38.

*The Ancient History of the Near East*, by H. R. Hall, p. 302.

*The Glory of the Pharaohs*, by Arthur Weigall, p. 150.

*The Oldest Letters in the World*, by Mrs. Sydney Bristowe. (This claims a strong Israelitish connection. Weigall also holds the theory of Hebraic influence.)

*Egyptian History and Art*, by A. A. Quibell, p. 107.

Some of the above references consist of suggestions only, it being left to the imagination of the reader to elaborate them according to his convictions.

<sup>9</sup> *The Tombs of Harmhabi and Touatankhamonou*, Theodore M. Davis Excavations, footnote, p. 122.

<sup>10</sup> *Ancient Records*, Vol. II, footnote, p. 422.

<sup>11</sup> *The Tombs of Harmhabi and Touatankhamonou*, Theodore M. Davis Excavations, p. 15, sqq.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 122.

Also *Monuments du Musée d'Antiquités*, by Conrad Leemans, Vol. I, plates XXXI to XXXIV.

*Description Raisonnée des Monuments Égyptiens du Musée d'Antiquités des Pays Bas, à Leide*, by Conrad Leemans, pp. 40, 41.

<sup>13</sup> Ref. *The Tell el-Amarna Period*, by Carl Niebuhr.

*The History of Egypt*, by W. M. Flinders Petrie, Vol. II, p. 259.

*Syria and Egypt from the Tell el-Amarna Letters*, by W. M. Flinders Petrie, pp. 1-3.

ruins [of the palace] came upon a number of crumbling chests filled with clay tablets"; of how they "broke up the largest tablets into three or four separate pieces" in order to multiply their gains; of how these tablets and fragments of tablets when brought to the notice of two separate experts, were rejected by them as spurious; of how they were then thrown carelessly into sacks by the native discoverers who took them to Luxor "to hawk about among the dealers there," till at last, so damaged that some of them had been ground to pieces while others had been rendered practically undecipherable, they came to the notice of those who had the wisdom to recognize their incomparable historical value,—no one who remembers this story can reasonably claim that we have heard the last word on the subject of Akhnaton's "desertion of his Syrian vassals," and the loss of Egypt's Syrian provinces. Beside the tablets which have been spared to us, most of which are from the Asiatic side, and beside those which we know to have been destroyed, there must be many letters from Egypt which have not yet come to light (buried we know not where), which would illuminate many dark corners of the subject. At present it is a very one-sided correspondence, and while it is possible that we shall never know the whole truth, unless, indeed, some new "find" be made, at least we can, as Maspero would seem to suggest, suspend judgment, or, failing that, regulate it to some extent.

HETEP EN NETER.

(*To be concluded*)

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*True humility lies in this: not to pride oneself upon anything; not to murmur against anyone; not to be ungrateful, nor complaining, nor querulous; but in all things to thank God and praise him.*—ANSELM.

# INSTRUCTIONS FOR DISCIPLES TAITTIRIYA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

**T**HE Taittiriya Upanishad is made up, for the most part, of Instructions for younger disciples, who are learning the first lessons of the secret wisdom from a Master.

As might be expected, these Instructions are often enigmatic, in part because of their brevity; they are intended, not simply to convey information to the mind, but rather to awaken the intuition and to supply material for careful, deliberative thought and meditation.

They contain, among other things, tables of Correspondences, illustrating what *The Secret Doctrine* calls "the eternal law of correspondences and analogy," regarding which it is further said:

"From Gods to men, from Worlds to atoms, from a Star to a rushlight, from the Sun to the vital heat of the meanest organic being—the world of Form and Existence is an immense chain, the links of which are all connected. The Law of Analogy is the first key to the world-problem, and these links have to be studied co-ordinately in their Occult relation to each other" (S.D., I, pages 640 and 662).

To illustrate the method of study: If the section entitled "The Law of Correspondences" be drawn up as a table, it will be found that the disciple is compared with the father, the Master being the mother; the purpose of the teaching is, to bring forth the "new creature," the spiritual man, in the disciple. Thoughtful study will reveal many points of equal interest.

## TAITTIRIYA UPANISHAD

### INVOCATION

May Mitra, divinity of the day, guard us! May Varuna, divinity of the night, guard us! May Aryaman, divinity of the sun, guard us! May Indra, divinity of power, guard us! May Brihaspati, divinity of voice and of intelligence, guard us! May wide-striding Vishnu, divinity of progress, guard us!

Obeisance to the Eternal! Obeisance to thee, Vayu, the Great Breath! Thou, verily, art the Eternal made manifest! Thee, verily, as the Eternal made manifest I shall declare. I shall declare the Truth. I shall declare the Real. May it protect me! May it protect the speaker! May it protect me! May it protect the speaker! Om: Peace! Peace! Peace!



INTONING SACRED SENTENCES

Om: We shall set forth in order the teaching regarding Intoning.

The colour of the sound; the tone, whether high or low; the measure, whether long or short; the stress, whether strong or light; the enunciation, making the sound audible; the combination, linking sounds together.

Thus the teaching of Intoning is declared.

THE LAW OF CORRESPONDENCES

May honour abide with us two, Master and disciple! May the radiance of the Eternal abide with us two!

We shall now set forth in order the secret teaching of Correspondences, under five heads: Regarding the world; the givers of light; the teaching; offspring; self. This is called the teaching of Correspondences.

Now, regarding the world: the earth is the initial form, heaven is the final form; the ether of space is the mediating power; Vayu, the Great Breath, brings about the union. Thus, regarding the world.

Now, regarding the givers of light: fire is the initial form; the sun is the final form; the waters of space are the mediating power; the lightning brings about the union. Thus, regarding the givers of light.

Now, regarding the teaching: the Master is the initial form; the accepted disciple is the final form; the secret teaching is the mediating power; the imparting of the teaching brings about the union. Thus, regarding the teaching.

Now, regarding offspring: the mother is the initial form; the father is the final form; the offspring is the mediating power; the engendering brings about the union. Thus, regarding offspring.

Now, regarding self: the lower jaw is the initial form; the upper jaw is the final form; voice is the mediating power; the tongue brings about the union. Thus, regarding self.

These are the Correspondences. He who knows these Correspondences, thus set forth in order, is united with offspring and flocks, with the radiance of the Eternal, with food and all blessings, with the heavenly world.

INVOCATION BY THE MASTER

The Power who inspired the sacred hymns is the Divinity of universal form. Above the hymns, he came into being from the Everlasting. May this Ruler endow me with holy wisdom! May I, O Radiant One, become a container and bestower of immortality!

May my body be full of vigour! May my tongue be sweeter than honey! May I hear fully with my ears!

Thou art the vesture of the Eternal, endowed with holy wisdom! Guard for me what I have heard!

Divine Grace brings blessings, and distributes them. May that Grace take to herself these vestures and herds! May she provide food and drink, granting

me a blessing always! May she grant the flocks with their fleeces! Adoration!

May disciples, serving the Eternal, come to me! Adoration!

May disciples, serving the Eternal, come apart to me! Adoration!

May disciples, serving the Eternal, come forth to me! Adoration!

May disciples, serving the Eternal, conquer themselves! Adoration!

May disciples, serving the Eternal, win peace! Adoration!

May I be Radiance among mankind! Adoration!

May I be more blessed than those rich in possessions! Adoration!

May I enter, Lord, into Thee! Adoration!

Thou, Lord, enter into me! Adoration!

In the Power, thousand-rayed, in Thee, Lord, I am clean! Adoration!

As waters flow, descending; as the months flow into the sum of days, so, Universal Lord, let disciples, serving the Eternal, come from the whole world to me! Adoration!

Thou art my Refuge! Pour thy Light upon me! Come to me!

#### THE FOUR REALMS

Earth, Mid-world, Heaven: These are the three Expressions. Mahachamasya made known a fourth, in addition to these: the Great One. This is the Eternal, this is the Supreme Self. The other divine powers are its members.

The Earth, verily, is this world; the Mid-world is the interspace; Heaven is that world; the Great One is the sun. Through the sun, verily, all worlds are made great.

The Earth, verily, is this fire; the mid-world is the wind; Heaven is the sun; the Great One is the moon. Through the moon, verily, all lights are made great.

The Earth, verily, is the Rig Veda; the Mid-world is the Sama Veda; Heaven is the Yajur Veda; the Great One is knowledge of the Eternal. Through knowledge of the Eternal, all the Vedas are made great.

The Earth, verily, is the forward-breath; the Mid-world is the downward-breath; Heaven is the distributive-breath; the Great One is food. Through food, verily, all the vital breaths are made great.

They, verily, these four, are divided fourfold. The Expressions are four and four. Who knows these, knows the Eternal; to him all the bright Powers bring victory.

#### THE MAN FORMED OF MIND

This radiant ether, here, in the heart within, in it is the Spiritual Man, formed of Mind, immortal, of the colour of gold; here, at the division of the palate, this, which is pendent, like a nipple, this is the womb of the Ruler. Opening a way here, at the top of the head, where the hair separates, and saying, Earth! he establishes himself on this fire; saying, Mid-world! he estab-

lishes himself upon the wind; saying, Heaven! He establishes himself in the sun; saying, the Great One! he establishes himself in the Eternal. He wins self-mastery. He wins the Lord of the mind. He becomes lord of voice, lord of vision, lord of hearing, lord of knowledge, all this, he becomes, and more, the Eternal, whose vesture is the ether of space, whose soul is the Real, whose garden is Life, whose joy is Mind, whose treasure is Peace immortal. Thus worship, thou of the ancient Yoga!

#### FIVEFOLD CORRESPONDENCES

Earth	interspace	heaven	directions	inter-directions
Fire	wind	sun	moon	constellations
Water	plants	trees	space	self

Thus, with regard to beings. Now, with regard to self:

Forward-breath	distributive-breath	downward-breath	upward-breath	uniting-breath
Vision	hearing	mind	voice	touch
Skin	flesh	sinew	bone	marrow

Thus distributing the powers, a Seer and Sage has said: Fivefold, verily, is this all. Through the five, he wins the five.

#### THE SACRED SYLLABLE OM

Om is the eternal. Om is all this universe. Om is also the expression of ascent. Saying, Om! Invoke! they invoke at the sacrifice. Saying, Om! they intone the Sama hymns. Saying, Om! they praise the weapons. Saying, Om! the priest utters the response. Saying, Om! the chief priest chants the opening praise. Saying, Om! the sacrificer assents to the fire-oblation. Saying, Om! the Brahman, about to recite, prays, May I receive inspiration! He receives inspiration.

#### STUDY AND INSTRUCTION

The True, study and instruction; the Real, study and instruction; fervour, study and instruction; control, study and instruction; peace, study and instruction; the fires, study and instruction; the fire-oblation, study and instruction; guests, study and instruction; the sons of man, study and instruction; offspring, study and instruction; engendering, study and instruction; bringing up children, study and instruction.

"The true!" said Rathitara, speaker of truth. "Fervour!" said Paurushishti, ever fervent. "Study and instruction!" said Naka, son of Mudgala, "for this is fervour, this is fervour!"

#### A MEDITATION

I am he who fells the tree of rebirth; my glory is as a mountain peak, exalted, pure; I am as the nectar in the sun, the treasure, radiant; I am the possessor of wisdom, immortal, indestructible!

## MASTER AND DISCIPLE

When he has taught him the Vedas, the Master thus instructs the accepted disciple:

Speak the truth! Work righteousness! Be not remiss in study! Bring a gift acceptable to thy Master, and break not the link of spiritual descent! Depart not from the truth! Depart not from righteousness! Depart not from true welfare! Depart not from true prosperity! Depart not from study and from thy instruction!

Depart not from what is owed to the bright Powers and the Fathers! Let thy mother be to thee as a divinity! Let thy father be to thee as a divinity! Let thy Master be to thee as a divinity! Let a guest be to thee as a divinity! Let all blameless works be performed, but not others! Those things which are esteemed good among us, should be revered by thee, and not others! Whichever knowers of the Eternal are best among us, should be received by thee with reverence!

Give thy gifts with faith! Give not without faith! Give with grace! Give with humility! Give with reverence! Give with compassion!

If thou shouldest have a doubt concerning thy work, or concerning conduct, whatever knowers of the Eternal are there, full of judgment, qualified, devoted, gentle-hearted, loving righteousness, as these shall bear themselves in such a matter, so do thou bear thyself!

Concerning those who are reprimanded, whatever knowers of the Eternal are there, full of judgment, qualified, devoted, gentle-hearted, loving righteousness, as these shall bear themselves in such a matter, so do thou bear thyself! This is the instruction, this is the counsel, this is the secret wisdom of the Vedas, this is the command handed down; thus shalt thou reverently serve! Thus, verily, should service be rendered.

## CLOSING INVOCATION

May Mitra, divinity of the day, guard us! May Varuna, divinity of the night, guard us! May Aryaman, divinity of the sun, guard us! May Indra, divinity of power, guard us! May Brihaspati, divinity of voice and of intelligence, guard us! May wide-striding Vishnu, divinity of progress, guard us!

Obeisance to the Eternal! Obeisance to thee, Vayu, the Great Breath! Thou, verily, art the Eternal made manifest! Thee, verily, as the Eternal made manifest, I have declared. I have declared the Truth. I have declared the Real. It has protected me. It has protected the speaker. Om: Peace! Peace! Peace!

C. J.

*(To be continued)*

## ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Historian's contribution to the July "Screen of Time"—comments by Cavé on the record of a younger student, which the younger student had copied and had placed at the Historian's disposal—had proved helpful to so many of our readers, that we had asked him to bring a further instalment, and to read extracts to us, for our own pleasure and benefit. So the Historian was ready.

"As before," he said, "I must preface some of Cavé's notes by a brief quotation from my friend's record, for otherwise the comment will lose much of its significance. The pages from which I shall read, cover the years 1915 to 1918."

"In August, 1915, there is this entry: 'Later there was a sense of oneness with ———, which I do not know how to describe; a sense of belonging, of its being home, wherever I might go.' Cavé's comment reads as follows:

"I am very pleased to note your having this feeling. As one grows closer to the ———, as we grow into what it is and our relation to it, and so also into what we really are, the feeling increases and deepens in all ways. The Lodge becomes *home*; for it alone can we have that feeling. Place and surroundings in the outer world can affect us the same way only as they are expressions of the Lodge. The most familiar place becomes strange and alien to us without that atmosphere; the strangest place, our beloved and familiar habitat if full of its divine and yet homely influence. So also with people. Our nearest ties, in the worldly sense, become meaningless—duties to be conscientiously remembered and performed,—no more; while 'strangers' whom we never laid physical eyes on before, clasp us heart to heart, soul to soul, in the first touch of a hand. This idea fills some people with dismay, but only because they do not understand it. The universe is not a gigantic hoax, and God does not mock us with our noblest feelings and affections. No; the key to the situation, which we hold in our own hands, allays instantly all these unworthy fears and suspicions. For what is our test of reality? Our desire, our own wish and feeling about it. Is *this* the place I want to be in, are these the conditions, these the people with whom I long to spend my eternity? Yes? Then we may be sure that they are those who are truly ours. For, if not, our desire will change. We can remember things we loved or longed for when we were children, with a very sincere and deep feeling, but no such feeling exists in us to-day. And were some of the possessions we coveted then, given to us now, we should be not a little embarrassed with them! (Perhaps some of those we find trying in this life, may be the working out of unintelligent longings of previous lives. For, after all, all prayers, all desires are granted.) So the desire will change as we develop in knowledge of what we really are and really want,—as we 'grow

up' in this perfectly organized, radiantly happy and satisfying life, where we, as immortal beings, deepen and deepen in understanding and enjoyment of that which we know, beyond all shadow of doubt or fear, to be eternally and everlastingly ours, immortal as part of our immortality. Let us have faith then and step out boldly—the dear Master will not deceive us: would He betray the trust of a helpless, ignorant child? For after all, even these childish desires were true in essence, symbols of deeper things which our hearts really craved, but which the undeveloped mind could not rightly translate. The feeling was sound.

"I have heard of a little girl who, on the moss under an old oak tree, played tea parties with the acorn cups, and no less a person than St. Michael came and played the tea party with her and drank out of the acorns. But that little girl, so the story goes, was often more interested in the arrangement of her cups, or the flowers with which she filled them, than in the great, patient Archangel who so lovingly stooped to her littleness. I think that story tells us a great deal."

"Later, we have this comment":

"It seems to me that recently you have been getting more at the reality of these things,—a deepening sense of reality. You are gradually overcoming your *timidity* about them, for instance; and that was really your first barrier, and always a slow task. Go forward! There is the standard fluttering high upon the wall. Take your courage in both hands, by the ———— if need be, and *follow on*, scaling the wall. Realize that we need you and are calling; that He needs you and we call in His name.

"St. Teresa says: 'To know oneself loved, this is the fundamental condition, the necessary point of departure, the soul of all prayers.'

"And again, speaking of the happiness of being raised to perfect love, she says: 'We put our own heart at so high a price! We are so slow to make an absolute gift of ourselves to God. We are so far from the interior preparation which He demands. Now God does not wish us to enjoy so sublime a happiness without paying a great price for it. Earth, I know, has nothing where-with to buy it. . . . But it appears to us that we have abandoned all things to Him when, reserving for ourselves the principal and capital, we give Him the usufruct or the interest.'

"I well know that this failure to give is often involuntary, not voluntary,—an ignorance of how to give rather than any deliberate withholding. Nevertheless, the law is the law, and the price to be paid for that for which you are asking, is unconditional self-surrender without an 'if' or a 'but.' You know that the only way to learn to swim is to *plunge in*: no use taking off your clothes and dabbling uncertain toes in the chilly water, shivering meanwhile in the chilly air! Many of you seem to me sometimes like that,—you have gone far enough to be thoroughly uncomfortable and not far enough for the exhilaration of the stinging water, the power of long, swift strokes through the

waves; and to push you in and souse you would seem like being rough to a frightened child.

"This is all to bid you keep on; and to remind you that further light is always the reward of putting into action the light already received. May the Master bless your efforts as I know He will, and as I unceasingly pray. After all, what can I do, save to pray Him for you? And He listens to my poor prayers because I love Him so."

"The earlier part of that comment reminds me of an entry and comment which I omitted," said the Historian. "If you will pardon me for a moment, I should like to go back to them"—and he turned pages rapidly. "Here they are, dated May, 1915. The entry says: 'Then it came to me that I could not imagine any love as great as His love for me.' This is the comment":

"What a wise thought! Dwell much in the sense of that wonderful love which He has for each one, as if that one were the only one. It has a marvelous power to work complete transformation in us, will we but bathe in it, and let it flood over, around and in us. We must open the sluice gates of our nature, not fearing the mystic tide, but gladly welcoming it as it sweeps us off the feet of our selfishness and sin, and bears us to the safe shores of spiritual life and happiness. . . . All real disciples are *flame bearers*. That is one of their titles. They must go from heart to heart lighting the lights on each altar (for each heart has its altar, though many, alas! are cold and dark, or else burning candles to false gods); or tending those lights which have grown dim, that they may burn brilliantly again."

"In December of the same year, referring to an entry—'I think you told me once that the feeling I hope for, a passionate love and sense of His presence, is a reward to be earned'—Cavé says":

"Yes, I told you this, and it is supremely true—and mercifully so; for when we begin to love Him, even a very little, we are filled with shame and disgust at the smallness and meanness of this love, and this re-acts in greater and greater effort to do and to be, that something more worthy may be ours to offer. As we empty ourselves thus in self-abasement, and press on with steadfast determination, He fills that emptiness with Himself, who is Love incarnate (is not that reward?), and strengthens that determination with more and more of desire,—another expression of His nature of love (reward piled on reward). Yet whereas He made all possible in the first place, in the second place we have truly earned, since His final giving is the response to our response to Him, and could not have been, had we not made our own."

"Later":

"Fight through! *We need you*. The fighting has been heavy recently, and there have been dark hours. Keep strong and steady, with clear faith and

unfaltering enthusiasm. You give much as it is: please do not think that I disregard or minimize this, nor am I ungrateful. But you can give more and will when you fight through. We must do more than die for these things; we must live for them, giving our hearts as torches with which to illumine the world. For where the light goes, there go the Angelic hosts, and, with the darkness, the devils fly."

"Another comment reads":

"You are right in what you say here. Strive for feeling, yes, but remember that feeling is a 'grace' and *do not wait for it*. Be faithful, be strong; 'fight' without feeling, as you suggest. Later the feeling will surely come, when you have been tested as the Master wishes. Love He gives (and craves), but obedience and loyalty, He demands; and until we have qualified in these, the Law cannot permit Him to go beyond a certain well defined limit."

"Then we have this entry: 'All this week I have been full of hope after last Sunday. I have insisted on right self-identification, on my love and loyalty, and have felt it and felt deeply grateful. It is a wonderful joy. And now to carry it on and make it permanent.' Cavé's note says":

"Yes, but *insist* on it. Remember that feeling is largely a matter of grace; deliberate, sustained willing is your part, whether you feel or not. That is what brings consciousness and realization. When you have realization you will always have feeling, because you will command it. You will be above feeling, not under it or dependent on it."

"Another entry reads: 'It came to me that completeness of inner giving now, is necessary to win the privilege of complete outer giving next time.' This is the comment":

"You have caught something very real and vital in the need for inner giving now, to have the chance of outer giving later. That, you may recall, is the invariable rule: to live as in or of a higher degree, before entrance to that higher degree is possible. First we become the thing; then what we have become, receives recognition. So also of service, which invariably is an accolade, hence a great and serious responsibility in which we are put to severe test, since every weakness, every blindness, every undeveloped faculty, every recognized but unconquered fault, will be against us and our chance of 'making good.' If the risk be too great, therefore, surely the chance will in all mercy be denied, or we might wreck not only ourselves and others, but the very cause to which we wished to give all, but were too weak to prepare for. . . . Unless we are always reaching higher than we can see, we shall inevitably fail to reach that which we do see. Also we set a limit to the development of our vision: for what we see, even in our highest moments, is never all that we are capable of



seeing, nor all there is to be seen; and it behooves us to develop all that we are. We dare not, therefore, at any time, or in any direction, set limits to our attainment.

"All the powers of the Universe are there for our taking; but more than that, it is our duty to take them."

The Historian ceased reading, and looked at the rest of us inquiringly. He evidently thought that he had done his share; but we remained silent. Finally he asked:

"Do members of the Society realize what the Lodge is doing for them? Do they appreciate how much more is done for them to-day, than was possible in the past, and the extent to which the individual is helped whenever there is enough genuine devotion to warrant it? Do they bless the light as it reaches them?"

"People will not use their imagination. It uses them; and the resulting waste is appalling. To imagine what others may have thought, are thinking, or will think about 'me' (I, I, I), is perhaps the commonest form of this sin. The consequence is they have neither time, space in their heads, nor energy, for creative imagination. For instance, they say they do not know how to praise. (The reading of Cavé's comments must be held responsible for this outburst!) If I were talking to such people, this is what I should like to say:

"Man was created to praise God, not merely with his lips but with his whole life. He is intended to be, as Dionysius said, 'a mirror most luminous and without flaw, receptive of the primal light and the supremely divine ray, and devoutly filled with the entrusted radiance,' attaining assimilation and union with God, 'by looking unflinchingly to His most divine comeliness,' through the ascending hierarchies above him.

"O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever."

"Thus sang the neophyte when passing through the purifying fires—as the Prayer Book does not suggest! (Its compilers would have been surprised to learn how often they quote from the mysteries,—though the 'Song of the Three Holy Children', the apocryphal or 'hidden' chapter of the Book of Daniel, which appears in the Prayer Book as the *Benedicite*, almost reveals itself as an episode of initiation.)

"O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."

"Imagine it; feel it in your heart.

"O ye Angels of the Lord,' angels of song, angels of sound transcending song, with your rapture of love, praise Him for me, praise Him for me. (Hear them, feel with them, die to all else, even as they hear only the divine perfections.)

"O ye Angels of the Lord,' angels of colour, angels of light, angels of the everlasting radiance, with your rapture of worship, bless Him for me, bless Him for me. (See them, feel with them, and forget all else save the worship which is their being.)

"Praise Him with all the hosts of heaven, one at a time. There are angels of fragrance, angels of angelic touch, angels of power, angels of understanding, angels great and angels little; and do not forget the hierarchy of flowers, and of all 'Green Things upon the earth,' which praise Him and rejoice in Him unceasingly, even in death, and which He loves with an infinite love, for their sweetness and acceptance and endless adoration. Share their praise of Him; share His love for them.

"When the censers of the roses o'er the forest aisles are shaken,  
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?"

"Do not forget, either, the hierarchy of feathered things, the 'Fowls of the air,' blessing Him, praising Him, and magnifying Him for ever.

"Feel with the mountains—earth's arms outstretched to Him, in an outburst of longing.

"The works of man also, into which praise and worship have entered, not only the conscious prayer of some great cathedral, with arches and spires soaring heavenwards, but even when, alas, man has not thought to praise, but has been possessed by 'the great god Pan,' till—

"The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.'

"It is easy, not difficult, to praise. All we need is to listen. Blasphemers, by blaspheming, recognize His supremacy unawares. There is not an atom in the universe that does not praise Him. Listen, and permit yourself to be carried by the torrent. Do not strain to hear. You will hear nothing if you strain. There is nothing so loud, nothing so near, as the universal praise of Him. The praise of suffering is perhaps the clearest note of all, for, 'when God endows a man with the grace of suffering, He gives him a greater grace than that of raising the dead to life; because in performing miracles, man remains God's debtor, whereas in suffering, God makes Himself the debtor of man.' See how He is worshipped in that saying, as well as in the fact! The saying of a saint, John Chrysostom, and perhaps the praise of saints may not seem easy to share; but the 'humble Men of heart' who have blessed Him and praised Him and magnified Him for ever by suffering, are as legion in history and in life; and may we not aim, when suffering comes, to use it as part of the great chorus,—as something which angels cannot offer?

"It is a world of passionate beauty, though the mind may see it in terms of hideousness and filth. I do not deny that there is filth and hideousness in life—man made; but personally we should not like to be judged by our lowest levels, and we know that no true view of us would be obtained in that way. So it is with the world around us,—above all, with those things still uncontaminated by the perversions which man seeks out. . . . There, I have finished my harangue!"

"What do you mean by 'angels?'" one of us asked.

"Thus have I heard," he replied; "but is it not common-sense that there are as many orders or hierarchies of beings in the invisible world, as there are in the visible? There are angels who appear like men, though not of the human race; there are those who appear like breaths, but not as we know breath. Some are in close touch with earth; some are far removed from it. It seems probable that only Adepts know them either in their true appearance or in their true being, and that we mortals cannot. We add too much of ourselves to our vision. Thus, if an Adept were to try to describe to us the different orders of being on the planet Mars, he, in the first place, could only do so in terms of our previous experience, which is limited to this world, while we in our turn, listening, would attribute human or animal or vegetable characteristics to whatever he might describe. Imagine, if you can, a world which is as definite in form as our own, but where 'roundness,' 'squareness,' 'curves,' and 'angularity,' do not exist! Beatrice assured Dante, as you may remember, that it was a mistake to attribute understanding, memory, and will, in the human sense, to angels, although they possess these according to the angelic nature. 'These substances, since first they were gladdened by the face of God, have not turned their sight from it, from which nothing is concealed; therefore they have not a vision interrupted by new objects, and therefore do not need to remember by a divided conception.'

"I suspect, however, that any generalization is unsafe. Relatively speaking, there may be as much difference between one hierarchy of angels and another, as between men and flowers. I doubt if it matters much how we think of them, so long as we do not think of them as wearing modern fashions. That might be more than even they could endure. Stereotyped feather wings would be better than that.

"Daniel speaks of 'the man Gabriel.' In another place he speaks of 'one like the similitude of the sons of men.' When he tries description, he is either taken literally, or is psycho-analysed as an epileptic. Yet I doubt if there could be a more perfect description of a fact. You remember it: 'his body also was like the beryl, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and his feet like in colour to polished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude.'"

"And what do you mean by 'God?'" asked another.

"When I said 'him' or 'his,' I did not refer to the Absolute. Those who can think of the Absolute, may of course do so. I cannot. When I praise God, I praise the nearest to God that I know. You may take your choice."

Again there was a pause. Then the Philosopher spoke. "I have a 'concern,'" he said.

"Go ahead!" exclaimed the Student. "If it be a real 'concern,' the 'Screen' should have it."

"My concern is about Rudyard Kipling," the Philosopher explained; "and as I do not know him and have no excuse for writing to him, perhaps saying it here is the best chance to reach what I want to reach."

"Last winter I re-read *Kim*; a few weeks ago I re-read '*They*.' They are marvellous. He sees, and understands unutterable things. Furthermore, he learns; he does not stand still. He has covered more than one incarnation since he wrote *The Bonds of Discipline*. He has learned to understand France, among other things. Like the rest of us, he has two sides to his nature, but the side of him that wrote '*They*' (and I defy a stone to read that without heart-break), and the side of him that created the characters in *Kim*, is capable of infinitely more. It is capable of the most tragically needed and the most difficult task that the mind and the soul of a great artist could undertake."

He paused, and obviously it was not for effect, but simply because of his anxiety to convince as he was convinced.

"The world needs an ideal," he continued. "Kipling has gone far already toward giving the world an ideal, in his poem 'If.' An ideal to be effective, however, must be concrete, must be embodied, must be made personal; it must move and act; it must arouse admiration, love, worship, desire. The world cannot love an abstraction."

"It sounds rather as if you were explaining the Incarnation," the Student commented.

"Part of the explanation, doubtless," the Philosopher replied. "An Avatar creates new contact between the spiritual world and the physical; he takes into his own purity the sins of the world, much as the love of father or mother takes to itself the offences of children, placing itself between such 'sins and their reward.' An Avatar unquestionably accomplishes all of this and much else beyond our understanding; but there is one direction in which his success must be hopelessly dependent upon his followers, and that is in the establishment of a model for men to imitate. Granting that one purpose of his incarnation is to reveal the divine nature in terms of human nature, and to show, therefore, the soul and being of Man at their best—the first-born of many brethren, the picture of what all men ultimately should become—it rests with those who surround him and who follow him to describe him; and certainly in the case of the Master Christ they have portrayed, not the man as he was, not the man as he is, but a wraith, now sitting at the right hand of God, praying, but with his hands folded. Swinburne's 'pale Galilean' was scarcely an exaggeration of the picture which priests have drawn; and the worst of it is, all of us were brought up in that tradition; our minds and imaginations were trained in that mould: it is far from easy to force one's way out of it, and to look independently, without preconception, for the truth.

"We need to look at the living fact quite as much as at the record. We should interpret the record in the light of the fact, rather than the fact in the light of the record."

"What do you mean by 'the fact'?" our Visitor interjected.

"I mean the living Master; I mean the man who talked with his stupid disciples on their way to Emmaus, and who ate and drank with them on the shore of the sea of Tiberias, and again when he showed them that his immortal body still had bones,—and wounds in hands and feet: infinitely more alive than

you or I. If we do not know him from actual experience, we can in any case imagine him, and imagine him freely, boldly, with one-pointed desire for the truth—in itself a tremendous evocation. I am convinced that anyone approaching him in that spirit, with heart and mind wide open, and with persistence, would find very soon that he was dealing with the greatest reality in life; further, that before long he would *know*."

"Do you mean that he would have a vision and would begin to see things?" It seemed rather as if our Visitor's question arose from some chance contact with delirium tremens; there was suppressed horror in his voice. The Philosopher laughed outright.

"Not necessarily," he replied. "Speaking for myself, a vision would not convince me of anything. The things I know, I know from inner perception: I know that this man is honest; I know that another man is a knave. What I claim is that by intelligent and persistent use of the imagination, a man might learn more about the Master Christ in a few months, than by reading innumerable books about him, based upon the hackneyed interpretations of the past."

"One man I know," said the Engineer, "did not start from that motive, but with an absolute determination to learn to love him. He was convinced already of the Master's existence, and he had long since dropped the orthodox conception of the Master's character, seeing instead—though with blind faith, as it were—an ideal man who in every way appealed to him as one to be loved and followed to the death. It is true that my friend had the advantage of an older student's guidance—of one who had travelled a similar path long before; but he assured me that in less than six months, without in any way seeking proof or experience, he had found that the realities of this world are shadows in comparison with the terrific reality of the Master's personality. He would not attempt to describe anything, saying he was not able; but he *knew*,—that was evident."

"You are going further than I had intended," the Philosopher interposed. "All that I have in mind is the untrammelled, creative use of a great artist's imagination. Think of it in terms of painting: there are innumerable paintings of Christ, and practically all of them follow a stereotyped pattern, like yards of superior wall-paper. I can think of only one famous picture in which he is not given a beard. French artists give him a pointed or indented beard; German artists give him a square beard, and so forth: but that is the chief difference. His character, as represented in all these pictures, is in any case intended to be the same—that of the Christ as priests have portrayed him.

"Now suppose some great painter were to set to work to wipe out from his memory (a stupendous feat) this array of pictures from the past, and were to approach the subject with no thought of fame, with no fear of criticism, with nothing in his heart except a passionate desire to paint that Master *as he is*, for love of truth, for love of beauty, for love of fair-play: I think he might paint something that would lift the world by its shoe-straps.

"Kipling could do more than any painter, if only because the medium of his

art is less restricted. He has proved a hundred times that he can make the invisible, sensible; that he can create an atmosphere which says infinitely more than outline or symbol. He sees things beyond himself; he feels intensely but is in command of feeling; his mind is open and his heart is big; his technique has become a second nature to him, and, above all, as I have said, he sees behind things and above things—things above himself too. He was born to do this thing. His life's experience has led him to it.

"How he would do it, I have not the least idea. I am not an artist. Perhaps a poem would be the only means; but the effect would be far greater if it could be done in story form—perhaps the battlefields of France as background. Think what it would be if Kipling, with his wizardry, were to tell and yet were not to tell, what that Master did for France—yes, and for thousands upon thousands of simple men who died for him without knowing it! Think what it would be if the Master at last were shown with something of his real nature, though with the infinite unknown and the infinitely mysterious as the substance of everything revealed,—were shown as Warrior, first, last, and all the time; as King, unrecognized, but superbly, unanswerably the King, more royal than any Pharaoh, and therefore divinely humble, divinely grateful for the least of his children's gifts, for the least of our efforts to please him."

"There were men in that First Hundred Thousand," the Student interjected, rather thickly, "who died with an oath on their lips; there were stable-boys, and the sons of noblemen—all sorts—who jumped right in with no spring-board to help them except a sense of 'noblesse oblige.' To many it would have seemed blasphemous to suppose that *he* was breathing upon that spirit, bringing it to white heat,—bringing the souls of those men to life. But when they died fighting, or of wounds in some stinking pool, cursing, perhaps, that they could fight no more—having given their lives for what they thought 'right'—I know if I know anything that he came to greet them, for love of what they loved, for love of them—his own; and that they, who had not thought to please him—who had not thought of him at all—with eyes closed for ever, looked upward, drawn by the radiance of his face, to find themselves loved so that the evil in them died of sorrow—a second death—freeing them to carry on the fight with the joy of knowing him as Friend and Captain and their Cause in one."

"I believe you," said our Visitor. "Lots of people believed something like that, so long as the war was on. But why is it, if he made himself visible to those men at the moment of death, that he never makes himself visible to us during our moments of life, while we still have a chance to reform?"

"'Never' is a strong word, and in any case you happen to be mistaken. So far as your question is concerned, I suggest that he who still has a chance to reform, still has a chance not to reform, and that to see and then to turn away or to forget, would be a sin which the Master, for our sakes, does not want to make possible. He hides himself, as it were, for our protection. There is something in the Bible to the effect that 'this people (the Jews) had not known sin unless I had come among them.' It is the same idea. The more we know,

the greater our responsibility. Further, a Master necessarily must be the embodiment of spiritual law; he cannot give, unless we have earned the right, the ability, to receive. If those men of whom the Student was speaking, had died in their beds at a ripe old age, I doubt very much if they would have earned the reward which came to them."

Then the Philosopher returned to his "concern."

"Kipling could do it," he said. "I know of no other writer who could. There is nothing that the world needs as much, all kinds and classes alike. What have they got? Think of the men whom Kipling depicts: Pyecroft, for instance. Part of the joke was that he called himself a Plymouth Brother; but if you had a free hand with that man, what would you do with him? Would you change him into a 'turn-the-other-cheek,' psalm-singing Methodist, or hymn-singing Episcopalian, or priest-ridden Catholic, or would you wish to addle his brains and upset his morals (because he had a 'code') with 'ideas' about Reincarnation and Karma? What he needs is someone to admire, to look up to; if possible, to revere and worship. How *can* he try to imitate Christ, as Christ is represented to him! Think of men utterly different,—of a musician, let us say. Do you realize how hopelessly foreign the Master seems to all a musician's interests, to all that he loves and lives for? Suppose that Christ were shown to him as the Great Musician, to whom Israfel listens with awe and rapture; the music of Pan merely an echo of the sweetness and power of *his* divine singing; the greatest of composers unconsciously reaching toward symphonies which *he* weaves, toward melodies which pour from a heart which is Music itself. It would not take long for your musician to discover that, as is the life, so is the music: his morals would take care of themselves.

"I have been told and I believe that that Master loves some of the poems of Keats. Such an idea would shock the orthodox, though why it should shock them, if you stop to think about it, is not easy to explain. Suppose that men could believe: *he* loves what I love, but loves it infinitely more, infinitely better! He has been exiled, ejected, from his own world; he has been made lonely as no other is lonely: he craves our human love, and those who perhaps have meant to love him—themselves loving a shadow cast by their own exceeding pallor—have made love of him impossible, impossible, for those who might love him best."

The Philosopher lit a cigarette. He is not fond of showing what he feels in those depths.

"Think of his statesmanship," he said, "in an age when statesmanship is dead—except among the Latins, when they have a chance. Think of playing the game with hands tied, as he does—tied by the laws of right, by the law of his own being, or, if you choose, by respect for the free will of men—and playing it hundreds of moves ahead, and of winning, against devils seen and unseen, as he always wins in the end!"

"You suggest that Kipling could convey all these ideas in the form of a story?" the Lawyer questioned.

"I do, and many more."

"But how could he do so without a lot of philosophical explanation which would turn it from a work of art, into a sort of tract? Take, for example, what you have said about the Master working with his hands tied: is it not true, with few exceptions, that those who believe in Christ, think of him as omnipotent, and of miracles as the setting aside of natural law, instead of as wonders proving the use of forces as yet undiscovered by the world?"

"How could Kipling do it?" the Philosopher echoed. "I don't know. If I did, I might try to do it myself!"

"It would be impossible," the Lawyer declared. "You are expecting the man-in-the-street to understand a story built around a ten-dimensioned consciousness. I doubt if you realize the gulf which separates the views you have outlined, from,—I will not say the beliefs, but from the preconceptions of the average man. Take one idea: that Masters are the efflorescence of evolution, and perhaps of periods of evolution preceding our own. Without that idea, you deprive them of the merit of achievement. To think of Christ as having fought his way up through conditions more difficult than our own; of having become what he is as the result of his own efforts, and of an age-long and constantly renewed sacrifice, alone enables us, as I see it, to begin to appreciate what he is. To think of him as ready-made perfect, from the beginning or before the beginning—as most believers think of him—is simply stultifying, though they would think the other view gives him less glory, and perhaps robs him of his divinity,—in fact, a sort of heresy, blasphemous at that."

"Kipling would know how to avoid those pit-falls," the Philosopher persisted. "It would be a fatal mistake, of course, to risk up-setting anyone's faith, or to cover too much ground. Apart from other considerations, it would be bad art, and he is incapable of that. You cannot paint a city, and the portraits of all the men in it, on the same canvas. Sometimes the only way to paint the city, is to paint a corner of it,—a bridge or an arch-way or spire. Leave that to Kipling! The central idea in this case is that Christ is a *man*—divinely human, humanly divine; not less than he is commonly believed to be, but inconceivably more, inconceivably greater: above all, that he is not far away, but near,—the nearest that we have, both in terms of space, and in terms of our own real interests and loves and hopes and visions (for, *pace* our Visitor, nearly all men have visions!)."

"Even if Kipling could do as you say, it would ruin him," the Lawyer asserted.

"How?"

"He has a great reputation, and people would say he was mad, or had 'got religion.'"

"Not everyone," answered the Philosopher. "But even so, what of it?"

The Lawyer laughed. "I agree with you," he said. "Certainly 'over there,' they would be glad."

"What are you going to do with all this talk?" asked the always practical Engineer. "Put it in the 'Screen'? Send it to Kipling? He wouldn't read a word of it. The name of the QUARTERLY would prejudice him, because all he



knows of Theosophy would be tied in with spooks and prodigies and politics,—with that misguided woman's crazy propaganda in India."

"I don't know what I shall do with it," the Recorder answered. "It depends upon how much 'copy' is needed!"

T.

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*How will that prayer be heard by Heaven which is not heard by him who offers it?—BONA.*

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*Since you are properly a clod, you will not rise into the air;  
You will rise into the air, if you break and become dust.  
If you break not, He who moulded you will break you.*

—JALÁLU'D-DIN-RÚMI.

# LETTERS TO STUDENTS

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April 21st, 1910.

DEAR——

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In occultism there are two ways of acquiring knowledge. One is to need it for the growth of one's own soul. The other is in response to another's need. Real needs are *always* answered. So you will see that it is a privilege to be the means of answering the questions of another student, and, consequently, you must not hesitate to ask questions freely. I very well remember, many years ago, when Mr. Judge asked —— and me to make a point of asking him questions.

When first writing, I usually advise certain definite things, and I do not know that I can do better than give you this usual advice, for experience has shown it to be good. . . .

Make a practice of reading from some devotional book each morning and evening; and try to keep the ideas and thoughts engendered by your reading in your mind during your waking hours.

Be very faithful and regular with your daily meditation. You will find it hard to do this; hard to find a free half hour at a regular time, and hard to learn to meditate in the real sense; but much depends upon this,—much more than you are likely to appreciate at first. Meditation is the only royal road to spiritual enlightenment and has more power than any of us realizes. It is the great secret of occultism.

Study thoroughly. The Rules of the Lodge are the same for all stages of progress; the demands of the Law upon you now differ in degree, but not in kind, from the demands upon an adept—so you can trace the obligations of chelaship itself from the Rules laid down for us. Further than that it is not necessary for you to try to go.

Membership is a life, and our success therein depends upon what we make of our lives in all directions. It needs common sense and sanity of mind and of judgment, as well as book learning and earnest devotion. All sides of the nature must be trained, must be controlled, must be disciplined.

You have my very sincerest wishes for complete success, and I shall be only too glad to try and clear up anything you come across which puzzles you.

With kindest regards,

I am sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

May 17th, 1910.

DEAR——

May I suggest a comment upon your last note, without waiting for the questions which you say will follow later?

Please break yourself of the habit of saying and thinking derogatory things of yourself. It is bad occultism and not very good sense. The world has a saying, based on truth, that "people take us at our own valuation of ourselves." The same thing goes much deeper. We become what we think, and if you continue to think bad things of yourself you may make some of them true, in the course of time. There is, as a matter of fact, nothing bad about you at all. You are perfect, must be perfect, and always will be perfect. You may have accumulated some outer garments, around about your real self, which are not quite as clean as you would like to have them, but you know that they are temporary things and will wear out in time. In the meantime, do not think of them at all; ignore them. If you must think of these outer things, then picture perfectly clean and perfectly beautiful clothes in your mind, and think of them as the kind you would like to wear and propose to get as soon as you can. The mere thinking of them will tend to wear out the other kind, which will rapidly disappear.

My simile is a little bit mixed, but I suspect you will follow my meaning. Of course what I say about this is largely, but not wholly, derived from your note, in which you speak of your obstinacy and general wrong-headedness. To the best of my knowledge and belief, you are neither wrong-headed nor obstinate, even outwardly and superficially. So do not say so, and above all, do not think so. Even if you were both these things, it would still be bad occultism to say it, and to dwell upon it in your thoughts. Let your faults take care of themselves, and do you pay particular attention to and dwell upon your virtues, both those which you have, and particularly those which you propose to acquire.

With which little lecture, I shall beg your pardon, and ask for those questions.

With kindest regards, as always,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

June 30th, 1910.

DEAR——

I was very much pleased to receive your letter of the 15th-20th June, with the questions; and somewhat dismayed, too; for I am not guaranteed as a responder to queries; I can only do my best.

First of all, please let me say that I did not write, and did not mean to infer in anything I did write, that I think sorrow for our dead is selfish. It may be selfish,—almost anything may be selfish. But it is human to miss our friends, no matter how much better off we may honestly believe them to be; and I wanted to express my sympathy for you in such a loss. Your personal grief would only become selfish if it prevented your doing your duty to others; and I

do not believe you would let it do that. From a very exalted point of view, it is foolish to grieve for either the living or the dead; but we do many things which are foolish from such a standpoint, and no one thinks of blaming us for it. It is a matter of our limitations, and we must recognize our own limitations just as we recognize those of our friends. We must be as patient with them also. As I have often said before, in occultism it is just as wrong to be unjust to ourselves as to be unjust to another. Now for the questions!

1. It is important to have a regular time for meditation, because the body and the mind are very much under the sway of habit. You will find it much easier to meditate at the usual time than at any other; it will be far easier to control your mind, and your body will not be so likely to interfere. But I should not let the fact that I must change the time once a week worry me. The main thing is to meditate; time and place is secondary. The spiritual world is always ready. This whole question of meditation is exceedingly important, and is not to be learned in a day or a year. I have been at it for over twenty years and know that I barely understand the elements. We shall come back to it again. . . .

3. I think you will find that plenty of opportunities to work for the T. S. and the Movement will present themselves to you. You must recognize them when they knock. You are already working for your Branch, for the QUARTERLY, and doubtless for other departments I know nothing about. I think an earnest desire to do your duty in this matter is all that is needed to produce the opportunity.

4. All our devotional books are expositions of the "Heart Doctrine," and the best specific treatise is the *Voice of the Silence* where it is expounded by name.

5. Professor Mitchell's statement [in *Meditation*] about never permitting the mind to act undirected, is an ideal towards which we must aspire. There must be a beginning made in learning to control the mind; the successful accomplishment of this most difficult of tasks is a long way off for most of us; but how far off we do not know, for we do not know how much work we have done in this direction in the past, and therefore how much help our past will be to us. The secret of success in this, as in most matters in connection with the mind, is to build up gradually in our consciousness the knowledge that we are not our minds; that we are something entirely different, which has an independent life, which continues when the mind is asleep or quiet, and which ought to dominate the mind and use it as an instrument, as we use our hands or eyes or any other faculty. This is also the secret of continuous meditation, about which you will hear more in the future. The Western mind is a handicap in these matters, for it has been in a dominant position for so long that it now considers itself the real thing,— while it is merely the instrument of the real thing, the soul. In making the effort to carry out all these injunctions, I must again warn you not to drive yourself unduly. We must recognize our limitations. We must treat ourselves, our minds, as we would a valuable horse. We do not drive a horse too fast or too long, because we know that if we do we shall not

get so far in the long run. So it is with ourselves. We have a very long journey ahead of us, and while we must waste no time, we must not try to run when we are only fit to walk.

6. We are expected to obey, very literally indeed, the injunction not to take anxious thought of the morrow. What do you know about to-morrow? But do not make the absurd blunder of thinking that you are taking thought of to-morrow when you are ordering provisions, to-day, for the meals of to-morrow! That is the duty of the moment. In our complex civilization we often have to do things to-day which do not come to a focus for days or weeks. But do not worry to-day about the provisions that you will order to-morrow, for that is the duty of to-morrow! Do you see the point? It is really an effort to avoid all anxiety. Anxiety, from the occult point of view, is a barrier, and one of the commonest and thickest barriers which we create about ourselves, and which hem us in and separate us from the spiritual world. Like all other limitations, it is entirely self-created. Remember this. Even the so-called circumstances of our lives, which seem to limit us in all directions, are all self-created. They disappear like mist in a hot sun when we learn the lesson they are to teach. This sounds like a hard thing to believe, but it is not. The whole material world, and everything in it, is nothing but a husk or rind which the spiritual world has thrown around the personality in order to teach it certain needed things. These conditions have no permanence, no power, save what they derive from their creators on the spiritual plane; and they melt away, without leaving a trace, when their task is done.

This lesson of faith, of faith in the power of the Spirit, of the Master, is one of the hard lessons to learn. We have theoretical faith, but fail in practical, day-by-day application. We are afraid to trust the Law in some things, for fear they will not come out "right"; as if we knew what "right" was in any given case!

I have much enjoyed trying to reply to your letter, and am sorry that I was interrupted before quite finishing.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

---

October 2nd, 1910.

DEAR——

When am I to have the pleasure of hearing from you again? I am not so conceited as to believe that your well-being depends upon your letters to and from me, but I do believe that it is largely dependent upon the strictest kind of observance of all rules; and one of the few that now concern you is that you shall correspond regularly.

I hope therefore that you will write me soon about your effort to live the life, even if you do not have anything which seems to you very important to say.

I hope that you had a very pleasant ~~summer~~ vacation, and that you and \_\_\_\_\_ are in fine condition for the winter's work.

With kindest regards to you both,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

October 16th, 1910.

DEAR \_\_\_\_\_

When \_\_\_\_\_ gave me your letter to me last night, I told him to tell you not to worry about the loss of my letter. We are judged by our motives, not, fortunately for all of us, by the results of our actions; and the letter is in the hands of the Good Law which will take care of it. I enclose you a copy of the letter, but I must ask you to return it to me for I must keep a record of our correspondence. You may make a copy of it for yourself if you care to take the trouble and consider it worth it.

So forget all about this—and pass on to the next thing that Life will present.

Yours very sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

October 12th, 1910.

DEAR \_\_\_\_\_

You write in your recent letter that you would like me to tell you the kind of letter to write. May I start off, then, by saying that what you did write is just the kind of letter to write. It gives me plenty of texts upon which to hang my little sermons.

First of all let me say that you are quite right in thinking that my function is to be ready to do anything I can to help you when you call upon me for help, and that if you have no need of help there would be nothing for me to do, and correspondence would be a superfluity. But you would have to be a very lucky person indeed if, in your progress, you never needed the kind of help which another could give you. In my experience I have found that a new student has to be urged a bit to accept the help which is ready and offering. Hence my letter. It may very well be that my letter was a mistake, that you do not need urging,—in which case I apologize for my officiousness.

. . . There are several other things which you have been advised to do, and until you do them and do them completely, you will never get anything more in the way of directions than this tentative advice. I was not speaking very accurately, therefore, when I said that it was a rule for you to write regularly to me. It is only advice, but like the other advice given you, you will not get very far unless you follow it; hence it has all the authority of a rule. The Masters do not give directions to any except proven disciples, for the very simple reason that if the direction should not be followed to the letter, the consequences are very dire. The *modus operandi* of this law in occultism will be explained to you later on. It is one of the fundamental laws governing chelaship.

Please understand that I have nothing to do with all this. I have been told to correspond with you, and you with me. It may turn out to be an absolutely profitless correspondence for both of us, but still we must do it because we have been told to do it. It will at least serve the purpose of training us to do as we are told.

To maintain a theosophic attitude towards the circumstances of our lives as they unroll, is the acme of discipleship. I can give you no better advice than this; can hope no greater thing for you. And *Light on the Path* tells us plainly enough how we must do this; how we are to work as those do who are ambitious, *i.e.*, whose hearts are in their work—and yet still remain serene and detached from the work itself. I think this covers the bulk of your letter and the turmoil in which you find yourself. You allowed yourself to become absorbed in your work, in the work itself,—when what you should have done was to be absorbed in the conscientious doing of it, careless of results. We must be ready instantly to relinquish our most cherished employment, our dearest possessions, our heart's desire; and to go on calmly doing the next task, whether distasteful or not, with the same conscientiousness that we would put into what we love. And to be tested, we are usually called upon to do what we do not like, to give up what we do like. Life does this for us. There is no need of artificial tests.

We have called upon the Law to test our fitness to travel further up the Path of Life and Immortality. You will have read about reaction. Now you are experiencing it. It is a very real thing; a painfully real thing. One of the first things a new and sincere member learns is that it is no joke, no plaything. We are not amateurs in occultism; we are professionals, and are treated as such. I think you must have realized the truth of this already, and it may be some grim comfort for you to know that the promptness and the definiteness with which pressure descends upon us is closely related to our worthiness for real trials, actual tests, and our capacity to bear such tests. We are never tried beyond our strength, therefore the heavier our trials, the greater our strength, the more actual spiritual stamina we must have.

It is the inner nature which meditates, not the lower. The lower hates to do it, the brain hates to do it, and we hate to do it until "we" ceases to be the brain or personality, and becomes the inner nature. But we must persist, because it is the way to identify the "I" with the higher nature instead of the lower. Once we shift the centre of our consciousness, we love to meditate, and get more comfort and help and strength from it than from anything else; perhaps from all else put together.

It is a long road you are trying to travel, but the rate you travel depends absolutely upon yourself. It may all be done in a moment of time. Nothing in the Universe can keep you back save yourself.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.



## REVIEWS

*The Master Mason*, by the Rev. John J. Lanier 32°, Rector of St. George's Church, Fredericksburg, Va., published by J. J. Lanier, Fredericksburg, Va.

Every Master Mason ought to read this book, not once, but often. The author understands Masonry as few understand it. He knows it to be a creative art. He knows that man is intended to build himself.

Masonry has preserved a chart, showing the ground to be covered, the things to be done, if man would win his immortality. Unfortunately, not one Mason in thousands has any desire to see or to do more than the requisite minimum, for in Masonry as in the Churches, a man finds what he brings, and most men bring empty heads and foolish hearts, their desire scattered and their interest given to worldly things. They are gregarious by nature, and they use Masonry to escape from solitude. None the less, the symbols of the Craft are the symbols of the Lesser Mysteries, and when a Mason remains without light, it is because he prefers darkness.

It is interesting to note, incidentally, how deep conviction and sincerity can bridge the gulf between such widely separated schools as Masonry and the Roman Catholic Church. It happened that the reviewer, a day or two after reading *The Master Mason* with immense interest and pleasure, read a passage in *An Introduction to the Mystical Life*, by the Abbé Lejeune (and we insist always that the spirit of French Catholicism is radically different from the Catholicism of Rome and from that of Irish-America),—a passage which might easily be mistaken for the work of "Brother" Lanier. "No mason places even a single stone," says the Abbé, "without first using his rule and plumb-line; in the same way should we apply to our every action the rule of God's will, and of His greater glory. And further, just as no really good workman contents himself with using his square and rule once only, but again and again, and until the stone be well set, neither ought we to content ourselves with offering our actions once to God at the outset; but we should at the time make a point of so arranging whatever we are doing that it may be continually offered to God, using such words as these: 'Lord, it is for Thee that I am doing this, and by Thy command—because Thou dost wish it.'"

Truly, it is not more instruction that the world needs. The Masters of Wisdom have seen to it that every sort of creature is confronted with instruction, in huge type, impossible to overlook. All we need is to do any one simple thing that we know we ought to do, and particularly the thing we least want to do, to start us on the "small, old path that stretches far away," from chaos and misery to order, reason, contentment, illumination,—to the world of the Eternal.

Y.

*Greek Biology and Medicine*, by Henry Osborn Taylor (Marshall Jones Company, Boston).

This is the third book in the series of "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," and, like any work from Dr. Taylor, it is very well done. A great deal of research has gone to the making of this condensed account of the influence on modern thought of Hippocrates, Aristotle, Celsus and Galen. The value of the book is increased by the brief outline given at the close of the volume, which enables the reader to trace the connection between the earliest and more modern times when Paré, William Harvey and Sydenham made evident the debt which medical science owes to the Greeks and Latins; while Müller, G. H. Lewis and Ogle drew inspiration from Aristotle in biology, in spite of independent research work which was then proceeding.



Readers of the *QUARTERLY* will recall how the influence of Aristotle has been traced through Arabic sources to Spain and France, there to meet with the influence of the Florentine Academy and the revival of Neoplatonism, together with the revolt of Paracelsus against the humoralism of Galen and the work of Vesalius against the older anatomists. This, perhaps, does not find proper place in Dr. Taylor's book and purposely was omitted; but the two considerations stand for the two sides of an equation, and the reform of Paracelsus, quack though he was considered, turned the thought of his time to consider that there were principles which underlay the various manifestations of disease, and that rightful treatment must depend on the search for the hidden principles upon which depended the cure, while the outward symptoms were but adjuncts to the real means by which Nature could effect that cure. As Dr. Taylor concludes, in the Aristotelian, Galenic and Hippocratic teaching, as well as in that of Paracelsus, "at the summit waves the flag of *Nature*,—the old Hippocratic *physis*—as the healer of the body's ills." Let us thank Dr. Taylor for his work, which takes us at least some steps on the road of learning our debt to the past.

A. K.

*The Christian Character*, by the Rev. E. L. Strong, M.A.; Longmans, Green & Co.; \$2.25.

This is an excellent manual for the practical study of those qualities and characteristics which may be said to be distinctively Christian, and which are summed up in the Beatitudes. The author deplores the fact that multitudes of modern psychological studies of "behaviour" ignore "the vast mass of evidence which comes from those whose conduct has been, as most men in Christendom at any rate acknowledge, the highest and most beautiful that has been produced in man." Self, and the self-development of a strong and able personality, is the thesis of psychology; whereas Christianity envisages an altogether higher sphere for conduct, in which the "old man" is put off, and a "new man" put on, "created in righteousness and holiness of truth," with a new centre in fellowship and brotherhood rather than in self. Penetrating studies of the Beatitudes follow,—wisely and fully illustrated with texts from the New Testament. Even meekness is well discussed; and though apparently at some cost to the author, who does not see with complete clearness, there is yet admitted the distinction between resentment at an injury done to oneself, and "anger" at injuries done to Christ or to another. A final division discusses the effects of the Christian character: it makes for peace or evokes persecution.

A. G.

The French periodicals are in general more readable than the American and English, for they touch on more interesting subjects and the form of the articles is more agreeable. So many of the French can be earnest and tolerant, scholarly and witty, all at the same time.

Opening at random any number of the *Mercure de France*, the reader is quite sure to find at least one article of exceptional interest, religious, philosophical, historical, or scientific. Thus, a series of articles appeared recently, discussing clairvoyance and psychometry. It is important to note how many French scientists accept psychometry as genuine, even when they try to explain it by "hyperæsthesia of the sense of touch." Of special significance is the hypothesis offered by Dr. Stephen Chauvet in his article on *Le Mystérieux Humain* (Oct. 1, 1923). Dr. Chauvet suggests that psychic clairvoyance is a phenomenon of the same order as the "flash of genius." It is preceded by an act of concentrated will and imagination, which arouses the subconscious to action. Then, after a more or less lengthy period of subconscious gestation, the conscious mind has a sudden lucid intuition of the images which the subconscious has been forming. In the normal human mind these images, however intense, remain subjective and mental, but in the psychic they may take an objective form, because he seems to possess in working order "a centre of vision, which is independent of the posterior part of the brain, classically considered as the zone of localization of vision."

For several months the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has been publishing Maurice Barrès' *Enquête aux Pays du Levant*, a study of the Near East. Though a devout Catholic, M. Barrès reveals a discerning and cordial tolerance towards the many creeds and mysteries of Syria and Asia Minor, ancient and modern. Indeed, the author's enlightened respect for the opinions of others

lends to these articles a special charm, quite apart from the interest of the facts which they describe. Many pages are devoted to the Old Man of the Mountain, Chief of the mediæval sect of the Assassins, who is best known as a half-legendary figure in tales of the Crusades. After a careful study of the available data, M. Barrès restores the figure of the Old Man as the head of a secret society which aimed at political power and whose favourite method was the assassination of rulers. Like the secret societies of the Eighteenth Century in Europe, the Assassins veiled their real purposes in symbols and rites to which no exception could be taken. Their sect, now altogether harmless, still exists and venerates a descendant of the last great Chief, the Aga Khan, who lives in Paris and Deauville (!).

In the *Revue de Paris* (January 1, 1923) there was a most valuable article by the Abbé Henri Brémont on *La Philosophie de Saint François de Sales*. St. Francis played a leading rôle in one of the greatest of theological controversies. The question was "whether man is a living sin or an essentially good being, made for truth and virtue." St. Francis proved himself a true child of the Renaissance, by upholding the essential worth and nobility and divinity of the human soul. While admitting the transitory servitude of the soul to the passions, he refused to admit that the passions are expressions of the soul. Thus he emphasized what students of Theosophy would call the need for right self-identification. We are not dependent upon some miraculous divine grace, to become virtuous. We can become virtuous now, at any moment, by reason of the fact that we are souls, for the soul is by nature one with God and by its own right and power is capable of every good. Most men live in bondage to their passions, desires and fears, because they have become blind to the reality of their souls. . . . Part of the value and interest of this article consists in its revelation of that spirit of Theosophy, which is present in Christianity, as it is present in all of the world-religions.

The reviewer cannot resist the temptation to call attention to another article in the same number of the *Revue de Paris*. It is by M. Abel Bonnard, and the subject is "The Rôle of Women." Woman Suffrage is still an issue in France, where a bill extending the ballot to women recently failed to pass the Senate. M. Bonnard remarks on the curious phenomenon that the modern democratic movement has attained its greatest momentum at the very moment when men are beginning to feel genuinely skeptical of its value. It seems that there is a moral law, which makes us realize to the last detail all the consequences of an abandoned desire; which makes us go on to the end, even after we have recognized the end to be futile or detestable. M. Bonnard does not argue against woman suffrage as such; he does not consider it as a political problem. But he asks whether there is not a grave danger to our whole civilization in the general tendency of the day to compel women to take an active part in public life. "Woman is the priestess, the sacred custodian of the deep-buried reserves of humanity, which this age believes in squandering so recklessly." She holds in her heart the silent wisdom and aspiration of the ages. That is the cause of her beauty, as is proved by the fact that "the woman who spends her treasure, who talks too much, loses her beauty." She should not try to manifest outwardly all her meditations, her sentiments and her dreams, for she has not that mission. It is her nature to store up riches in her heart, and it is the nature of man to disburse them. If women fail in their part of the work, the man of genius is helpless, since he has nothing to give.

These arguments belong, indeed, to the Age of Chivalry. But a student of Theosophy, who believes in the law of cycles, may hope and trust that the Age of Chivalry will come again.

S. L.

# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 287.—*Krishna is identified, in the Bhagavad Gita, with the Logos in the same way that the Master Christ is spoken of as one with the Father. Assuming that Krishna and Jesus, however exalted, were still individual human beings, how is it possible to conceive of them as one with that which transcends the individual? Is not the whole greater than any of its parts?*

ANSWER.—The whole is only greater than the part in the case of finite things. In the case of the infinite, the whole may be wholly represented in a part of itself. That, in effect, is one of the mathematical definitions of the infinite. How this can be, our minds, being themselves finite, are unable to understand, for the finite cannot understand the infinite. To understand with our hearts does not, however, present any great difficulty. He who is completely courageous, who is rightly described as the "soul of courage," is one with the source of all courage. The Masters Krishna and Christ are one with the source of all that is noble, all that is divine. There is an old analogy of the water in a sponge in the ocean, and the ocean itself. The water in the sponge is one with the ocean. It is not the whole ocean. The Masters are not the Absolute. It has been said that they regard themselves as chelas of Masters higher than themselves. The Master Christ said, "I and my Father are one," but he also said, "My Father is greater than I."

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—This question touches upon the ineffable mystery of Being, before which the intellect is powerless. "Who am I? What is the universe? Why am I in the universe and one with it?" The mind may ask these questions, but how will it find the answers?

The Master is, indeed, said to be both human and divine, both individual and universal. From one point of view the Master may be conceived as differing from the mortal in so far as he is in an attitude of continuous reverence and love before the threefold mystery of all Being—of the individual or microcosm, of the universal or macrocosm, of the oneness of microcosm and macrocosm. He has silenced the mind and come to consciousness in a nature which reveals more perfectly That which he is. Yet, what he is consciously, we are also, though still unconsciously. To every soul it may be said with absolute truth, *Tat tvam asi*, thou art the Eternal, thou art That.

S. L.

ANSWER.—Christ was constantly saying: My Father is greater than I. Can not an individual be one in purpose and will with what is greater?

S. M.

QUESTION No. 288.—*We are told that intuition is a higher faculty than reason. But if we act under the impression that intuition guides us, how are we to be sure that we are not acting on impulse?*

ANSWER.—It is very difficult to be sure. Most of those who proclaim that they are guided by intuition are self-deceived; they are only giving a dignified name to the fitful impulses of self-will. Any one who thinks that intuition is his guide, would do well to find an adviser who

would check the suggestions of the guide, in order to protect himself from the wiles of the devil.

S. M.

ANSWER.—Intuition may be higher or lower than reason. It depends on what definitions we give to the two terms. It may be recalled, however, that a Greek word for reason is *logos*, and that the office of reason is to balance or judge values. How, then, are we to determine the value of an intuition, if not by using our reason? If we really manifested reason in the order of our thoughts, there would be no difficulty. Our thoughts lack reason because our lives lack it. We must manifest judgment and discernment in action and make them an integral part of our daily consciousness, before we can ever hope to know a true intuition when we see one.

S. L.

ANSWER.—One must first have a clear idea of what intuition is. It is, compared with reason, a sort of short cut to knowledge, an instinctive grasp of a problem which might or might not have been worked out by the slower and more laborious process of reasoning. Intuition is for individual use, however, and in general simply furnishes a good working hypothesis which must be fortified by reason before the truth it contains can be presented to the world as a fact. There are, moreover, many counterfeits of intuition, and one should be very certain that the intuition is genuine before venturing to act upon it. As a means whereby truth may be apprehended, real intuition is higher than reason, but for the ordinary man it is far from being a safe guide to action, since nine times out of ten what is called intuition is nothing of the kind, but merely an impression, a "feeling," a guess and often a bad guess. Genuine intuition is a high spiritual faculty, but its spurious psychic shadow belongs to the world of illusion and is as far removed from it as fancy is from true, productive imagination.

S.

QUESTION NO. 289.—*Brother Lawrence says that he was more united to God in his ordinary occupations than when he left them for devotion in retirement, from which he knew himself to issue with more dryness of spirit. In principle this experience is constantly my own. Why is it?*

ANSWER.—We are closest to God when we are doing His will, whether that be contemplation or outer work, and quite irrespective of our "feelings" in regard thereto. When we feel united to God while performing our outer duties, it is a great gain. To continue steadfast in prayer in spite of much dryness of spirit will also, if persisted in, result in great gain, greater, it is said, than when there is more of spiritual consolation. All of the saints had to pass through periods of spiritual dryness due, presumably, to no fault of their own, but that certain things might be accomplished in them. With those who are not saints, however, "dryness" in prayer is more often not dryness so much as emptiness, the result of preventable leakages of spiritual force which should be sought for and stopped. When we give our interest and attention to outer things—not duties—they become enmeshed therein, and we cannot recover them for our times of prayer. The obvious result is dryness, and the cure is to centre our interest where it belongs.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—He may have had a very narrow approach to God, he may have thought that God was to be found only through the Church and its services. If that were the case, the experience might have broadened his views.

S. M.

ANSWER.—Is it not possible that, despite Brother Lawrence's wonderful devotion to the Master, he yet had failed to achieve perfect detachment, and so outer work served as a sort of bridge over which he could reach God more readily than when lifting his thoughts to Him directly. The maxim, "To work is to pray," may have found in him its literal exemplification.

S. M.



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### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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THE WORLD SEEKING SELF-KNOWLEDGE

**T**HIS, we are told, is Kali Yuga; the age, not of iron only, as with the Greeks, but the age of the devil; for Kali, in the tradition of India, is the devil, the tempting demon who enters the heart of the valiant king and makes him a gambler and an exile. Kali, in another sense, is the one-spot on the dice, the lowest throw, the principle of ill luck and loss.

We have been told too that, some twenty-five years ago, one of the cycles of Kali Yuga ended; we are thus a quarter century forward in the following cycle. What is the practical meaning of all this? What does it in fact mean for us, that the world has taken this new step?

A partial answer is suggested in a recent number of *The New York Times Book Review*, by a writer evidently not concerned at all with Kali Yuga or its cycles, occupied only with his own work, with the world which it mirrors and the evident changes in that world. Ernest Poole, a novelist, is quoted in this article as saying:

"You know, there is such a thing as periods in writing. The last twenty and thirty years we have gone through was the period of the economist. . . . A vast quantity of novels were written about economic situations. . . . Economic determinism was the expressed or unexpressed, conscious or unconscious belief and principle of most writers. That's all grown old-fashioned and stale. Newspapers and their first pages show what it is people are thinking about. . . . Coué comes over here and takes the first page of every newspaper in the country for weeks. . . . Today all the type is spent on the fight between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists in the Church. Surely in the face of all this it is safe to say that the next twenty or thirty years will mark the period of psychological writing.

"People are beginning to look in at themselves. They want to know

what makes the mental and emotional wheels go round. They want to find out whether or not they can control the motion of the wheels. It's a turning away from objective group discussion indulged in by the so-called intelligentsia to self-examination. . . . Take a Freudian, who believes in psychoanalysis. He is a modern person, an advanced person. Tell him that Freud can be traced back to the Catholic Church and its confessions and he'll take issue with you. Yet, in great part, that is what psychoanalysis is. The priest of the middle ages, as well as the priest of today, performs a function that the exponent of this new science considers new. Take Coué and his knotted string. Out of constant repetition the subconscious will achieve strength and faith. What is this but the prayers said over a rosary? None of this is really new in substance, yet look how a whole nation has responded to it, how a whole nation has turned without warning to looking inward. It's astounding. . . ."

By an apt coincidence, there is another article on the same page which illustrates the same theme, and which further suggests that the writer who has just been quoted should include other nations besides his own. It is a somewhat prosaic classification of the nine or ten thousand new books printed in England in the year 1923. Works of fiction stand first. Next in number are books on religion. Science, which stood third in 1914, has dropped to the seventh place in 1923. "The vogue today is undoubtedly for the kind of vague stuff called mental science, and physical science is a little out of fashion," is the critic's somewhat unsympathetic comment, but his thought tends in the same direction as that of the American novelist.

One passage more may be quoted from this novelist's thoughtful and penetrating consideration of our time:

"There's a humorous side to this spiritualist business. One tenet held by many is that every human being can tap a reservoir in which is concentrated all the good, all the faith, all the strength, all the courage in the world. Good! You can build a wonderful tale out of that. But it apparently doesn't seem to strike anybody that if nothing is wasted then this same reservoir must hold all the vice and the weakness in the world. Some really wicked person would be more anxious to tap that. Think of a character who could tap humanity's resources of wickedness!"

In this last thought, there is a touch of the freshness of new discovery, but the reservoir of evil desires has been known and studied for ages; *Kama Loka* is one name for it, and it has from time immemorial been personified as the Devil and his angels.

#### ADVENTURES IN CHRISTIANITY

To go back again to the census of books and the vogue for mental science. The record of this inward search is by no means always what the critic describes as "vague stuff." On the contrary, much of it is inspired by complete sincerity, ardent aspiration and purity of heart, with the authentic quality that comes from the "grave experiment and experience" commended in *Light on the Path*.



Take for example "Adventures in Christianity," by Philip Cabot, in a recent number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, which begins with this personal note:

"I am here trying to set down the conclusions of fifty years of what might be called experimental living and about five years of sorting out and arranging the results, and although these conclusions are none of them new I am now clear that they are essential to my life. But I had to discover them for myself through years of the most painful search, which very nearly killed me."

Two of the fundamental principles reached in these Adventures have already been touched on: the idea of the reservoir of good, and confession. As a result of his grave experiment in life, Philip Cabot has arrived at the conclusion that without faith in God a man may be hard put to it to prove that he can accurately be called alive; God is for him not only the source of all power, but all power remains in God. He calls God the Power House, or Generating Station, and man the transmitting wire, and reminds us that there is no power in the wire. Disconnect it for a second from the power house and it is dead.

This illustration may well add renewed vividness to our understanding of the invocation added to the Lord's Prayer: "Thine is the power." It recalls a beautiful passage of Emerson's:

"We learn that the highest is present to the soul of man; that the dread universal essence, which is not wisdom, or love, or beauty, or power, but all in one, and each entirely, is that for which all things exist, and that by which they are; that spirit creates; that behind nature, throughout nature, spirit is present. As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws, at his need, inexhaustible power."

That the same fundamental thought has been expressed throughout the ages, in no way lessens the value of Philip Cabot's record; the point is, that he has verified it for himself, and he goes on to enrich his simile by adding:

"We may pray for power to do something for ourselves, but we shall not get it. If we ask for power to do the will of God, He will pass the power through us and His purpose will be carried out.

"And the simile goes still farther. Many men have observed that when they pray fiercely, demanding help from God, they do not get it. Only when they surrender themselves to God's will and ask Him to work through them, is their prayer answered. It is just so with the transmission wire."

He adds: "Sometimes the prayer for personal power appears to be answered. . . . The Devil does give personal power, but he sells it at a price. You may make a compact with the Devil for worldly power and he will give it; but you must serve him and you must live in Hell." Which brings us back again to the reservoir of evil, and gives a true answer regarding the fate of the "very wicked person" who succeeds in tapping that reservoir.

Of high value, just because it is based on grave experiment and experience, is this restatement of a law which is fundamental in the great oriental religions, the law of the Karmic record:

"Following the example of science, I match the theory of the conservation of energy which assumes that energy is immortal and every blow is conserved,

with the theory of the immortality of the soul and every act irrevocable. I believe, in short, that every act and every thought is etched indelibly upon the soul and will remain there for all eternity. For the accounting system of Saint Peter I substitute an automatic system kept for itself by each individual soul, the balance of which is struck every instant; and the spiritual habitation of each soul is known to itself. Instead of waiting until we die to go to Heaven or to Hell, we live in Heaven or in Hell here and now, and thereafter forevermore, according to the import of our daily lives. Do not imagine that such a Hell is inferior in its terrors to the Hell of Dante. No man, who has so mismanaged his life as to experience it will complain that it lacks anything in variety or fierceness of tortures. To be suddenly confronted in the watches of the night with your irrevocable act in all its naked ugliness will whiten the face of the boldest."

The wisest and most vital part of this article, the part which most directly shows the stamp of personal experience, is the consideration of the way in which the indelible record may be transmuted:

"Complete repentance demands that the sin be dragged out into the daylight of the mind, be stripped naked and fully exposed to view. To accomplish this the spoken word is for most of us essential, for we think best when we think aloud, that is, when we talk. It is not for nothing that the confessional has survived all these centuries despite its frequent abuse. . . .

"The prayers and longings of true repentance have converted the sin into an experience and stamped it so indelibly upon the soul that real growth has taken place. I can never sin in quite that fashion again. Achievements such as this are the stones out of which our character is built. . . ."

All this has the ring of genuine spiritual experience, courageously carried through in the spirit of humility, and clearly and accurately recorded. If the tendency of our day to look within, to seek self-knowledge, bring forth fruit of this quality, then mankind is entering a period that promises much.

#### THE DISCOVERY OF GOD

Another experimenter in spiritual life, is Basil King. His book, *The Conquest of Fear*, is well known to many students of Theosophy. He describes his method in this way:

"Having thus made some simple experiments—chiefly mental—with what to me are effective results, I can hardly refuse to tell what they have been when others are so good as to ask me. And in making this attempt, I must write from my own experience. No other method would be worth while. . . ." Once again the valid and trustworthy way of grave experiment and experience. As a result of his experiments in life, he reaches these conclusions:

"Into His light we advance slowly, unwillingly, driven by our pain; but we advance. The further we advance the more we perceive of power. The more we perceive of power the more we are freed from fear. The more we are freed from fear the more exultantly we feel our abundance of life. The more exultantly we feel our abundance of life the more we reject death in any of its

forms. And the more we reject death in any of its forms the more we reflect that Holy Ghost of Life which urges us on from conquest to conquest, from strength to strength, to the fulfilling of ourselves."

In a later book, *The Discovery of God*, Basil King has made a valuable application of the spiritual experience which he has thus gained. He has used it to interpret the spiritual experience of others, and the records of that experience. And he reaches the valid conclusion that the long series of books which we call the Bible consist in the main of such records of spiritual experience, and should be so interpreted. He further holds that the books making up the Bible form a natural succession of spiritual experiences, progressively higher and more complete, all of which are steps in the discovery of God. The chapters of the book describe these stages of widening and deepening vision, beginning with the Elemental God of *Genesis*, and leading up to the Universal Father of Jesus.

Basil King is well known as the author of nearly a score of stories, in which imagined characters are drawn with kindly sympathy and vividness, and their lives are worked out as the expression of their virtues and their shortcomings. This long training in sympathetic interpretation has stood him in good stead in his task of interpreting some of the characters of the Old Testament, and showing that, in spite of many faults, the golden thread of aspiration toward God ran through their lives and hallowed them. The trickeries of Jacob, the evil desires and sins of David, are treated in this way; seen clearly, by no means excused or explained away, but put in right perspective, beside much that is good.

The treatment of Isaiah, who discovers the God of All Men, the clear statement of the historical problem of the two Isaiahs, the study of Jeremiah, who discovers the God of Personal Relations, are among the best and most attractive parts of the book, and lead by natural steps to the discovery of the Universal Father, by Jesus, as the culmination of ages of spiritual experience.

It would not be difficult to criticize Basil King's book on the ground that it takes no account of many things with which students of Theosophy are familiar.

For example, there are good reasons to believe that the earlier chapters of *Genesis* do much more than record a discovery of the Elemental God by the Hebrew race about the time of Moses, let us say, between the years 1900 and 1400 B.C.; that these chapters are, in fact, a shortened transcript of the Mystery Teaching, as it was known many millenniums earlier, in Egypt, Chaldea, India and other ancient lands.

There is good reason to believe that the account of the "creation" in the first chapter of *Genesis* and the first three verses of the second chapter, covers the whole cycle of our own system, what some writers have called the period of Seven Rounds; while the story of Eden refers, in consistent symbols, only to the Fourth Round, that in which we now are.

The narrative of the Flood is believed to fall into the same category, and to have several meanings, one of them being the transition between two Rounds, while another is the transition between two great Races.

So that these chapters, if this view be correct, are not primitive speculations

of the Hebrews, but partial transcripts of pages of the immemorial Sacred Wisdom, other transcripts being found in the great oriental religions, in books belonging to the New World, like the *Popol Vuh*, and in the traditions of the Polynesians.

It would be easy to say further that Basil King passes over the mystical and occult elements in both the Old and the New Testaments; for example, the Book of Daniel is a great deal more than a political and religious tract of the period of Antiochus the Third; certain passages of it are pages of the Sacred Wisdom.

These criticisms might easily be made. But let us take a sympathetic view of the purpose with which Basil King wrote, and what the book may well accomplish, by his picking up a central thread, and following it through the Bible from cover to cover.

That purpose appears to be to reconcile people to the Bible at a time when they may be inclined to discard it, because narrow and dogmatic views have been taken of it, and these views have been attacked by criticism. He apparently wishes to show that these criticisms are largely beside the question; what the Bible really is, they do not touch at all; the Bible, as it really is, contains treasures of unfolding spiritual experience with which we may, if we are willing, enrich our souls.

To attain this valuable practical end is, in and of itself, worth while at a time like this. It will serve to prepare many for the study of the complex relations of the Hebrew and Greek Sacred Books to the immemorial Mystery Teaching.

#### BROTHERHOOD AND JUSTICE

But there is another criticism which must be made, a criticism which involves a fundamental principle of spiritual reality.

In his closing chapter, "The Great Assimilation," which sums up all that has gone before, and brings it to a focus in detailed application, Basil King writes:

"The knowledge of God as revealed by Jesus the Christ is that of the Universal Father. . . . The reality of the Fatherhood of God can be put to a very simple test in the reality of the Brotherhood of men. . . . Without a real sense of Brotherhood there can be no real sense of Fatherhood. Saint John puts this in a nutshell when he says with a frankness as nearly brutal as his sweet soul could come to:

"'If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath *seen*, how *can* he love God whom he hath not seen?'"

And he goes on to make this, among other applications:

"So, too, among nations. The Frenchman is not a brother to the German, nor the German to the Frenchman. . . . Think what it would mean at the actual hour if the French could say, 'We are going to do the best we can for our brothers, the Germans,' and if the Germans could respond with the same goodwill. . . ."

It will be noted that in both sentences the French are put first, as if the

obligation to change lay first on them. The implication is that the age-long process of the discovery of God, the realization of the Father of Jesus, is checked at this point by the "unbrotherly" attitude of France toward Germany; if France relented, then Germany would presumably respond at once, and the whole world might begin to move toward the great consummation.

Many students of Theosophy will read this passage with a sense of profound disappointment, because it appears to reveal such a fundamental misunderstanding of the principle of brotherhood, and, therefore, of spiritual law; a misunderstanding which is widespread in the world to-day.

What are the facts? Germans, in pursuit of world domination, entered France in 1914, exactly as Bernhardt had indicated that they would, and with exactly the purpose which his book had made abundantly clear.

Coming to France with lying pretexts, the Germans killed a million Frenchmen and maimed and mutilated millions more. For all this, heinous as it was, no penalty has been laid on them; no war indemnity has been required. But the Germans did more: they planned and executed widespread devastation and destruction, not in the fury of war, but with the cold calculation that by crippling France, they could seize the commerce of France and grow richer and more powerful through France's destitution.

For these two monstrous evils, springing from malignant ambition and malignant greed, the Germans have never expressed the least regret nor any shadow of repentance.

Earlier in these NOTES, this sentence was quoted, in speaking of repentance: "To be suddenly confronted in the watches of the night with your irrevocable act in all its naked ugliness will whiten the face of the boldest." The former Kaiser and Crown Prince have published their reviews of the war; to suggest that they express any such repentance as this, is almost derisory. And this is true of the Germans universally.

They do bitterly regret that they failed; but any repentance, any conviction of evil, one seeks in vain. The Germans, invading France, maimed millions of Frenchmen; what have they done to make to these living, mutilated men such reparation as may be possible? What have they done for the widows of France? Where have they indicated the slightest consciousness of any obligation to do this?

What France asks the Germans to do is this: to make good the physical devastation, the purpose of which was to cripple the trade of France so that Germany might seize the profits. This the Germans undertook to do. For nearly five years they have defaulted. Every trick of fraudulent bankruptcy has been used, incidentally involving the wholesale swindling of Germans by Germans, through the calculated and purposed destruction of the mark.

Who is to pay for the restoration of devastated France? Either Germany or France. To excuse Germany on the ground of brotherhood, puts the entire burden on the shoulders of France.

A conception of brotherhood that leads to such radical injustice, violates fundamental honour. The suggestion that the slow revelation of God and the

teaching of Jesus imply such injustice, cannot but arouse in students of Theosophy deep regret and indignation.

As against this view, many students of Theosophy are convinced that France's upholding of justice is the soundest political and moral principle in the world to-day, a rock amid the waves of unprincipled compromise and sentimentalism. To condone the immense unrepaid and unrepented evil of Germany, and to build the future on that, is to build on a morass. France stands almost alone in the valiant determination that the world's future shall be built, not on condoned murder and robbery, not on the successful wiles of a fraudulent bankrupt, but on restitution, and, if it be necessary, enforced restitution.

Students of Theosophy are further convinced that this firm adherence to justice is the one hope for the spiritual regeneration of Germany. The act of restitution may possibly open the door of repentance. The condoning of evil will only lock and bar that door.

#### FALSE BROTHERHOOD AND CRIME

In the United States, the false idea of brotherhood, based on forgiveness without repentance, is widely prevalent. In the United States also crimes of violence and murders are more numerous than in any other country reputed civilized; far more prevalent also than in many lands for which this claim is not made, for example, among the primitive tribes of India.

The figures regarding the number of murders in the United States, compared with England, were compiled and widely quoted within the last few months, on authority that cannot be questioned. An effort has been made to get behind the figures to the causes, in an editorial recently printed in the *New York Commercial*, which has an honourable record covering a century and a quarter. This is the view there expressed:

"It is the idealist's notion that all men who commit crime are 'erring brothers' and that they may be brought into the fold of decent society by moral suasion and compassionate treatment. In theory it is a fine thing, but in practice it works out only as a distinct encouragement to the vicious to murder, rob and steal.

"Something accounts for the awful crime statistics of this country. We do not believe it is because we have among us a larger percentage of criminally-minded than is to be found in other countries. Law enforcement is accounted the reason for few murders and a proportionately small amount of theft and burglary in Great Britain. The British are not in the least doubt about it.

"We have tried the kind treatment plan here and we have sobbed over the erring brothers and our lecture platforms have been held by men and women who have told us that we can make everybody good by telling the world how much we love all our fellow men. Up to now the so-called American system of wiping out crime has been a rotten failure." We have actually the worst criminal record in the civilized world.

If there be anything in this strong indictment which appears open to question, it is the view that false brotherhood, based on sentimental forgiveness without repentance, is a fine thing in theory. It is in reality as wrong in theory as it is deplorable in result.

Further, it is directly contrary to the recorded teaching and practice of the Master Christ, whose name is too often used to support it.

Saint Luke records the words of magnificent generosity: "Father, forgive them"; but he adds the reason of this plea: "for they know not what they do." There is no suggestion, here or elsewhere, that Jesus either forgave, or bade his disciples forgive, obdurate, unrepented sin, or that he represented the Father as forgiving such sin.

It is Saint Luke who records this passage:

"And he said unto his disciples, It is impossible but that occasions of stumbling should come: but woe unto him through whom they come! It were well for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, rather than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble. Take heed to yourselves: if thy brother sin, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he sin against thee seven times in the day, and seven times turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him."

This comes, it will be remembered, immediately after a notable parable, of which this is the closing passage:

"And he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house; for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. But Abraham saith, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one go to them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, if one rise from the dead."

There is severity here; there is spiritual integrity also. The author of *The Discovery of God* quoted the beloved disciple concerning brotherly love. But these words also, inspired by the same severe integrity, are recorded by the beloved disciple:

"They said unto him, We have one Father, even God. Jesus said unto them, If God were your Father, ye would love me: for I came forth and am come from God; for neither have I come of myself, but he sent me. Why do ye not understand my speech? Even because ye cannot hear my word. Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father it is your will to do."

This is no isolated passage, out of harmony with the main body of the teaching of Jesus. It is not too much to say that nowhere, in any of the Gospels, does Jesus condone unrepented sin, or bid his disciples forgive it, though he is infinitely tender and generous to the repentant.

On the contrary, it is abundantly clear that it was precisely his courageous and unflinching condemnation of unrepented and obdurate sin, that aroused fierce opposition against him and led directly to his crucifixion.

## A PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Surely the principle must be clear. Let us bring the problem to a focus, in the relation of a disciple to his Master.

It has been said by one of the wise that "the source of evil . . . lives fruitfully in the heart of the devoted disciple as well as in the heart of the man of desire." Would the disciple wish his Master to be blind to this evil, to condone, to "forgive," before recognition and repentance, to make as though the evil were not there, and thus to allow it to grow strong and flower and bear much fruit?

Would not this be in fact betrayal leading to spiritual death, the most disastrous injury the Master could inflict on his disciple, and, therefore, impossible? True spiritual life must rest on a penitent heart, a will made clean, and one with the will of the Father. Only when the heart and will are clean, are we children of the Father, according to the teaching of Jesus. Repentance first, then sonship and brotherhood.

True brotherhood rests on the integrity of spiritual law and spiritual life. It does not rest on an all-embracing emotionalism, which is in reality only a subtle and dangerous form of self-indulgence, a cowardly refusal to face evil as evil.

The true brotherhood of mankind must rest on a recognition of the Father, and complete obedience to the Father's will. Only when that point is reached does true humanity, and with it true brotherhood, begin.

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*To be humble is ceaselessly to forget yourself for others, without realizing your self-forgetfulness.*—LAVATER.

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*God is more anxious to bestow His blessings upon us than we are to receive them.*  
—S. AUGUSTINE.

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*We cannot flatter ourselves that we have understood a truth until it is impossible for us not to shape our life in accordance with it.*—MAETERLINCK.



## FRAGMENTS

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WOULDST thou have life?  
*Yea, Lord.*

Seek it then in denial of all that is not life. Seek it by stripping glamour from dead things. No longer confuse thy mind with fine shades of *innocent* and *harmful*. Throw not sops to the barking packs of thy lower nature to quiet them. Starve them to final silence. Thou must live either in the Real or in the Unreal; thou canst not live in both. Experience thou must pass through, since that is the Road of Liberation; but it must be a road to travel on, not a place to loiter in nor find pleasure; else thou shalt die there of its accidents or lingering fevers. Either side are jungles, where lurking death in various forms spies warily upon thee. Do not stop to pick the wayside flowers, nor listen to the singing of its multi-coloured birds. Press on, fear in thy heart and on thy heels. Thou hast a goal, so be thou truly seekest life, and it behooves thee to reach it, before the darkness close upon thee. Who can say if thou shalt have the chance to pass this Road again, having received and failed? Trapped in the jungle and devoured by beasts, may not thy consciousness become at one with them, and thou remain a menace to all travellers by that Way, until destruction overtake thee? Or, overcome by deadly vapours, lie and rot, a foulness to the Way? Or, poisoned by the touch of some infected plant, reach thy goal only to die across its threshold? Be not misled.

But if thy heart be pure, speed on without dismay. For down the centre of that Road, narrow and strait, there is a line of safety, where thou canst walk, yea run, yea fly,—eyes fixed, heart set, and Heaven in thy soul.

CAVÉ.

# THE CREST JEWEL OF WISDOM

ATTRIBUTED TO SHANKARA ACHARYA

## V

**S**O long as the true Self is held in bondage by the evil spirit of the lower self, there can be no vestige of liberation, which is the very opposite of the lower self.

Freed from the eclipsing demon of the lower self, he attains the true Self, which is being and bliss, self-luminous, as the full moon comes forth from the darkness of eclipse.

But he who identifies himself with the body, thinking, "This am I," is enchained by the darkness and delusion of the mind; but when this is destroyed without a remnant, the true Self is realized as the Eternal, free from all bondage.

The treasure of the bliss of the Eternal is guarded by the very powerful and terrible serpent, the lower self, whose three heads are the formidable potencies of substance, passion and darkness, who lies coiled over the true Self; but when the three heads are cut off with the mighty sword called understanding, inspired by the holy Scriptures, uprooting the great serpent utterly, the wise man may enter into the fruition of the treasure which brings true happiness.

So long as there remains even a vestige of virulent poison in the body, how can there be perfect health? So the lower self holds the seeker of union back from liberation. (305)

By destroying the lower self completely, by putting an end to the many delusive forms it creates, and by discerning the true hidden Self, realizing, "That am I," the seeker finds the Real.

Utterly reject the thought that "This am I," regarding the active lower self, unstable in essence, the cause of the love of reward, which robs thee of rest in thy true Self; through the lower self set up by delusion comes the recurring cycle of birth and death, endlessly inflicting birth, death, decay and sorrow on thee, who art in reality the true hidden Self, whose form is joy.

Thou art the true Self, ever one, pure consciousness, all-pervading, formed of bliss, of irreproachable glory, unchanging; there is no cause of thy bondage to birth and death except the domination of the "I."

The lower self is the enemy of the true Self, like a sharp thorn in the throat of him who eats; therefore, slaying it with the mighty sword of understanding, enter into the sovereignty of the true Self, the joy of thy heart's desire.

Therefore, ending the acts of the "I" and the other evil powers, casting away desire, gaining the transcendent good, dwell in silence, seeking to enter

into the bliss of the true Self, putting away all sense of separateness in the universal Self, the Eternal. (310)

Even when the potent "I" has been uprooted, if it be evoked again by dwelling on it even for a moment in the imagination, it will come to life and cause a hundred distractions, like a storm-driven cloud in the season of the rains.

Holding down the enemy, the "I," let no opportunity at all be given to the imagination to dwell on sensuous things; for this gives new life to the "I" as water to a parched lemon tree.

The personality who is subject to desire is formed by identifying the self with the body; that which causes desire is distinct from this. Going beyond oneself to seek union with sensuous things, through attachment to something apart from the Self, is the cause of bondage to the world.

From the maturing of the act comes the maturing of the seed of future bondage; from the destruction of the act comes the destruction of the seed; therefore, let the act be stopped.

From the maturing of the dynamic mind-image comes the act, and from the maturing of the act comes the dynamic mind-image; thus man's cycle of birth and death continues and ceases not. (315)

In order to cut the bonds of recurring birth and death, let him who seeks for control burn up these two; the maturing of the dynamic mind-image comes from these two, imagination and outer act.

Waxing great through these two, it brings to birth the cycle of birth and death for the Self; and there is a way to destroy these three in all conditions, always.

In all places, in all ways, in all things fixing the vision only on the Eternal, through the strengthening of the dynamic impress of true Being, these three melt into nothingness.

Through the destruction of the act comes the destruction of the imagining, and from this the withering of the dynamic mind-image. When the dynamic mind-image has withered away, this is liberation, this is called deliverance even in life.

When the dynamic impress of the Real breaks through and reveals itself, the mind-image of the "I" and the other powers melts away, as before the brightness of the radiant sun the darkness melts away utterly. (320)

Darkness and the works of darkness which ensnare unto evil disappear when the lord of day ascends; therefore when the essence of that partless bliss is known, there is no longer any bondage, no longer the savour of pain.

Rejecting all allurements of things seen, entering into the One, the Real, the sphere of blessedness, intent and alert without and within, let him endure until the bonds of former works pass away.

Standing firm in the Eternal, let no negligent loss of recollection be permitted at any time, for negligence is death: thus spoke the Master Sanat Kumara.

For him who seeks to know the true Self, there is no evil like negligence:

from it comes delusion, from this comes the false "I," from this comes bondage, from this destruction.

Loss of recollection overthrows even him who has attained to knowledge, if he turn toward sensuous allurements, even as an evil woman brings her paramour to destruction. (325)

As the green scum on a pond, when pushed aside, does not so remain even for a moment, so Glamour wraps itself about even the wise man who looks back.

If the imagination, falling back from its goal, be enmeshed even a little in external things, it continues to descend through negligent loss of recollection, like a play-ball fallen on a flight of stairs.

When the imagination enters into sensuous things, it builds up images of their qualities; from this building up comes desire; because of desire the man moves toward them.

He thus loses hold of his true nature; and he who loses hold, falls downward. For him who has fallen, there is no rising again without great loss. Let him, therefore, put an end to this building up of images, which is a cause of every evil.

Therefore, for him who has discerned, who knows the Eternal in soul vision, there is no death other than negligent loss of recollection. But he who is intently concentrated attains complete success; therefore, be thou intently centred in the true Self, with heedfulness. (330)

He who has reached liberation in life is liberated when he puts off the body; but he who makes a division between himself and the true Self, falls under fear: thus saith the Scripture of the Yajur Veda.

Whenever the seeker after wisdom makes a division, even no greater than an atom, in the infinite Eternal, what he beholds through negligent loss of recollection as separate from the Eternal, becomes for him a source of danger.

He who identifies himself with sensuous things, forbidden by a hundred texts of Scripture and sacred tradition and by reason, falls into a host of sorrows upon sorrows; he who thus does what is forbidden, is a robber.

He who sets his heart on the search for the Real, liberated, enters into the mighty power of the true Self, everlasting; but he who sets his heart on the unreal, falls; this is seen even in the honest man and the thief.

The saint, rejecting pursuit of the unreal, the cause of bondage, should stand firm in the vision of the true Self, saying: "That Self am I"; this steadfast resting in the Eternal brings joy through realization of the true Self, and drives away the great pain caused by unwisdom. (335)

The fixing of the heart on sensuous things causes the increase of evil mind-images progressively as its fruit; knowing this through discernment, and rejecting sensuous things, let him ever fix the heart on the true Self.

From putting an end to sensuous allurements comes quietude of heart; in quietude of heart there is the vision of the Supreme Self; when the Supreme Self is seen clearly, there follows destruction of bondage to the world; therefore the ending of sensuous allurements is the path of deliverance.

Who, being learned, able to discern between the Real and the unreal, hold-

ing the proofs of Scripture, seeing the supreme goal, possessing knowledge, would, like a child, set up his rest on the unreal, the cause of his falling from the true Self?

For him who is attached to the body and its pleasures there is no liberation; he who is liberated has put away the service of the body and its allurements. He who is asleep is not awake, and he who is awake is not asleep, since these two are of opposite natures.

He who, through the Self discerning the Self within and without, in things moving and unmoving, firmly resting in the vision of the true Self, putting aside vesture after vesture, stands in undivided Being through the universal Self, he indeed has reached deliverance. (340)

Through the universal Self comes the cause of deliverance from bondage; nothing is greater than oneness with the universal Self. When grasping after sensuous things ceases, this oneness with the universal Self is attained by standing ever in the true Self.

But how can grasping after sensuous things cease in him who identifies himself with the body, whose heart is set on the enjoyment of sensuous things, who is working the works of the body? It is to be accomplished by those who renounce the rewards that are sought through worldly duties and religious rites, who have taken their stand in the everlasting Self, who know the Real, who seek the bliss of Being in the Self, toiling with strong effort.

The Scripture: "He who is full of peace, lord of himself," enjoins concentration in soul vision on the disciple who, fulfilling the teaching and all works, seeks union with the universal Self.

The destruction of the "I" established in its strength cannot be accomplished immediately even by the wise; except for those who stand unmoved in the soul vision which is beyond separateness, the dynamic mind-images reproduce themselves endlessly.

The power of distraction, made operative through the power which wraps in glamour, and working through the delusive thought of "I," draws the man into distraction through the potencies of these. (345)

The victory over the power of distraction is difficult to gain until the power which wraps in glamour has been completely overcome. Let him destroy the power which wraps in glamour by discerning between the Seer and things seen, as clearly as water is distinguished from milk, and by the realization of the true Self.

He is without doubt free from bondage when there is no distraction by the mirage of sensuous things; perfect discernment, born of clear vision, truly discriminating between the Seer and things seen, cuts the bonds of delusion forged by Glamour, and thereafter the recurring cycle of birth and death ceases for him who has gained deliverance.

The fire of discernment of the oneness of that which is above and that which is below burns up the thicket of unwisdom completely. For him who has attained to the realization of Unity, how can there be a seed of recurring birth and death?

Through the vision of the one Real comes the end of the power which wraps in glamour; there follow the destruction of false perception and the end of sorrows caused by the distractions which spring from it.

These three perceptions arise together, as when the true character of the rope is seen; therefore, let the wise man know the reality of Being, for deliverance from his bonds. (350)

The understanding enkindled by consciousness, as iron is enkindled by fire, takes the forms of the powers of perception and action; the result is the manifestation of the three, the power that enwraps, the power that distracts, the sorrow that ensues: a mirage like what is seen in delusion, in dream, in phantasy.

Thence come all the modes of manifested Nature, beginning with the "I" and ending with the body, and all objects of desire; all are unenduring, since they change from moment to moment, but the true Self never changes.

The higher Self is eternal, undivided, partless consciousness, one, witness of the understanding and all the powers, other than the manifest and the unmanifest, whose being is the ideal "I," the realm of hidden being and bliss.

Thus the wise man, discerning between the Real and the unreal, perceiving the truth through his own awakened vision, knowing himself as the true Self, partless illumination, set free from these things, enters into peace in the Self.

Then are the heart's knots of unwisdom for ever loosed, when the vision of the one true Self is gained through soul vision free from separateness. (355)

The building up of "thou" and "I" and "this" in the higher Self, one and undivided, comes through the fault of the understanding; but when soul vision becomes radiant, this sense of separateness melts away through the firm grasp of real substance.

The saint, who has entered into peace, controlled, ceasing from evil, all-enduring, gains for himself the eternal being of the universal Self; thereby burning up all sense of separateness born of the darkness of unwisdom, through likeness to the Eternal he dwells in joy, free from bondage to works and from the sense of separateness.

They indeed possess soul vision who have dissolved outer things, the allurements of sense, imagination and the "I," in pure consciousness; they, verily, are free from the bonds and snares of the world, not they who merely repeat tales about the mystery.

Through the difference of vestures, the one Self appears to be divided; when the vestures are stripped off, the Self is one; therefore, let the wise man dwell in soul vision free from separateness, that the vestures may pass away.

Attached to the Real, the man goes to the being of the Real, through steadfastness in the one; so the larva, meditating on the bee, is transformed into the nature of the bee. (360)

For the larva, putting away all other activity, meditating on the bee, enters into the being of the bee; so the seeker for union, meditating on the reality of the supreme Self, enters therein through steadfastness in the one.

Exceeding subtle is the reality of the supreme Self, nor can it be perceived

by gross vision; it is to be known through soul vision, exceeding subtle in its power, by those of noble heart and purified understanding.

As gold refined in the furnace, putting away dross, comes to its own nature, so the heart, ridding itself through meditation of the dross of substance, passion and darkness, reaches the Real.

When the heart, thus purified by diligent, unbroken meditation, is dissolved in the Eternal, then comes soul vision without separateness, experience of the essence of the undivided bliss of the Self. (364)

From this soul vision comes the destruction of all the knots of dynamic mind-images, the destruction of all bondage through works; within and without, in all ways, for ever, the true Self is fully revealed even without striving.

Let him know that thinking is a hundred times better than hearing, that meditation is a hundred thousand times better than thinking, that soul vision without separateness is infinitely better than meditation.

For it is certain that through soul vision without separateness the true being of the Eternal is attained, and not otherwise; through the unstable emotional nature, it is blurred and commingled with thoughts of other things.

Therefore, enter in soul vision into the hidden Self, with powers controlled, with heart in unbroken peace; dispel the darkness born of beginningless un-wisdom through clear vision of the oneness of the Real.

The first door of union is restraint of voice, freedom from covetousness, expectation and desire, continuous devotion to the one goal.

Steadfast devotion to the goal ends the allurements of the senses; control stills the imagination; through peace, the impress of the "I" is dissolved. Through this, the seeker for union gains unbroken realization of the bliss of the Eternal; therefore, let the saint through strong effort gain mastery over the imagination. (370)

Restrain voice in thyself, restrain thyself in the understanding, restrain the understanding in the witness of the understanding, restrain that in the universal Self, going beyond separateness, and thus enter into perfect peace.

Absorbed in the activity of one or another vesture, be it body, life-breath, emotion or understanding, the seeker for union takes on the nature of that power.

When these are mastered, the saint finds the joy which comes with right cessation, perfect realization of the essence of being and bliss.

Inward renunciation, outward renunciation belong to him who has ceased from self indulgence; he who has ceased from self indulgence renounces inwardly and outwardly through desire for liberation.

He who has ceased from self indulgence is able to renounce outer attachment to the things of sense and inner attachment to the "I" and the imagination, steadfast in the Eternal. (375)

Know thou, O wise one, that ceasing from self indulgence and illumination are for a man as the two wings of a bird. Without them he cannot ascend the climbing vine at whose summit is the nectar, nor by any other means can he gain it.

To him who is utterly free from self indulgence, soul vision comes; to him who has gained soul vision, illumination is confirmed; to him who has gained illumination of the Real, comes liberation from bondage; for him whose soul is freed, there is experience of eternal joy.

For him who holds himself in sway, I see no engenderer of joy more potent than ceasing from self indulgence; if this be accompanied by the purified awakening to the divine Self, it will bestow on him kingly dominion over self. This is the door of the ever-young spirit of lasting liberation; therefore do thou, seeking what is beyond this world, ever follow after wisdom, in all things unallured, ever in the true Self, seeking the better way.

Cut off hope from sensuous things which are as poison, for this is the cause of death; giving up concern for birth, family and stage of life, free thyself utterly from ritual, seeking after reward. Cast away the delusion of selfhood in the things of the body; seek thou after wisdom in the true Self; for thou art the Seer, thou art other than the emotional mind, thou art in truth the partless Eternal.

Bending heart and mind steadily toward the Eternal as the goal, keeping the outer powers in their true place, steadfastly disregarding the concerns of the body, realizing the oneness of thy true Self with the Eternal, through likeness to the Eternal, through unified consciousness, drink the essence of the joy of the Eternal, for which there is no night, in thy true Self, for what profit is there in all else that is devoid of that nectar? (380)

Casting aside all imaginings of that which is not the true Self, foul and causing sorrow, set thy imagination on that Self whose essence is bliss, the cause of liberation.

This self-shining, witness of all, is ever revealed in the vesture of wisdom; make this thy goal, which stands apart from the unreal, entering into it through realization of thy true Self, free from all separateness.

Invoking the true Self through unbroken effort, pure of all other purposes, let the disciple discern that Self clearly through its essential being.

Firmly holding to the true Self, casting away the "I" and its concerns, let him stand indifferent above them, as though they were broken jars of clay.

Lodging the purified inner powers in the being of the Self, the witness, who is pure illumination, gaining steadfastness step by step, let him fix his vision on the fulness of the Eternal. (385)

Let him fix his vision on the true Self, the undivided Real, in fulness like the ether, free from all vestures of body and powers, emotional mind and the thought of "I," built up through ignorance of the real Self.

The space which is filled with a hundred vessels, such as jars and pots of grain and rice, yet remains free and one, undivided by them; so the pure Supreme remains free from the "I" and its concerns, and is ever one.

From the Creator to the log, all vestures are mirage only; therefore, let him behold his true Self in its fulness, standing in the one Self.

Whatever is built up through illusion, is seen as the Real, no different from That, when discernment is gained; when the delusion is dissipated, it is seen,



that the imagined serpent was no other than the rope; so the whole world is seen to be no other than the true Self.

Brahma is Self, Vishnu is Self, Indra is Self, Shiva is Self, all this world is Self; nothing is but Self. (390)

Self is within, Self without, Self before, and Self behind, Self on the right hand, Self on the left, Self above, Self below.

As wave, foam, eddy, bubble are all in reality water, so from the body to the "I," all is consciousness, consciousness is the one pure essence.

This whole world of which we speak and think is Being only, for naught is but Being, resting beyond nature's confines. What are all jars and pots and earthen vessels but clay? So he, drunk with the wine of Glamour, speaks of "thou" and "I."

"When all acts of desire cease, naught remains but That," says the Scripture, declaring that the Eternal is undivided, in order to destroy all false attribution.

Like the ether, stainless, undivided, unbounded, unperturbed, unchanging, free within and without, alone, one, is the Self, the supreme Eternal; what else is there to know? (395)

What more, then, remains to be said? The individual soul is the Eternal; from the world to the atom, all is the Eternal, the Eternal alone and secondless, according to the Scripture. "I am the Eternal," thus illumined in thought, casting away outer desires, they dwell in oneness with the Eternal, through the true Self which is ever consciousness and bliss. This, indeed, is certain.

Slay in this vesture of decay the hopes aroused by the thought of "I," then slay them in the form-body shaped of air. That form of joy eternal, glorified in the Vedic hymns, that Self apprehending, stand in oneness with the Eternal.

So long as he loves this body of death, the man remains impure; from his enemies come all the pains bound up with birth and death and sickness. But when he discerns the pure Self, of form benign, unwavering, then he is delivered from his enemies, according to the Scripture.

When all that is falsely attributed to the Self is cast aside, there remains the Self, the supreme Eternal, perfect, secondless, at rest.

When all thought and imagination are centred in Being, in the higher Self, in the Eternal without separateness, then there remains of separateness no more than an empty word. (400)

C. J.

*(To be continued)*

# RENASCENT CHRISTIANITY

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*"Wouldst thou bound the boundless,  
Set limits to the infinite,  
Or seek to hold within the measure of thy cup  
The waters of the Whole?  
Desist, Oh Lanoo!  
Such is not the teaching of the wise."*

A SITUATION has arisen to-day in the Christian communities of the West, which involves principles of great importance and is of manifest theosophic interest. A new spirit, a new attitude, and a new understanding are making themselves evident in many and various quarters,—movements of thought which correspond more nearly than before with, and which seem to be reaching out towards, some of the great theses for which the Theosophical Movement has always stood. From time to time the QUARTERLY has discussed one or another phase of this development; but, as the tide is setting very rapidly (since we are in Kali Yuga), new and often encouraging elements seem to appear almost from month to month. It may, therefore, be of value to survey together a number of these outstanding features, so that members of the Society can have more clearly in mind the opportunity that lies before them, and see the direction which their own future efforts should take to reinforce these movements with the added light of Theosophy.

Forty-seven years ago Madame Blavatsky published her second volume of *Isis Unveiled*, attacking in no uncertain terms the religious dogmatism, theological narrowness, and intellectual dishonesty of the Churches of her day. "This volume," she wrote in the Preface, "is in particular directed against theological Christianity, the chief opponent of free thought. It contains not one word against the pure teachings of Jesus, but unsparingly denounces their debasement into pernicious ecclesiastical systems that are ruinous to man's faith in his immortality and his God, and subversive of all moral restraint."

Since that day the leaven of the Theosophical Movement, with all the power of the Lodge behind it, has acted as a strong ferment in the religious organizations of the West, and we may witness the fruits on every side. The general intellectual attitude toward religion has, in the past two generations, undergone a profound change, and is to-day (fortunately) still in a state of transition. With the success of the Movement over the end of the century, we may well look for a new, a constructive, phase, to succeed the initial and necessary work of demolition and disruption which H.P.B. so valiantly undertook and so magnificently performed. New wine has burst many of the old skins; hard and fast theological moulds, dead-letter interpretations, crystallized traditions are

either dissipating before the tide of new insight and inspiration, or appear as if they would remain in some stagnant back-water, there gradually to decay.

We are, therefore, justified in expecting a new and more vital Christianity to arise out of the broken idols of the past. Everywhere men are seeking afresh for light, for the Truth—within as well as without the Churches. Many are saying that what they have always comfortably held as “their beliefs” have been shattered by the startling and as yet uncorrelated mass of “scientific” discoveries,—physical, historical, psychological—which are thrust upon them from every side. Even for the worldly-minded, it is no longer easy to avoid the necessity of taking thought, of making, at least occasional, heart-searchings into the meaning and values of life, into the psychical and religious theories of future states of existence and of immortality, into the nature and powers of man himself, as well as into the official teaching and attitude of science and the Churches on these matters.

In so far as the breaking of rigid moulds was the pioneer work of the early days of the Society, we are to-day witness to the success which that work has attained. But moulds can only safely be broken when the spirit which lies within is preserved, not merely left free to disintegrate. Whatever was vital in the old moulds,—that spiritual force which originally built them and gave them their very rigidity and strength,—must not be dissipated and lost for lack of proper channels in which to flow. There must be continuous life currents, which to-day shall draw to themselves that which is newly liberated, restoring and re-combining each individual contribution into one complete and harmonious stream. Bacon truly wrote: “Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of Men’s Mindes, Vaine Opinions, Flattering Hopes, False Valuations, Imaginations as one would, and the like; but it would leave the Mindes, of a Number of Men, poore shrunken Things; full of Melancholy, and Indisposition, and displeasing to themselves?” If you shatter men’s illusions you leave them “poore shrunken Things, displeasing to themselves,” unless you give them a new inspiration which draws them, and towards which they can at once reach out, and upon which they can lay hold.

It is here that we see justification, perhaps, for the unparalleled outpouring of the Esoteric Wisdom since 1875, which has been vouchsafed the Society and the world through the writings of Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, and others, under the Lodge’s guidance. We may also see why so much emphasis has been laid in recent years upon the necessity for a true understanding, not only of this special body of teaching, but of the character and thought of the world about us. If the early work of the Movement were alone to succeed, men accustomed to reliance upon a ready-made religion and a traditional interpretation of Nature, would find their base swept from under them. They would be totally unable, of themselves, to discover any familiar dogma or theory which could stand unshaken in the rush of forces let loose upon the world, and on which they could find support. Somewhere in the storm there must be a light-house; somewhere more than faint or distorted echoes of the Ancient Wisdom must reach the minds of men; somewhere there must be

clearly enunciated the principles which govern, and which will always govern, the conduct of men along their path to immortality.

We are told that The Theosophical Society has been chosen as the corner-stone of the future religions of humanity. It is to be the life-giving nucleus, the point of mediation between the creative forces of the spiritual world, and the outer body of manifested life. If the body, therefore, of Christianity is to be reborn, if a rising tide, not merely of devotion but of understanding, is to be the immediate fruit of the Society's continued existence in this cycle, then members of the Society who take their responsibility seriously will wish to penetrate behind the outer shell of Christian phraseology, and behind the mask, as it were, of Christian rituals, seeking to draw out the Truth within the symbol, the Light behind its veil. A nucleus contains within itself the potentialities of the whole organism of which it forms the centre, and nothing can have permanent existence in the organism which is not receiving from the nucleus those life-giving potencies which lie within it. So the Society, as the "nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood," the "corner-stone" of future religions, must contain within itself the *idolon* of a true Christianity—the faith, the understanding, and the living exemplification of that Way or Path,—to be true to its high calling, and to enable the outer body of Christianity to realize to the full its corporate discipleship.

Those who have read with care many of the "Notes and Comments" and other articles in the QUARTERLY, and who have followed the work of our leaders, will appreciate how fully this responsibility has been realized by them, and how earnest an effort is being made at this time to "move forward with the banner of the Lodge."

It does not seem to be the way of Nature to break with the past, but to build upon it. Christ did not come to destroy the Law and the Prophets, but to fulfil them. Similarly to-day, we should not wisely look for a new and startling revelation from without, but rather seek in the complete and exact fulfilment of the true principles which underlie contemporary Christianity, the resolution of all difficulties, and that constructive forward step which many look for as immanent. Only that which is manifestly wrong or lifeless in itself will need to be eliminated, because such for ever fetters and binds the life-giving spirit within.

The Church, taken as a whole, is in process of setting itself free from many of these chains,—especially intellectual chains—of its own forging, which for generations have shackled its creative spiritual life. One no longer finds the lay majority, whether Catholic or Protestant, subscribing readily and without misgivings to such a formula as: "Let him be *Anathema* . . . who shall say that human sciences ought to be pursued in such a spirit of freedom that one may be allowed to hold as true their assertions even when opposed to revealed doctrines,"—"revealed doctrines," of course; in the meaning of the Œcumenical Council of 1870, being the official pronouncements and interpretations of the Roman hierarchy alone. Even the Roman Catholic is leaving such anathemas behind; and blind and intolerant denunciation of another simply because he differs, no longer expresses the spirit of the age. Further than this, Prot-

estantism, despite its fundamental fault of rebellion against authority, has offered men independence of action, and the opportunity to do their own thinking; and though certain Protestant sects or individuals, rooted in Middle Age traditions, may still be ever so fearful of the discoveries of science, the average Protestant is to-day in a position to readjust himself intellectually as the "new knowledge" pours in from a thousand laboratories. He is also freer, or at least less circumscribed, than most Roman Catholics, to follow occult teaching and the Light from within.

It is necessary to see the Church to-day in relation to an earlier period, in order to appreciate in full perspective the contrast which present-day conditions afford. Already it has become somewhat difficult to visualize the narrow-mindedness of the generation before the Society was born, so great have been the changes. Where to-day the world in which we live can only be described as chaotic in matters of religious beliefs, in the middle of the nineteenth century it could be said with equal truth, that, on the whole, popular Christianity, with all its divisions, had a substantial basis of agreement, a common doctrine which was accepted as a matter of course. Few questions were asked, and the Church answered these definitely and confidently. Belief in God was a "Natural Religion," because the established scientific doctrine of "fixity of species" or "special creations," proved the "argument from design." Paley's brilliant book, *Natural Theology*, argued that it was impossible to doubt God,—that is, a creative, designing Mind—when you saw about you myriads of creatures all elaborately designed to fulfil certain functions, which were, and had been from the beginning, characteristic of those separate species. And "Revealed Religion," or Christianity, turned to the Bible as the infallible record, in all its parts and in all its affirmations, of the Word of God. For the Roman Catholic, authority lay in the Church's official interpretation of Scripture; after the Reformation, for the Protestant it lay in a direct personal appeal to the "authority" of "the Book" itself.

It is not too much to say that in their existing forms both these bases of popular religion were swept away by the middle of the nineteenth century. First Biblical criticism,—an analysis of the antiquity of manuscripts, a weighing and contrasting of internal evidence and conflicting accounts,—together with a new conception of the age and history of man, completely destroyed the naïve popular faith in the verbal accuracy and inspiration of the Bible. Protestantism, superficially at least, was left without authority, as that was commonly understood. However frantically groups of people may be clinging to this belief in the inerrancy of the Bible to-day,—undoubtedly the majority of the newspaper-reading public now realize that this position is untenable, and that blind loyalty to it is mistaken.

In the second place, Darwin's thesis of evolution by natural selection, where the specific form of an animal was represented as due, not to a fiat from on high, but to the fact that out of infinite varieties of form provided by Nature's superabounding creative vitality, one form at each stage proved itself best adapted to survive, while innumerable specimens less well adapted died,—this

theory of natural selection seemed to picture Nature as "making itself" and not as designed, or requiring God to design it. Man, moreover, appeared, in his physical aspect, as only one form of animal life, while intellectually he was merely a development of the mental qualities which had progressively evolved in the animal world generally. Instead of being created perfect—the way a Milton had represented him, as one who had fallen from his first glory, and who only after long ages could be restored by one divine act of redemption,—he was now pictured as starting among the anthropoid apes, and slowly, by his own efforts, climbing to his present dignity and attainments. No matter that Darwin's careful reservations and qualifications were overlooked; the old faith had, in the popular mind, received a blow from without, and the official representatives of that old faith felt called upon to fight for its integrity out of very loyalty to the Truth itself. Thus the Church, at the first assault of science, became intrenched anew in its position, and "the faithful" crystallized in a series of beliefs and interpretations which varied in differing sects, but which reflected the language and ideas of a definite period in the nineteenth century. Back of these nineteenth century entrenchments lay the battle-scarred positions of a hundred generations of conflict, traditions rooted in past ages of religious warfare and dogmatic debate. Leaders in the Churches felt that what they then faced was but one more challenge of the forces of atheism and of evil, and that a vigorous defence was their privilege and plain duty.

But the cycle had changed. It could no longer be merely a question of restating the old dogmas to suit a new vocabulary,—of discussion, and refinement and clarification. Blind religious faith has proved itself all but impervious to mere attacks from without. Science alone could not have effected a regeneration of religious belief. The stronghold of fanaticism, if unable to resist outside attack, prefers death to surrender. But supplementing the outer discovery and achievement of science (taking it in its largest sense), came the inner work of the Theosophical Movement at the turning point of the cycle; which not only reinforced and guided the outer work that science was accomplishing in the discrediting of religious dogmatism and narrowness, but which also introduced from within a new spirit,—not alone the spirit of tolerance—but the spirit of seeking Truth everywhere, by a synthesis, rather than by stressing any one doctrine or system of sectarian statement. Too often in the bitter conflict which has raged between religion and science, the protagonist of science had sought "truth" but to disparage religious faith; and too often also a churchman made affirmations calculated to belittle scientific discovery. The Society consciously and deliberately set itself to leaven this double dogmatism and infidelity, showing the futility of such methods, and revealing also the underlying correspondence and unity which regulate the principles and laws of the Universe, reconciling all apparent contradictions.

We may read in the utterances of leading churchmen the extent to which this spirit has at last entered into the thought of the Church to-day. The open attack from without plus the leavening from within are bearing fruit. Even Roman Catholicism which safeguards the faith of the ignorant and weak by a

rigid proscription of novelty, and an equally rigid adherence to the traditions of fifteen hundred years, is stretching out cautiously to meet the rising tide of knowledge, and under such leaders as Cardinal Mercier has been working at a "reconciliation" between modern advances and the established scholastic authorities. But open-mindedness and adaptability are not yet possessions of the Roman Church. In the large body of Protestant sects, however, because authority in religious matters is mainly an individual or group affair, we see not only a riot of ill-digested theories, frank and open bewilderment, and occasional controversy, but also out-spoken and sincere clamouring for new light. As might be expected, in such conditions toleration finds a readier acceptance—the great danger being, in fact, that toleration should become so broad and easy as to lack judgment or any cohesive principle. One has but to bear in mind the dogmatism, the prejudice, and the declared hostility of those Protestant ecclesiastics who forty years ago publicly attacked every claim of science, as well as unsparingly denouncing Madame Blavatsky, to see how changed is the attitude to-day, and as a result, how far-reaching is the present opportunity of the Church. Members of the Society may not have realized the extent to which the best minds in the Christian Churches are accepting certain of the fundamental principles of the Theosophic attitude; and accepting also our methods of seeking that Truth which some individuals at least are beginning to realize is higher and older than any one religion.

It cannot fall within the scope of this article to deal with, or even to touch upon, the many points at issue which confront the Church to-day. Only the evidence for certain attitudes of mind, and specific statements, can be discussed. Nor does the writer consider that any one "party" in the Protestant Churches gives greater promise than its rival. There are familiar current terms which describe these parties:—the "Fundamentalists," and the "Modernists" or "Liberals,"—those, namely, who adhere to unmodified tradition, and those who are more or less independent of tradition and often, also, of convention. Both, however, are seeking Light; and it is a popular mistake to think that the Liberal, because of his label, is more advanced, or more successful in his quest. From the point of view of a student of Theosophy, both seem to have elements of right, and elements of wrong. The Fundamentalist conserves at least the outer symbol and husk of truths the Modernist too easily and impatiently denies, and altogether discards. In so doing, the Fundamentalist, however limited his vision and interpretation may be, preserves fragments of the Divine Wisdom, and deserves well in so doing. This has been, and still is, the beneficent office of the Roman Church, and also of the far more intellectually emancipated Episcopal communion. The Liberal, on the other hand, while standing for intellectual freedom,—a *sine qua non* of chelaship—often passes from openness of mind to loose thinking and hasty conclusions. Both too frequently are still ignorant of some underlying and unifying principle, which perhaps a study of Theosophy reveals; and it should be the opportunity—and may at any time become the privilege—of the earnest student of Theosophy to assist all parties to a clearer appreciation of that which their tradi-

tional symbols teach, or which the "new knowledge" presents to them. It should never be forgotten that exoteric Theosophy is profoundly esoteric to the Christian mind of to-day. To "broadcast" Theosophical philosophy indiscriminately is to throw that which is holy where it will be wasted or ill-used, and to do more harm than good. Discretion and judgment are not merely the better part of valour, but are the hall-mark of one who seeks to embody the spirit of discipleship, and to aid in the spread of the Wisdom Religion.

Turning from these general considerations to specific illustrations of the advances of the day, it is refreshing to read from the pen of the foremost "high church" Bishop and leader of the "Catholic party" in the Anglican Church, Bishop Gore, that he has always been certain that, to quote his own words, "I must be in the true sense a free thinker, and that either not to think freely about a disturbing subject, or to accept ecclesiastical authority in place of the best judgment of my own reason, would be for me an impossible treason against the light. I must go remorselessly where the argument leads me."<sup>1</sup> This would find its parallel in any manual of chelaship.

Another Bishop, a member of the American Episcopal Church, sees not merely the necessity for an open mind, but he sees that the possession of an open mind, leads to a further step in experiencing spiritual realities. Bishop Lawrence writes in his autobiographical booklet *Fifty Years*:

"There has been developing in my thought and experience a third feature which I have already hinted at, but which, I believe, runs deeper than the thoughts we have touched.

"This discussion of reinterpretation of Scripture and Creeds, this debate upon the Bible and Faith, whether in the form of fundamentalism or modernism, conservatism or liberalism, is interesting to us Americans; we enjoy crossing intellectual swords, we like to rest our faith upon logical foundations; and up to a point it is well. Straight and hard thinking, sharp differences in belief, are natural and necessary, and keep the Church and her Faith steady in the changing tides of thought. But—and this is my point—I am coming more and more positively to the conclusion that these are not religion, and that these discussions often lead to the evasion of religion. Religion is in the personal communion of God and man. The Christian religion is that communion expressed through loyalty and devotion to Jesus Christ (pp. 87-88). . . . Through the practical moral and religious life comes fuller vision of God. 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.' It is at this point, the lack of that emphasis as compared with that of dogmatic statement and ecclesiastical requirements, that turns many a high-minded man and woman from the Church" (p. 92). In other words, the fruit which an open mind yields is a new conception of what "living the life" means;—that merely to fulfil the "law and the prophets" is not to "worship the Father in spirit and in truth," and true understanding does not and cannot come merely to the narrow and strict ritualist and dogmatist—however "good" in the ordinary sense—be-

<sup>1</sup> *Belief in God*, 1922, p. x.



cause the things of the other world are only spiritually discerned. There must be a linking together of right understanding and right action; and these in combination lead to mutual and continuous development; but when isolated, they cannot pass beyond definite limits. To use Professor Mitchell's words: "As the mind is turned to the Truth behind all truths, as the principle of spiritual unity is made active in our dealings with others, as the individual will is attuned to the Divine Will, the old limitations of consciousness are little by little transcended, and the nature transformed." (*The Theosophical Society and Theosophy*, p. 43.) But this transformation into the new order can be inhibited by false principles of thought as well as by false principles of living: mere goodness may make a "saint," but does not make a wise man or a disciple. For the majority right understanding must precede, in order to guide, the real living of the higher life. In its self-sufficiency and conceit, ecclesiastical Christianity has for long failed to realize how far its theology and even its mysticism have been divorced from a true understanding of the Mysteries of the Kingdom—though this is a knowledge which it has claimed to possess as an inheritance from antiquity, and which the layman had a right to expect that it dispensed. A point of view such as that of Bishop Lawrence, however, opens the way once more to a new experience and to genuine further enlightenment.

Furthermore, on the part of many, religion, if it is to be reckoned as a vital part of man's life, no longer appears to be static—that "Faith once delivered to the saints"—but it is conceived as an ever-continuing revelation—"a continuously unfolding revelation of Truth."<sup>2</sup> So late as 1864, Pope Pius IX reasserted the familiar Catholic position in his *Syllabus of Errors*, specifically condemning the modern idea that "Divine revelation is imperfect, and, therefore, subject to continual and indefinite progress, which corresponds with the progress of human reason,"<sup>3</sup> while the Vatican council in 1870 decreed that "the definitions of the Roman Pontiff are unchangeable."<sup>4</sup> Nor was this attitude confined to Roman Catholicism, for with all its reforms, Protestantism never attacked the "changeless content and formulation of faith." The authority of Pope and Church was overthrown by the Reformers, but the authority of the Bible and of "Apostolic times" were held to be unalterable. It was sometimes conceded that hitherto "unrealized potentialities involved in the original deposit might be brought to light—a kind of development which not only Protestants but Catholics like Cardinal Newman have willingly allowed"—but the original content of faith was unalterable,—"not to be added to, not to be subtracted from, not to be changed."

Now, however, Dr. W. R. Bowie, the Episcopal rector of Grace Church, New York, can say, and can be quoted approvingly as having said, in a sermon on Liberty in Faith: "Let us recognize the fact that religious history has constantly been marked by changes through which that which seemed to a

<sup>2</sup> *Truth and Tradition*, by the Rev. Stuart L. Tyson, p. 10.

<sup>3</sup> *The Papal Syllabus of Errors*, secs. 1 and 5.

<sup>4</sup> Vatican Council, July 18, 1870; *First Dogmatic Constitution on the Church of Christ*, Chapter IV, "Concerning the Infallible Teaching of the Roman Pontiff." Cf. *Christianity and Progress*, by the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, p. 137.

particular generation to be mere heresy and denial has turned out to be the impulse to a bolder faith (p. 8). . . . Always the peril of religious loyalty has been that it fails to keep the open mind. Standing guard over the things which have been, it may fail to understand or welcome those things which God means to bring to be; and so the Church has often bitterly resisted that which afterwards it was forced to recognize as true (p. 11). . . . Surely in the face of the long, and sometimes the humiliating lessons of the centuries, those who are the leaders of the Church should learn the spirit of humility and of that reverent open-mindedness which is quick to apprehend the possibility of a truth beyond that which they have already known" (p. 12).

Statements such as these cannot fail to strike the attention of any member of the Society who has looked for signs that Madame Blavatsky's work has not gone for naught in this direction also. They presage the dawn of a new era, they open the door to untold possibilities, they lift a burden off the minds of men.

The attitude towards other religions has also been greatly modified. No longer is Christianity the one true religion, with all other religions misguided counterfeits (ancient Judaism excepted), varying only in their depths of degradation. The Christian priest or minister must naturally think that his own religion is the highest expression of religious truth, and that in it, when fully understood, lie all the truths which can be presented. With such a position the student of Theosophy readily agrees since back of each hierarchy or ray stands the great white Light of the Central Sun, that Wisdom of God "from Whom all proceed, to Whom all must return"; and the Christian is and should be true to his particular genius, and should seek that Light through his own religion and through the Master on whose ray he stands. But *denial* of the Light of another has no place or justification, once the true principles of religion are at all understood. "We believe," wrote the Vestry of a "modernist" Church recently, "that Christianity is no more hostile, no more opposed to Buddhism, Vedantism, Islam, Taoism, Confucianism, or to the religion of our American Indian, than it is to Judaism, ancient or modern. We feel that all religions are alike from God, in that they are the inspiration of divers ages and races in different stages of civilization." In like spirit, we find a leading Baptist Minister, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, calling other religious traditions to witness to the deeper meanings of the doctrine of the Virgin Birth. Dr. Fosdick is officially and regularly occupying the pulpit of a Presbyterian Church,—a combination unthinkable even twenty years ago. He says: "According to the records of their faiths, Buddha and Zoroaster and Lao-Tsze and Mahavira were all supernaturally born. . . . When a personality arose so high that men adored him, the ancient world attributed his superiority to some special divine influence in his generation, and they commonly phrased their faith in terms of miraculous birth. So Pythagoras was called virgin born, and Plato, and Augustus Cæsar, and many more."<sup>5</sup> Dr. Fosdick, accepting the significance of this symbolism as pointing to a mystery, and so

<sup>5</sup> *The New Knowledge and the Christian Faith*, pp. 9-10.

not necessarily requiring the literal acceptance of "a biological miracle," still asks, "Is not the Christian Church large enough to hold within her hospitable fellowship people who differ on points like this and agree to differ until *the fuller truth* be manifested?" (p. 11.) Who can dissent from such an attitude? And will not such an attitude open the doors to admit just that "fuller truth" about the incarnation of an Avatar which Mr. Johnston has discussed in the *QUARTERLY* for January, 1912, and which Madame Blavatsky laboured to expound?

We have in the foregoing quotations, taken from widely differing authors of various denominations, a clear index to the temper of leading Churchmen to-day. A multiplicity of questions are being discussed, but their treatment points to the emergence of one clear principle,—that many of the leading thinkers in the Protestant Churches are no longer dominated by a rigid adherence to set forms and precise definitions, but are in a receptive mood, and are even seeking Truth wherever it may be found. Conservative and Liberal alike makes each his own contribution; while a few of prophetic insight seem to be attached to no party, but rather to have grasped something of the Theosophic method of synthesis, rising above mere sectarianism.

In the capacity and leadership of these few, building on the broadening undercurrents awake in the Church at large, the student of Theosophy sees the hope of a new era for Christianity. For these few seem to see that the weakness of the Liberal lies in his tendency to deny the possibility of the so-called miraculous, as of certain clauses of the Apostles' Creed. The Liberal does this, as he says, on scientific or biological grounds. In doing so, however, he often claims to have far more absolute knowledge than science itself could be justified in claiming, and which as a matter of fact no real scientist does claim. Nor is the Liberal content with the emancipation of his own mind; he wishes also to liberate by main force those who may perhaps still need the safe-guards of tutelage and control. Liberty easily degenerates into license and caprice, and the Liberal preacher often light-heartedly takes the risk of this where his uninstructed lay-hearers are concerned. On the other hand, the Conservative errs in rigidity of mind and unimaginative hardness; his virtue, however, being that he preserves, in an Ark, what tempests of controversy and floods of "new" ideas would indiscriminately destroy.

Between these extremes the wisest in the Churches are gradually approaching the mid-point of the Theosophical platform, and are granting the widest latitude of discussion with the firmest adherence to principle, once a principle is recognized as such. They see, with increasing clearness, that *denial* of symbol or historic fact cannot be countenanced, and that such denial is an obvious disloyalty to Truth. As the late Dr. W. R. Huntington, another Episcopalian, wrote: "If we cannot prove the so-called miraculous, neither can we disprove it. The foremost of the Agnostics acknowledged as much as that. And if any think that they can build a religion upon a denial of the statements of the Creed, let them try." So Dr. Manning, the Episcopal Bishop of New York, quoting the above with emphatic approval, has recently stated that: "There has always [*sic?*] been great liberty of thought, and opinion, in this Church,

and none of us would be willing to have it otherwise. There is no Church in Christendom which is so comprehensive as the one in which we serve. There is wide room for differences of apprehension, and interpretation, of the articles of the Creed, but manifestly this liberty has its limits. To interpret means to expound, to show the meaning of, to elucidate. That, surely, cannot be called interpretation which is in reality a denial, or a rejection, of the fact which the words of the Creed are evidently intended to declare. We are not at liberty to interpret plain and clear affirmations to mean their exact opposites. That is to play with language."<sup>6</sup> So obvious a truth needs to be emphasized, if only because the reaction away from dogmatism has led to harmful license, which in its turn must be held in check. Denial never built a faith; and an interpretation which destroys is not interpretation.

In conclusion, the student of Theosophy, as he looks about him, can find within the Churches to-day a genuine appreciation of the open mind, at least among an ever-growing and increasingly powerful group; he can observe less stress laid on what a man thinks or "believes," and rather more on what he loves, what kind of life he lives; he can find a new appreciation of other religions, and often a sympathetic study of them; he can discover a realization that religion, that Christianity, is not a static revelation, worked out once and for all like a mathematical equation, to be taken whole or left; but is a living and creative source of inspiration to the higher life, unfolding to men, as they advance with the creative evolution of all Nature, something of the divine purpose and mystery which lies back of Nature's manifold perplexities and contradictions. Finally, he will find that the Creeds, which have so long been a stumbling-block to the rising generations, are not being held before them as tests—almost as bars—to their entrance into the Christian Communion; but are conceived as great and vital symbols, far too richly burthened with meaning and significance to be cast aside,—serving rather to act as signposts and guides to the vital truths which Christianity embodies. Tested as they have been by time, springing as they do from the earliest days of the Church, *denial* of them is a blow at the very essence of all for which Christianity stands, while interpretation and reinterpretation of them are intrinsic necessities for each succeeding generation. In this spirit the last "Pastoral Letter" of the Episcopal House of Bishops (Nov. 14th, 1923) concludes with these memorable words: "So far from imposing fetters on our thought, the Creeds, with their simple statement of great truths and facts, without elaborate philosophical disquisitions, give us a point of departure for free thought and speculation on the meaning and consequences of the facts revealed by God. The Truth is never a barrier to thought. In belief, as in life, it is the Truth that will make us free."

Though only in its inception, such statements, and such an intellectual attitude, at least point to a nascent Christianity.

F. T. CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>6</sup> *A Message to the Diocese on the Present Situation in the Church*, by Bishop W. T. Manning, Feb. 3rd, 1924, p. 9.

# BELIEF AND KNOWLEDGE

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**T**HE beginner in Theosophy is sometimes bewildered by the injunction not to give dogmatic expression to his beliefs. His bewilderment is likely to be proportionate to his enthusiasm. He has found enlightenment for the mind and inspiration for the heart in certain books, which have been closely associated with The Theosophical Society since its foundation. He has discovered a logical and comprehensive view of the Universe and of man's destiny. He believes that the Masters of Wisdom are the real authors of the teaching, which he so admires. Why, then, should he not "broadcast" without delay, the glad tidings, which have brought balm to his soul? Why not tell everybody, high and low, about Reincarnation and Karma, Rounds and Races, the true story of the anthropoid apes, and the Seven Principles of Man?

If he takes the warning against dogmatism seriously enough, he may recognize its wisdom without undue suffering. As his studies penetrate a little below the surface of things, he discovers at first that he does not know half as much as he had thought. Then, in precious moments of humility, he may even recall and apply to himself the saying of Socrates: "One thing I know, that I know nothing." He has confused knowledge with the pleasure and exhilaration of the mind, which accompany the reception of rare and wonderful ideas. In consequence, he suffers, sooner or later, from a form of psychic indigestion, and his enthusiasm disappears with his appetite. It is time for him to put a very serious question to himself: Does he really know these things, which he had espoused so ardently, to be true?

More often, perhaps, he does not ask that question of himself, for it is first asked by another, by some long-suffering friend, who has grown tired of listening to him. Then comes the additional revelation that other people are not necessarily interested in what he has been telling them. Reincarnation and Karma shock them; Rounds and Races leave them cold. They are unimpressed by his assertion, that these things must interest them, because they are true. Years afterwards, he may wonder how he could have been so naïve, for human beings—as at present constituted—do not concern themselves greatly with the truth of things, and few, indeed, would find it necessary for a thing to be true before they could regard it as interesting. His first reaction may be to recall the text about casting pearls before swine, but let us hope that his vanity has been really injured by the indifference of the "swine," so that he will turn the matter over in his mind and begin to wonder whether, after all, there may not be something wrong with the distributor of the "pearls."

Let him ponder that question: does he know these things to be true? There can be no doubt as to the answer, if he face the facts. He does not know. He is, indeed, in the position of Socrates, and is ready to undergo what may

correspond to a degree of initiation; he must be tested by the consciousness of his ignorance. After he has passed through that trial, he will know how much of his previous attachment to Theosophy was psychic enthusiasm and nothing more, or whether there was all the time hidden beneath the surface some real and abiding love of truth for its own sake. If that love be present, he will not be discouraged by his ignorance. He will perceive that he entered the Theosophical Movement, not because he already understood everything about it, but in order that he might be given a chance to learn. "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." He does not know, but let him persevere and he shall have knowledge. Moreover he may feel one great encouragement, for the beginning of the love of truth is also the beginning of the knowledge of truth; nor can one of these exist without the other, since love and knowledge may be called two aspects of one and the same thing.

It is correct to say that there is no longer any question of the student claiming, for a long time to come, any knowledge of the Secret Doctrine, nor will he feel justified in continuing to force his bizarre versions of that Doctrine upon every acquaintance and friend. But he need not, therefore, throw all his previous ideas overboard. He may continue to believe, with a clear conscience, that Masters guide the Theosophical Movement, even though he does not understand all the details of that guidance. He may continue to regard Reincarnation and Karma as most logical and satisfying answers to the problems of human life. He is at liberty to justify his beliefs, by seeking for analogies in Nature, by using every resource of reason and intuition, to give them form and meaning. He may even talk about them discreetly with others, if those others exhibit any interest.

But his real problem is no longer that of intellectual acceptance, of reasoning and talking. His problem is to prove—first of all, to himself—that his beliefs are true. How is he to proceed?

It would seem that there is only one way to prove anything, and that is, by deduction based on actual experiment and experience. This is the way of every science worthy of the name, and it must be that of Theosophy, the supreme science, whose subject matter is Life itself.

One may learn much from the procedure of the scientist. For example, the student of chemistry is told that water is formed by the union of two parts of hydrogen with one part of oxygen. He is not asked by his professor to believe this on blind faith, for he may at any time test its verity for himself in the laboratory. Once he has tested it, he may use it as a base of operations in other, more complex experiments. He knows it to be true, because he has proved it experimentally. He relies upon it, as upon an indisputable fact. There is no necessity to be dogmatic about it, for it does not matter for his purposes, whether people believe or do not believe what he knows to be true. Truth is independent of opinion and does not need the defence of dogmatists. But, at the same time, when he speaks what he knows to be the truth, and is—in this sense—utterly unconcerned personally with what others think about it, the scientist is, for the first time, really capable of convincing others,

if they are sincerely desirous of discovering truth. His words are credible, because they do not reflect mere enthusiasm or a desire to shine, but are symbols of the experience itself of the speaker.

The beginner in Theosophy is not a Theosophist, any more than the beginner in chemistry is a chemist. As a beginner, he is told certain things, which he may believe or not, as he chooses, for nothing is forced upon him. If he profess belief in them, he is invited to go into the laboratory and prove them to be true or false, for otherwise he will never know for himself nor have any real understanding of that in which he professes to believe. The laboratory of Theosophy is the consciousness of the student. By meditation, by action and self-examination, the student turns over each belief, to convert it into knowledge, or, if untrue, to cast it forth from his personal being.

Many students of Theosophy believe that the great ideas of the Secret Doctrine are sponsored by Masters, true Theosophists, who know these ideas to be true, in the same way that the chemist knows by experiment that certain facts in his science are true. If the student wish to graduate in his turn and to become himself a Theosophist, let him live as if those ideas of the Wisdom Religion were true and let him steadfastly observe all Nature in their light.

S. V.

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*Love that seeks anything less than perfection is not perfect love. Aim high, and at all that is best, most beautiful, and most finished in sanctity! But this needs thought and self-conquest.*—DE RAVIGNAN.

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*It is not what a man gets, but what a man is, that he should think of. He should first think of his character, and then of his condition. He that has character need have no fear of his condition. Character will draw condition after it.*

—H. W. BEECHER.

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*A man's chief care ought to be turned within himself: the renunciation of self-will is a greater thing than the raising of the dead to life.*—St. IGNATIUS.

# BIOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS

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**R**EADERS of the *QUARTERLY*, many of whom feel that the subject of consciousness is one of great importance, are well aware of the gulf that has long existed between the theosophic and the scientific viewpoints on this question, but they are possibly not so well aware of the gulf existing between the attitude of modern biology and comparative psychology, and the science of the day when the Theosophical Society was born.

Let us go back briefly to a century ago, when the old theological view held undisputed sway. Man and the "brutes" were regarded as special orders of creation, the former infinitely superior, with a special "favourite son" relationship to God. The poor "brutes" were not allowed any consciousness, intelligence or reason. Darwin denied man's special creation, and in devoting years of study to the resemblance between man and animals, rather than their differences, laid the foundations for what is now known as the great doctrine of evolution. In his chapters on Mental Powers in the *Descent of Man*, he attempted to prove (1) that animals had far more mental powers than supposed, (2) that these powers increased progressively in the higher groups, and (3) that the differences were chiefly of degree rather than kind. It is only proper to add that he was hampered in his efforts by the total lack of careful observation and experiment at that time.

Darwin's philosophy was eagerly taken up and extended to absurd lengths by the materialistic school of the late "eighties." These men, reckoning among their number some of the foremost scientists of the day, held that all animal behaviour was purely mechanistic. Action of every type was a series of reflexes and tropisms, which in the higher animals were inherited and then became instincts. They were not allowed either reason or intelligence. The possession of these valuable qualities by man was by no means due to divine favour, but they were regarded as by-products of a purely physical or mechanical evolution. Huxley concisely sums up this point of view, as follows: "The consciousness of brutes would appear to be related to the mechanism of their body simply as a collateral product of its working, and to be as completely without any power of modifying that working as the steam whistle which accompanies the work of a locomotive engine is without influence on its machinery." Summed up, these worthy gentlemen did not recognize any principle higher than mind, and were consequently compelled to derive it from purely instinctive action by a process of evolution—mind, intelligence, and reason were, then, products of organic development.

The Theosophical Society was born amid the fulminations of a theology whose prestige was rapidly declining, the sneers of science, and the squabbles



of scientists with each other; and the theosophical teaching was plumped into an intellectually irritated world. At this period the battle was a kind of stalemate, neither side gaining an inch. The scientists outdid theology in dogmatism, and were reduced to denying point-blank the many things they did not understand. Theology did not have the intellectual equipment to advance what crumbs of real truth it possessed, with any cogency of reasoning. The theosophic books of the day treated both sides with equal scorn, and advanced a totally different interpretation of evolution, which only those few accepted to whom it was obvious that neither theology nor science could have the real or the whole truth. Theosophy may be profitably contrasted with materialism.

The existence of the spiritual was taken for granted, and man and animals alike were composed of seven principles or states of consciousness. Physical evolution was of far less importance than mental or spiritual, and both were antecedent to physical evolution. As far as man was concerned the physical body had nothing to do with the real Ego inside it. Consciousness, far from being a special faculty of man, was inherent in all forms of life. It would seem needless to emphasize the utter discrepancy of the two philosophies, or the rage and fury which descended upon the proponent of Theosophy.

Fifty years of scientific research have now elapsed. Let us see what the present-day point of view is, and what changes, if any, have taken place. Both biology and the new science of comparative psychology have met in the field of animal behaviour. Further, the systematic study of mind has greatly altered the mechanistic views of an earlier generation. In any analysis, however, of scientific research, the greatest care is needed to use terms correctly and to understand the limits of the field. I quote the caution given by Lloyd Morgan in his book on *Animal Behaviour*, published in 1901.

"The function of biological science is to formulate and to express antecedences and sequences which are observed to occur in animals and plants. This can already be done with some approach to precision. But the underlying cause of the observed phenomena does not fall within the purview of natural science; it involves metaphysical conceptions. . . . Where the phenomena of organic behaviour are in question, this coalescence [of facts and metaphysical conceptions] has not yet taken place; the metaphysical element is on the one hand proclaimed as inexplicable by natural science, and on the other hand denied even by those who talk glibly of physical forces as the final cause of the phenomena of the inorganic world. . . . These are questions the ultimate answers to which lie beyond the sphere of science—questions which man (who is a metaphysical being) always does and always will ask, even if he rests content with the answer of agnosticism; but questions to which natural science never will be able, and should never so much as attempt, to give an answer." And again, "In the brain, somehow associated with the explosion of its cells, consciousness, the mind-element, emerges; of which we need only notice here that it belongs to a *wholly different order of being* from the physical activities and products with which we are at present concerned." (Italics ours.)

This gives a clear concept of the limits science sets itself. Much hostile

criticism is undeserved, when this point is fully realized. We may hold it unfortunate that science sets these limits, and we may hope that some day they will be greatly extended; but in the meantime we cannot criticize Dr. Morgan, for instance, for regarding consciousness as purely hypothetical scientifically, when he regards research in this direction as entirely outside the field of science.

We can now take up Dr. Morgan's very conservative outline of animal behaviour, and his conclusions. He sums up the evolution of behaviour, consciousness and intelligence as follows. Sentience, as distinguished from consciousness, is a concomitant of all organic behaviour. The behaviour of the lowest animal organisms is due to reflex actions. Instinct appears with the development of a nervous system. When this development reaches a certain degree of complexity, consciousness emerges, and then in order, intelligence and reason. He regards marked intelligence in insects as fully established by the experiments of Fabre and Peckham, and sees faint signs of it in earthworms and certain molluscs. He concludes, however, somewhat lamely, that the steps by which conscious control is gained are unknown, that psychologically mind cannot be regarded as a "product" of organic development in the usual sense that there is no evidence to show how consciousness evolves from mere sentience, and that the existence of consciousness is scientifically hypothetical.

To understand this last surprising statement, the lay reader must here make a careful distinction between objective and purely subjective subjects of inquiry, and realize the *present* impossibility of definitely proving the latter by means of the former. I here use the word proof in its strict scientific sense. Thus the behaviour of a certain animal is an objective phenomenon which can be studied and investigated. The question, however, whether that behaviour should be explained by pure mechanism or by consciousness is entirely subjective, is outside the field of exact demonstration, and can only be hypothetical scientifically. A simple illustration is the love of A and B for their mother. If you, reader, are A, and you entertain certain feelings and emotions, which you call love, towards your mother, which prompt you to perform certain acts, and you see B perform the same acts, you conclude that B also loves your mother. Now, while you may be correct, there is no way of knowing or proving that your feelings and B's feelings are the same. It is quite impossible to determine whether we are seeing the same thing when we see the colour green, whether a chair in the room is the same to both of us, or whether we feel cold in the same way. This may seem like hair-splitting when it comes to A and B, as it is unimportant in the first place, and A and B are both *human beings*. But it does become important when a totally different creature is being studied, say an insect. It may perform acts which, if you performed them, would be a sign of conscious intelligence, but it is quite impossible to prove that those acts were due to conscious intelligence on the part of that insect. This particular faculty can be *imputed*, but not *demonstrated*. It is a hypothesis, and not a fact. I repeat that objective acts cannot prove the existence of a subjective faculty.

Rigidly adhering to this point of view, Jennings has written the standard

textbook on the *Behaviour of the Lower Organisms*, based on years of study and experiment, chiefly with the microscopic Protozoa. He regards the old mechanistic theory of tropisms and reflexes as fallacious, based on the fact that action even in Protozoa was by no means purely involuntary. His experiments show that even the lowest organisms employ trial movements to escape unpleasant stimuli, "select" the best, and in Infusoria, such as *Stentor*, employ only that best one on all subsequent occasions, which immediately tempts one strongly to impute some power of memory to this lowly creature.

Jennings' transition, however, from the objective experiments to purely subjective deductions is strictly methodological and is worth quoting. "All that we have said thus far . . . is independent of the question whether there exist in the lower organisms such subjective accompaniments of behaviour as we find in ourselves, and which we call consciousness. We have asked merely whether there exist in the lower organisms objective phenomena of a character similar to what we find in the behaviour of man. To this question we have been compelled to give an affirmative answer. So far as objective evidence goes, there is no difference in kind, but a complete continuity between the behaviour of lower and of higher organisms.

"Has this any bearing on the question of the existence of consciousness in lower animals? It is clear that objective evidence cannot give a demonstration either of the existence or of the non-existence of consciousness, for consciousness is precisely that which cannot be perceived objectively. No statement concerning consciousness in animals is open to verification or refutation by observation and experiment. There are no processes in the behaviour of organisms that are not as readily conceivable without supposing them to be accompanied by consciousness as with it.

"But the question is sometimes proposed: Is the behaviour of lower organisms of the character which we should 'naturally' expect and appreciate if they did have conscious states, of undifferentiated character, and acted under similar conscious states in a parallel way to man? Or is their behaviour of such a character that it does not suggest to the observer the existence of consciousness?

"If one thinks these questions through for such an organism as *Paramecium* . . . it appears to the writer that an affirmative answer must be given to the first of the above questions, and a negative one to the second. . . .

"But such impressions and suggestions of course do not demonstrate the existence of consciousness in lower organisms. Any belief on this matter can be held without conflict with the objective facts. . . . But the problem as to the actual existence of consciousness outside of the self is an indeterminate one; no increase of objective knowledge can ever solve it. Opinions on this subject must then be largely dominated by general philosophical considerations, drawn from other fields."

So much for the conservative scientific statements of a biologist. Reading between the lines, one detects a sigh of regret that consciousness is not demonstrable by objective experiment, and perforce must admire the restraint of the writer, faithful to his standard, who will not state belief as fact.

We can now take up the testimony of Comparative Psychology, where there are two main schools of thought in our particular subject: (a) those who believe in the dualism of mind and matter, rejecting the evolution of mind from matter, and (b) those who believe in such an evolution. The dualists would like to believe in the primacy of mind, but admit they cannot prove it. They refuse to admit the primacy of matter, so their dualism is a compromise, which makes mind and matter of equal importance. Their point of view is that all psychoses have concomitant neuroses, and this is based on observation and experiment. This somewhat terrifying terminology means, roughly speaking, that all emotional and mental reactions are accompanied or followed by physical or nervous ones. Thus sorrow leads to a burst of tears, wringing of hands, and palpitation of the heart. However, dualism, to be firmly established, would have to show that the reverse holds true also, and this is by no means certain, as none of the hypotheses put forward are satisfactory, biologically or psychologically. We need not consider them here. This school is, however, of service in attacking the materialistic school of science, and the idea of the primacy of matter. The argument of these latter is about as follows. If the lower organisms are dependent upon pure reflex actions and nothing else, consciousness arrives, mysteriously but most opportunely on the scene, just when the increasing complexity of the organism requires its guidance. The primacy of matter, then, involves the illogical conception of pure mechanisms evolving themselves and giving rise to higher beings (man), whose ends they serve. Science, therefore, is confronted with two insoluble problems instead of one. If life and matter be prior to mind, not only must the origin of life be explained, but it must be shown how mind evolves from pure matter. Science, of course, can explain neither. If the reader has followed the argument, he will next ask: why, then, is not mind prior to matter? Unfortunately, there is no *objective experience* of mind organizing or modifying matter, and no evidence of its ever having done so, however sure we may *feel* of it.

Turning now to the other school of comparative psychologists, Professor Hobhouse of the University of London, has written a most interesting book, *Mind in Evolution*,—interesting not only because its point of view is so refreshing, but because of the wealth of illustration it gives, in the form of definite incident, of the steady increase in the phenomena of intelligence as we proceed up the animal scale towards man. Professor Hobhouse's main thesis is that mind is the only satisfactory measure of the upward trend of evolution. This view is based chiefly on the fact that the higher vertebrates and man are far more different mentally from the animals immediately below them than they are structurally. It is significant that something besides the body is stressed.

His classification of the development and evolution of mind is also interesting. Following Jennings, he attributes some germs of intelligence at least, to the lowest organisms, as well as reflexes and instinct. Next come judgment, memory, purpose, ideas, and knowledge of objects, faculties present in birds and mammals, and rudimentary in some lower groups. Reason and the power to solve new problems are certainly possessed by the dog, elephant, apes, and

man. Some sort of morality is obviously present in all social animals, from ants and bees up, but there is such obvious danger here of imputing human impulses, that he approaches this phase of the subject with great caution. Language (of a rudimentary kind) is present in many animals, and in some is as well developed as in a two year old child. Man differs from all animals in his power to form concepts and abstract ideas, and in having self-consciousness. These faculties, plus the great development of language, lead to the formulation of codes of morals, religion and science.

The author, however, frankly admits several difficulties and objections to this classification, and it is significant that they concern man chiefly and not the lower animals. He cannot explain the first signs of mind, nor what causes its appearance, nor where it comes from. He cannot explain the gulf between purely human intelligence and that of the apes, though they are more closely related physically than either is to any other type of animal. Again there is good reason to believe that the intellectual gulf between the white man and the Australian black is far greater than that between the latter and the most intelligent mammals, in spite of the fact that the two races of man are the same species, zoologically, as compared with different orders and groups of major zoological importance. Another point is that morality is supposed to emerge from the combination of intelligence with social experience, but as a matter of fact they are not co-extensive. Finally he makes the interesting remark that there is no possible criterion of just when or why or how one organism is "higher" than another, without involving some purely human judgment of value. He might have said that while *we* regard the fish as "higher" in the scale than the insect, because it is a vertebrate,—man also being a vertebrate, and in our opinion the highest type of living creature,—there is no knowing whether God does. His admissions of what science cannot do are as significant and interesting as the progress he shows science to have made.

Postponing for a moment a consideration of his philosophical deductions, we can pause to advantage and sum up from the standpoint of Theosophy. Even if we accept the self-imposed limits of science as to what constitutes valid proof, and what classes of phenomena are scientifically provable, we are metaphysical beings according to Lloyd Morgan, and, after Jennings, are allowed to form opinions on the facts presented, based on purely philosophical considerations. These opinions are, that experiments on animal behaviour, conducted by biologists and comparative psychologists, tempt them strongly to grant consciousness of some sort to all animals. Science grants them a body, life, emotions, and, to nearly all of them, mind. These are the first four of the seven principles of Theosophy.

Certain more general deductions are also obvious from the proved facts of modern science: (a) A purely mechanistic evolution is regarded as improbable. (b) The origin of mind from matter is unprovable by science and one school of comparative psychology, and is regarded as logically impossible by another. (c) The primacy of mind, as the cause of organic evolution, cannot be established by comparative psychology. (d) To hold that mind and matter are of

equal importance violates the instinctive feeling of the whole race, and fails to explain the evolution of mind satisfactorily.

With Hobhouse, then, those insisting upon a philosophical explanation will be forced to conceive of purpose as motivating evolution. They will be forced to conceive a germinal soul or latent possibility of this purpose in life to insure its evolution. "If this ideal of thought may be taken as adumbrating the ultimate nature of reality, nature is neither wholly blind, nor wholly the creature of intelligent purpose. Origin and purpose are mutually dependent parts of one scheme. What was in the beginning was in order that what shall be might be realized. But what shall be, and the way in which it shall come about, are equally the creations of that which was at first. If we seek to realize in some concrete fashion what this means, we shall think once more of the germ of a soul in a living organism. The soul would not exist in germ, but that there is laid up in store for it a futurity which repays the travail of development. Neither could it exist but for the physical conditions in which it is immersed. Its development is a war with these conditions which maintain and yet limit it, and its triumph is the submission of the conditions to its perfected nature. In this image we have a brief account of the whole process of the evolution of mind as traced in these chapters, and therewith the process of evolution upon this earth appears as the working out, in concrete shape and on this relatively narrow stage, of the vaster process which we dimly conceive as constituting the essential life of the world."

This conception surely approximates in philosophic terminology some of the theosophical teaching. The higher mental powers, the soul, and the universe of pure spirit, of which the soul is a speck, are the three highest of the seven principles. It is at least some cause for satisfaction that science has pushed its researches to the point where such subjective considerations are a philosophical necessity, even though not capable of objective proof at the present time. How much simplified Hobhouse's classification of mind would have been, and how reduced his doubts, difficulties, and philosophical gropings, if reincarnation had been postulated! To develop this point is scarcely germane here; the reader can consider it for himself.

We can only add that, pursuing his own philosophical deductions to their logical conclusion, once the existence of pure spirit is granted, its primacy must also be granted, and the speculations of comparative psychology as to the relative importance of mind and matter become a dead issue. Perhaps the primacy of mind over matter will never be objectively demonstrable, until the necessity for the existence of spirit be granted; and automatically what is now subjective will have become objective, as human development progresses, and the soul will have come into its own. For truly the soul journeys downward into matter and manifestation, turns homeward through the mental plane, gaining self-consciousness and the knowledge of its destiny. It is just at the turn that the past and the future are the dimmest and the most cut off from the tangible, material present. This is where we all are now. Let us do what we can to make speed on our way.

BIOLOGIST.

# THE BHAGAVAD GITA<sup>1</sup>

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THOUGHTFUL librarians tell us that there is no real need of any more children's books; that before the normal child has had half enough time to devour all the good old immortal fairy stories, and the ever-dear tales of romance and adventure,—domino-presto-change,—he is no longer a child but a callow grown-up with the world's literature spread before him for his further delectation.

Sometimes—just sometimes, not always—it seems to me that we are in a very like case; there are certain high peaks of past attainment in all the arts which make us pause and wonder whether the writing of more books, the painting of more pictures, the carving of more statues is really worth the candle; whether it would not be wiser to turn resolutely around and give undisturbed and undistracted attention to these old fountain-heads of inspiration. There is such an endless amount to study and enjoy, and before we are aware,—domino-presto-change,—our precious leisure is gone and we are not half through. The *Bhagavad Gita* is one of the high peaks which points my moral. Very few of us have time to read it. It is a very little volume, but if one wishes to get the flavour of its quality and the true essence of its meaning, it has to be read slowly, little by little, to be absorbed by unhurried thought, its lessons tested by application to practical situations and problems. For more than twenty-seven centuries it has stood as one of the great scriptures of the East, proof positive of an extraordinary potency; but taken in the tempo at which we gaily gallop through a novel by Mr. Wells, or even at the rate of a spanking trot through Darkest Africa with Stanley, it refuses to yield its inner wisdom.

It has been rendered into every civilized tongue, and I believe nineteen scholars have given us different English versions. One of the first of these translations was published in 1785 under the authority of the East India Company, and has a preface by Warren Hastings who was then Governor General. It is amusing to note what difficulties beset the task—how meagre the knowledge of the language, how incomprehensible the strange imagery and mode of expression. Sometimes a sentence will start quite bravely, become befogged, then hopelessly muddled, and finally just stop without an ending, not even a period.

Of all the translations I have seen, none is so satisfying as that by Mr. Charles Johnston. To begin with, his prose is beautiful. He was one of that gifted group of writers who inaugurated the Irish literary renaissance; the group that included Yeats and Synge; and he was at one time honoured by

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<sup>1</sup> A paper written for the Denver Fortnightly Club.

Dublin University as Sanskrit Prizeman, so that when later he went to India in an official position he was well equipped with tools. Several years of residence gave him an intimate acquaintance with the native character and habit of mind, and he became a more and more sympathetic student of the old Wisdom Religion. It is from his commentary that I have compiled this paper.

I expect you are all mentally braced against certain abstruse and foreign-sounding words which you suspect I am going to use: Nirvana—Reincarnation—Karma; and I believe it is my first duty to try to clarify their meaning and to reconcile you to them. They do not perhaps occur very often in the text, but they are the foundation and heart of the teaching, their comprehension and acceptance is for the most part pre-supposed. Unless these doctrines are quite clear to us the whole book is a muddle; in order to give it proper critical attention it is necessary to concede the foundation on which it is raised.

I think I will take the words in just the order in which I have jotted them down, for Nirvana, rightly understood, implies and demands the other two in turn.

At the outset, let me assure you that there is primarily one thing which Nirvana is *not*, and that is annihilation. I just cannot be too emphatic in this statement for it is at the root of much misconception and hostile prejudice. Nirvana is on the contrary the very fulness of life, purified and spiritualized and raised to the highest power of consciousness. It is the ultimate goal of an evolution which, starting in the lowest mineral kingdom, gradually ascends through the vegetable, animal, human and divine planes to the height of supreme consciousness. In each kingdom we find a fuller and fuller manifestation of spirit, an increasing mastery of the heavy inertia of matter. It takes ages for the life force to transpose stubborn rock into crystal forms, but when the material becomes pliant enough to be patterned into trees and breathing plants, we begin to feel the long march accelerating its pace and drawing close to our own level—while the animal world is almost too near for comfort, with its mocking kinship in strutting peacock or flocking sheep, its jealous demand of affection from friendly cats and dogs.

Prodded on by the Darwins and Huxleys and Weissmanns and Bergsons, we have grudgingly admitted that by some process of evolution we have arrived at long last on our very inadequate human legs. But here, we of the western world stand stubborn, while a very chaos of conflicting thought surges about us: evolution apparently goes no further. It has taken only a comparatively short time and a modicum of care to produce from wolves or foxes highly specialized specimens of curly toy-spaniels and under-shot British bull-dogs; but in flat mockery of eugenics, we see, in the human family, genius springing from the tenements, and crass mediocrity descending from Lincolns and Napoleons.

Twenty-seven hundred years ago Prince Siddhartha, the Buddha, lived in India, a very embodiment of great thought and gentle spirit, and far back of him tower the figures celebrated in the *Mahabharata*. When we bring into juxtaposition with these giants, who long ago pointed the way so command-



ingly, the notables of our own day and generation,—we are tempted to turn aside with the old discouraged question "*cui bono*"?

There are those of high faith who can believe in man's destiny without props of logic or outer evidence, but there are others who search and long for some light to satisfy the reasoning mind, and it is to these that the old sages of the East give the desired clue.

The Eastern Wisdom admits no break, no pause, no frustration, no end of the law of evolution; even Nirvana being only relatively ultimate, since the goal of the spirit is never static but an infinite progression.

From the *Gita* and the older *Upanishads*, we learn that when one kingdom has reached the acme of its self-development, and is quite ready for its transition into the kingdom just beyond, there is always a new inrush of life from above, a quickening of spirit. Throughout the lower kingdoms this quickening is generic, but when the human kingdom is attained a new phase of the law comes into play, for now the special endowment, that which marks the egress from the animal world, is self-consciousness. It is further declared that self-consciousness is the beginning of personal immortality, for even in its lowest form it is the divine spark which is capable of moral responsibility: and that through the long discipline of life and through the conscious choice, minute by minute, between good and evil, between better and best, between the calls of conscience and selfish desire, this self-consciousness is increased and enriched and solidified; and that finally, at the end of life, the more or less developed self-conscious soul passes into Devachan, or, in other words, goes to heaven,—at least, as much of him goes as really cares for heaven. I'm afraid that not much of him truly does.

So far, so good:—we can all nod our heads in agreement and translate the tenets into very similar beliefs of our own faith—and there we can stop if we choose.

But the *Gita* and the older *Upanishads* do not stop there. They say that most of us are very rudimentary souls and that even three-score-years-and-ten is too short a time to master the lessons of earthly life, and that the law of evolution *demand*s a complete mastery—and that therefore, after a very joyous sojourn and complete rest in Devachan, there comes a time when the soul, like the hero in Browning's poem, feels the need of a world of men. The calls of unsatisfied desires, of unexpiated wrongs, of neglected opportunities draw him by a law, very much like the law of gravity, into re-birth. Once more the soul descends into the school of life's discipline, just a wee bit further along in his course since he has already passed the primary grade, but, oh, very forgetful of all the specific facts which he learned prior to his long vacation—he really will have to review all before he can fairly start in his new work in "Two B."

Now again he lives his life for better or for worse, and at its end he will be wiser and stronger by a tiny degree, and will be a bit more able to enjoy his heavenly rest, will be happy in the realm of spirit for a longer time, but not for ever. By and by there comes again the inevitable moment when the desire for separate earthly life grows too strong to resist, and once more he is at-

tracted to a material body. This briefly stated is the theory of Re-incarnation—the second word against which you are supposedly braced.

Before attacking the third outpost, or Karma, I want to pause long enough to make another emphatic denial of a radical misconception. The old Wisdom Philosophy *never* admits the embodiment of a human soul in animal form. The human soul has to advance—advance, either upward toward divinity or downward toward the demoniac. It cannot stand still and it cannot draw back into the pleasant irresponsibility of a care-free animal. To conceive of a good mother pig who is industriously adding pounds to the world's supply of bacon and steadily combating race-suicide, as a prison-cell for some greedy and untidy human entity is manifestly unjust to the whole pig family, and is letting our human renegade off altogether too lightly from the scourge of conscience. It is one of the distorted half-truths which arise when untrained minds try to expound a deep philosophy; such as the famous negro sermon on the difference between con-substantiation and trans-substantiation, or the prayer begging that the balm of Gilead and the Isle of Patmos be poured upon the wounded heart.

The law of Karma is intrinsically a part of the law of Re-incarnation; it is often defined as the law of cause and effect. The ego when it re-incarnates is not a perfectly free and untrammelled being, gathered from nothing out of nowhere; but a very real person who has earned by hard effort every advantage of brain and character and physique to which he is heir, and who has many sins of omission and commission to atone for. These advantages, these virtues, these sins, his circumstances and friends and enemies, constitute his Karma. A quotation which seems to me quite splendid, sums it up much better than I possibly can. "Learn that no efforts, not the smallest, whether in right or wrong direction, can vanish from the world of causes. A harsh word uttered in past lives is not destroyed but ever comes again. The pepper-plant will not give birth to roses, nor the sweet jessamine's silver star to thorn or thistle turn. *Thou canst create* this day thy chances for thy morrow. In the great journey causes sown each hour bear each its harvest of effects, for rigid justice rules the world. With mighty sweep of never erring action it brings to mortals lives of weal or woe, the Karmic progeny of all our former thoughts and deeds. Take then as much as merit hath in store for thee, O thou of patient heart. Be of good cheer and rest content with fate; such is thy Karma, the Karma of the cycle of thy births, the destiny of those who in their pain and sorrow are born along with thee, rejoice and weep from life to life chained to thy previous actions." (From the *Book of Golden Precepts*.)

With this doctrine as a touchstone the old philosophy explains inequalities of birth, inequalities of ability and opportunity, believing that poets and generals and scientists have reached their heights through age-long effort, and that through present toil and drudgery the labourer is momentarily given his chance of attainment; and that, equally for all, there stretches upward the gradual ascent through hierarchies of heroes and saints, to the perfect liberty and peace which is Nirvana, where all life is essentially one, inevitably shared.

This then is the basic doctrine which the *Gita* holds in common with the other great scriptures of the East. Many schools of philosophic thought are built upon the same foundation, and one of the special aims of the *Gita* was to reconcile the teachings of these schools, showing how all were but different paths to the same end; over and above this the *Gita* may be especially designated as the great exhortation on unselfishness, a clarion call to disinterested work. It is cast in the form of a bardic poem and is part of the *Mahabharata*, the great Indian epic which tells of the war between two kindred branches of the Rajput race. Probably the original poem was added to from century to century, growing in perfection till it reached its present completed form, certainly six or seven centuries before the Christian era.

Standing in a chariot on the field where the two opposing armies are drawn up in battle array, the Master Krishna seeks to dispel the enervating doubts which have assailed the young commander Arjuna, who shrinks from engaging himself in the stern duty of a fratricidal war. Across the long gap of three thousand years we can hear the familiar voice of the conscientious objector more aware of the claims of friendship, of gratitude to early teachers and of the ties of blood, than of the inspiration of a vital cause.

"How can we be happy if we slay our own kin, even if their hearts are blinded by greed so they see not the evil of strife? Instructors—fathers—sons and grandsons, these I would not kill though killed myself. I want not victory, Krishna, nor the kingdom nor its pleasures; they for whose sake a kingdom is sought, and its feasts and pleasures, even they are drawn up against us, staking their lives and wealth in battle."

The answer is an immediate appeal to his valour and his sense of honour.

"Having regard to thy duty, deign not to shrink back! for nothing is better for a warrior than a righteous battle, and such a battle has come to thee of its own accord, a very door of heaven, wide open. If thou shouldst not fight this righteous fight then failing in honour and duty thou wilt incur sin. Making equal good and ill fortune, gain and loss, victory or defeat, gird thyself for the fight. Thy right is to the work, but never to its fruit." Right here at the beginning of his discourse Krishna sounds the keynote of his sermon—work for the work's sake, for the cause of righteousness. Now it is given as a specific direction for a specific occasion, but very soon it is expanded into a universal principle of conduct. Throughout the whole book this is the method used—the special battle which is its theme, gives the opportunity for enunciating spiritual laws, for inculcating great ethical precepts, so that the battle between Arjuna and his cousins comes very soon to symbolize the eternal warfare between the forces of righteousness and the forces of evil and every direction can and should be read by this light.

His next words give the comfort of the ancient faith,—“These things of matter that bring us pleasure and pain, come and go again; they last not. Thou hast grieved for those who need no grief: the wise grieve neither for the living nor the dead. Never was I not, nor these princes of men, nor shall we ever cease to be in the time to come. He who sees himself as slayer or who

thinks of himself as slain, understands not. Unborn, eternal, immemorial, this ancient is not slain when the body is slain. As putting off worn garments a man takes others new, so putting off worn-out bodies the lord of the body enters others new. Knowing this, deign not to grieve."

Then comes a close chain of reasoning, showing the successive links in moral degeneration which could well be pondered by some modern schools of psychology—"In the man who broods on things of sense, attachment to them springs up; from attachment is born desire; from desire wrath takes birth; from wrath comes delusion, from delusion loss of recollection, from loss of recollection comes loss of soul-vision, through loss of soul-vision he perishes"—and then the antithesis, the antidote: "But who, among things of sense, uses his powers freed from lust and hate, and controlled by the soul, he enters into peace. In peace there comes the ending of all sorrows, for the soul of inspiration swiftly enfolds him whose heart is full of peace. When emotion follows the powers in their action, it carries perception away as the wind carries a boat away to sea." It is amusing how Arjuna's mind clutches at the one place in this, which promises a loop-hole of escape from his dreaded duty—an escape which has been sought by many devotees of many religions, and which has been the special bane of India, of a people nationally inclined to meditation and brooding. He questions—"If soul-vision be deemed by Thee greater than work why dost thou engage me in a terrible deed?" and receives his answer—and everyone else's answer, "Not by withholding from works does a man reach freedom from works; none even for a moment remains without working, for he is made to work involuntarily through the powers born of nature, nor could thy bodily life proceed if thou didst cease from works. But let the wise man work detached, for the order of mankind. But let him not cause a breach in the understanding of those of little wisdom, who are attached to their own works. Better one's own duty without excellence, than the duty of another however well carried out. The duty of another is full of danger". (One of the truths so universally recognized that it has been epitomized in a slang-phrase "Don't butt in".) Further on in the poem, Krishna dwells on another deeper phase of this last thought, "In whatever way men approach me, in that way I love and respond to them. Desiring ardently the success of their works, they worship deities that are present here in this manifest world. Giving up attachment to the reward of the work, not seeking boons, even though thoroughly wrapped up in his work, such a man is free from the bondage of work. His thought rests in wisdom, he works for sacrifice alone. No purifier can be found equal to wisdom; gaining wisdom in no long time he enters into the Supreme Peace."

That is a very satisfactory verse to ponder over—it takes in so many of the finest people we know—self-sacrificing doctors, and artists who refuse to paint pot-boilers, and all sorts of men who care more for what they are trying to do than for the personal reward.

Arjuna seems almost to be thinking our own thoughts aloud for us as he goes on, "Then under whose yoke *does* a man commit sin, unwillingly even, as

though compelled by force?", to which Krishna's answer is still definite and eminently practical—"It is lust, it is wrath, born of the power of force. Know this to be the enemy. As flame is wrapped by smoke, as a mirror is veiled by rust, so wisdom is enveloped by that eternal enemy of the wise whose form is Desire—an insatiate fire! The sense-powers, the emotions, the understanding are its dwelling places. Through them Desire deludes the lord of the body, enveloping wisdom. He who even here, before the liberation from the body, is able to withstand the impetuous rush of desire and wrath—Nirvana has come nigh unto him; he is even here united with the Eternal", and he adds the direct exhortation "Awake to Him, the Supreme One, who is above understanding! Establishing thy Soul, slay the enemy whose power is Desire!" Arjuna continues to debate—"This Union which is taught by thee, I perceive not its firm foundation owing to the wavering of the mind—for the mind does waver, Krishna, turbulent, impetuous, forceful; and I think it is as hard to hold as the wind!" To which Krishna answers reassuringly "Without doubt the wavering mind *is* hard to hold; but through assiduous practice and detachment it may be held firm."

There is one phase of the *Gita's* teaching which I am tempted to omit altogether—not because it does not interest me greatly, but because it contains almost too much thought to be dealt with in this cursory manner. It is a phase which is deeply tinged by the influence of a philosopher named Kapila, who has been called the prototype of Kant because of his love of pure reason and cogent thought—but, as one of the most distinctive hall-marks of the Indian religion is the stress it puts on the purified understanding, it would be a very inadequate presentment without an attempt to explain this appeal which is directed to the thinking mind.

Kapila first makes a division of all life into spirit and nature, and nature he sub-divides into three powers. To these powers are given names which may be translated as the power of darkness, the power of force, and the power of substance. The power of darkness corresponds to chaotic-matter, that part of the universe and of man which is altogether physical; the power of force corresponds to our mental and emotional life; the power of substance corresponds to ethics and wisdom. We are told that the Power of Darkness drags us down and binds us to rebirth through heedlessness and indolence, by the gross inertness of animal life still unawakened by mental or emotional existence. When the emotional life is aroused, the cause of bondage changes, and the Power of Force drags us down by selfish desires, by the hunger for possessions and grasping ambitions,—and that even the Power of Substance does not leave us wholly free, but binds us through personal happiness and love of learning.

It is all clearly stated in the text: "Substance, Force, Darkness; these are the powers born of nature; they bind, O mighty-armed one, the eternal lord of the body within the body. There Substance, luminous through its stainlessness and free from sorrow, binds by the bond of pleasure and the bond of knowledge.

"Force, of the essence of Desire, engendering thirst and attachment, binds

the lord of the body by the bond of works. But Darkness, born of stubborn ignorance, is known to be the deluder of all who are embodied; it binds through heedlessness, indolence and sleep." It is declared that "the fruit of works well done is stainless, belonging to Substance; the fruit of Force is pain; the fruit of Darkness is deadening sloth. Those who dwell in Substance go upward; in the midst stand those who dwell in Force; those who dwell in Darkness go downward under the sway of the lowest powers."

"Men of Substance worship bright deities, men of Force worship deities greedy and passionate, men of Darkness worship the hosts of Darkness. Everyone is according to the nature of his faith, for man is formed of faith; what his faith is, that verily is he."

If any of you have read James Branch Cabell's *Figures of Earth* you will realize that he has built his whole story around and upon this idea, which he has used most adroitly and originally and artistically, though, it seems to me, ignobly. The section closes with the assurance that "Passing beyond these three Powers from which the body comes into being, the lord of the body, let go by birth and death and age and pain, reaches immortality."

To stop short of a complete and exhaustive study of the *Bhagavad Gita* necessarily leaves one swinging in mid-air with many questions not even touched on. I have given only the merest hint of the philosophy, the most meagre outline of the book itself. As I said in the beginning, it is more than twenty-five centuries old—but not for a moment does one have to bear its age in mind as an excuse for standards of morals or poverty of thought. It stands as one of the imperishable counsels of perfection, so based upon the eternal verities that the mind cannot outgrow it nor new discoveries undermine its truth.

I think it is true that every religion has found its source of inspiration in some divine teacher, who not only taught the doctrine but himself lived the life; in many of the higher forms of faith this leader identifies himself mystically with the supreme spirit or over-soul. Before closing I want to give some extracts, gathered from different parts of the book, in which Krishna speaks as one of these avatars or Masters, making his direct appeal to a beloved disciple:

"Know thou, Arjuna, my higher nature, as manifested life, whereby the whole world is upheld. I am the sweet taste in the waters, I am the light in moon and sun. I am the sound in the ether and manhood in men. I am the sweet scent of the earth, I am the glow in fire; life am I in all beings, and fervour in men of fervour. The light that dwelling in the Sun illumines the whole world, the light that is in the moon, in fire, know that light to be of me.

"Many are my past births and thine also, Arjuna. I know them all but thou knowest them not. As lord over my nature I become manifest through the magical power of the soul; for whenever there is a withering of the Law and an uprising of lawlessness on all sides, then I manifest myself. For the salvation of the righteous and the destruction of such as do evil; for the firm establishing of the Law I come to birth in age after age. Therefore as thou dwellest in this

unlasting sorrowing world, do thou love me. He who with love gives me a leaf, a flower, a fruit, or water, this gift of love I accept from him who is self-conquered.

"My beloved will not perish; whosoever they be who take refuge in Me, even though they be born of sin, they also go in the highest way. They enter into peace. Entering the world and all beings, I support them by my force. I, becoming vital fire and entering the bodies of all living things, . . . I have entered into the heart of each, and from me come memory, knowledge, and judgment. I am a resting-place of the eternal, of unfading immortality, of immemorial law and perfect joy."

"Set thy heart on me and thou shalt come to me; through my grace thou shalt cross through all rough places; for thou art dear to me. This is truth which I promise thee."

A final question and an answer of complete acceptance fittingly bring the whole discourse to an end; "Say then, O conqueror of wealth whether thou hast listened in singleness of heart; say whether thy delusion of un wisdom is destroyed?"

"Gone is my delusion, I have come to right remembrance through thy grace, Oh Unfallen One! I stand with my doubts gone, I shall fulfil thy word!"

ANNE EVANS.

*The doing right alone teaches the value or the meaning of right; the doing it willingly if the will is happily constituted; the doing it unwillingly if persuasion fails to convince.*—FROUDE.

*Life is a short day, but it is a working day.*—HANNAH MORE.

*Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.*  
—GOLDSMITH.

# THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

## XIV

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

### PART II

FRANCIS XAVIER had an immediate success among the squalid, illiterate, low-caste (or out-cast) people of Southern India, with whom he worked for a long time, and worked *con amore*. It would be very natural to ask how this courtly scholar could establish points of contact with those wretched pearl fishers; how he could bring within their narrow experience the facts of a religion that was alien to whatever traditions they had. No doubt his first efforts were tentative. His letters to Ignatius and others, when he was leaving Europe, show that he had no "cut and dried" program. He asked them for minute directions, but he was compelled to make experiments, and his experiments proved successful. After using his method for five years, and among other races—with modifications, doubtless, as he watched results—he wrote it down. Evidently he felt that his system of instruction was a suitable text book for other missionaries who were to work among peoples of low mental and spiritual development. Xavier's instructions were printed and published a few years after his death; consequently it is possible to study to-day his method of work among those Eastern children, young and old.

First, he doffed his European garb, and put on the yellow robe of the native religious mendicant. The yellow robe told its own story. When Xavier entered an Indian village, thus attired, there was no need for an introduction or preliminary explanations. He went in singing and ringing a little bell to attract notice. The songs he chanted were the Creed and an explanatory comment upon it. The charm which Europeans had found irresistible, proved winsome among the Indian children, and they flocked around this compelling stranger, who was willing to give them his entire attention and to teach them his new songs. He sang with them until they had his words fixed in their memories; then he bade them sing the songs at home, in the hearing of their parents and their friends. The lively interest of the children won an *entrée* for him to their elders, who were quite as childish but were less responsive. He talked to the parents, tended them affectionately in their illnesses, ministering to them so efficaciously that they made marvellous recoveries; and he took an especial interest in their new-born babes (what surer way to a mother's heart!) caressing these infants in his arms (Baptism). The news of his charm and power spread, and soon he was everywhere in demand. It was not possible to answer every call, but where he could not go himself, he would send, as deputy, some child or children, to chant the holy songs or to repeat a prayer over the



sick. When Xavier felt that he could pass on to the next village, he arranged for one of his assistants to take his place in the first village, continuing the daily catechizing and instructions. The assistant might be the stupid young Mancias who had accompanied him from Portugal, or some native convert whom he had found at the seaport. [It was a thorough-going plan, and doubtless would have accomplished greater results even than it did, if the catechizing and instructing had not required something more than the mere automatic putting of questions and explanations. It was difficult enough to find individuals, either European monks or native converts, who were willing to trudge the path of duty along which Xavier so eagerly flew. When individuals were at last found who expressed willingness to carry out his directions, it was sometimes questionable whether the situation were not worse than without any assistants at all; for it was Xavier's charm, his combination of gentleness and firmness, his tact and patience, that won acceptance for his doctrines. His assistants, on the other hand, whether native or other, often seemed so close, both mentally and spiritually, to those they catechized that Xavier had to despatch constant letters to them, exhorting them to kindness, to patience, and also to zeal. The following letter is one of many:—

MY DEAREST BROTHER IN JESUS CHRIST,

“God, from Whom nothing is hidden, knows how much happier I should be spending a few days with you than to be kept for the same time at Tuticorin. But as it is necessary for me to remain here awhile, in order to settle certain quarrels which are setting the people here by the ears in a way that threatens danger, we must both of us be willing to postpone the consolation of seeing one another, which we have been longing for, to the great advantage which may be expected to the service of God from this peace which I hope to make; and we must rejoice that we are to be, not where we might wish to be, but where the most holy will of our Lord God and the interests of His kingdom and of His greater glory require. I must again and again pray you, do not get angry with these poor folk, however much their faults and frailties move your bile. I know what an extreme annoyance it is to be perpetually interrupted, when one is thoroughly absorbed in some work, by persons calling one away to attend to their own business, which is all they care for. Never mind, gulp down their importunities, keep a quiet mind all the time, and lend yourself tranquilly to the occupations which come of themselves to you from every side. Just do what you can do, and what you can't do now, let it go or put it off; and, when you cannot give them satisfaction in deed, take care to make it up in word, excusing yourself kindly, saying that you are not as able to help them as you could wish; and if you can't give them what they want, give them some hope of it in the future—a thing which generally softens people when they are disappointed as to getting what they desire. You owe great thanks to our Lord God, and I suppose you give them, for placing you where you can't be idle if you would, where so many affairs surround and besiege you at every moment with something to be done, one upon another, but where—what is the

sweetest of all condiments to any toil, however great—everything of this kind which besets you is clearly a call which belongs to the service of God.

"I shall get through the work I have here on hand as soon as possible, and then be off to you; for in truth I long much more, I think, than you suppose, to stay and talk with you for some days. Let me know by letter at once whatever you want either of help or advice. You will be sure of finding a messenger, there are so many going to and fro daily. Bear these people, as it were, on your shoulders, treat them with unwearied patience and long-suffering tolerance, keep them from evil and advance them in good as much as you can, and be content. And then, after all, if you find some whom you cannot win to their duty by indulgence and kindness, consider that the moment is come for that work of mercy which consists in the timely chastisement of those who deserve punishment, and who cannot be driven to good except by severity.

"May God help you, as I pray that He may assist myself! Farewell.

"Your most affectionate brother in Jesus Christ,

"FRANCIS."<sup>1</sup>

While Xavier's manner was winsome and inimitable, the matter which he presented to those Oriental children, young and old, is of no less interest than his manner. As written down, after five years of use, it contains thirty-nine paragraphs, and it is a general and comprehensive explanation of the Apostles' Creed. It was meant to be committed to memory, at the rate of twenty words a day, which would require a year for its completion. Of the thirty-nine paragraphs, seven deal with the creation of the world and the sin of Adam and Eve, —more strictly, those subjects are included in five paragraphs, since one of the seven is an exhortation against polygamy, etc., and another is a general warning against sin. After those first seven paragraphs, Xavier proceeds immediately, in paragraph eight, to Christ's redemptive work through the Incarnation. "The High God," he wrote, "sovereign and powerful, moved with pity and compassion, seeing our great misery, sent the angel St. Gabriel from the heavens to the city of Nazareth, where was the Virgin Mary," etc. A brief account of the Master's Life and Passion follows. What wisdom is shown in Xavier's choice of material! Except for those seven paragraphs founded upon the Book of Genesis, he omitted the entire Old Testament. In his instructions, he made the Master first and last and centre. It was Christ's Passion that Xavier wished to bring to the knowledge of others, because, in his thought, it was Christ's Passion that saves.

Protestant missionaries in India to-day, are heard to complain of the superficial work done by the Catholics; they will even say that Xavier's pioneering efforts formed a tradition which is a positive obstacle to the teaching of true Christianity; but he taught those backward people of India what appeared to him as essential. None knew better than he how superficial was the teaching he could give. If we judge it from the view-point of modern psychology, however, we can see that at least he gave those children a new reservoir of memory,

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier* (ed. by H. J. Coleridge), Vol. I, p. 203 ff.

and to do that little was to accomplish much. Even if those Indian outcasts did (and may still) repeat his words as automatons, that surely were better than the repetition of silly and even filthy jests! It is not a feat to be despised, that of changing completely the material with which the unmastered psychic nature busies itself,—the subjects over which the mind chatters.

For two years and half, Xavier worked with tireless zeal and patience in southern India and Ceylon—from the autumn of 1842 until the spring of 1845. Then, after a retreat of several weeks, at the tomb and shrine of St. Thomas (the doubting Disciple) on the east coast of India, he set sail for new fields further east, in the Malay region. His letters make unmistakably clear why he left India. He was discouraged over the possibility of further progress there, for two reasons; first, the bad moral example given by the Portuguese, who, while Christian in name, were often as depraved as the ignorant heathen natives; and second, the subordination by the Portuguese officials of religious to commercial interests. He was disappointed in the outcome of his efforts. He burned with zeal to gather in lands for Christ; and, as Southern India would not let itself be gathered in, he reasoned that he must go elsewhere to find fields white for the harvest. In his judgment of the situation in India, Xavier was both right and wrong. The example set by most of the Portuguese was demoralizing, but no more so, probably, than that against which the leader of every movement has to contend. It is doubtful whether this first cause of Xavier's discouragement would have proved an insuperable hindrance to further work in India, if it had been his only difficulty.

There was a second difficulty. Discouragement was augmented by the shattering of illusions; he could not endure the fact that the Portuguese governors were less completely devoted to the cause of religion than he had supposed them to be. His impressions of the Court at Lisbon have been mentioned; it seemed to him more like a religious Order than a Court, but he had only seen the Court, however, as it responded to the first and fresh impression of his own magnetic enthusiasm. He had sailed for India in company with the newly-appointed Governor, and he was especially commended by the King to the personal attention of that Governor, who had responded fully to the King's commendation, and, as he had genuine respect for sincere devotion, had done his utmost for Xavier during that long, hard voyage. Francis would not accept comforts and delicacies for himself; when the Governor gave him a private cabin, he turned it over to the sick; when the Governor invited Francis to share his meals, Francis accepted the food, but only to distribute it among the wretched, while he himself ate the plain fare of the decks. He cared for the sick in the most menial way, washing their clothes, and performing other lowly services. The Governor and other officials genuinely respected and admired him, but it is one thing to admire unselfishness, self-sacrifice and devotion, and it is quite another thing to pass from admiration to emulation. Those officials, much as they admired their missionary's devotion, had no intention whatever of following his example.

In India, Xavier had to deal with other officials who had less respect for

religion than his sympathetic fellow-voyagers had had, and thus it was a gradual and painful disillusioning that he experienced, for he had expected that all the force and authority of the Portuguese Crown would second the efforts made to win India for Christ. He found, on the contrary, that even the most sympathetic officers of the Crown had no intention whatever of taking second place to anybody's first; those agents and officials had come to India with one definite purpose, namely, to advance the commercial affairs of Portugal,—and their own private affairs as well. They were glad to make a friendly alliance with religion,—but to subordinate commercial interests in order to put religion first, would have seemed disloyalty to them. Such was the attitude of the sympathetic, while there were others, less friendly, who would not permit him to pursue his mission, unmolested. When it appeared possible that his course might run counter to theirs, they opposed and tried to thwart him, sometimes with success. It was a bitter disappointment to this ardent lover of Christ and of Christ's children. His hope in the officials faded out, but as he was still convinced that the King's purpose was sound, he wrote again and again, believing that the King needed but to know the faithlessness of his executives in order to put better men in their places.

At last it became clear to Xavier that he could look for no heartier response from the King than from the King's agents, and when he was thus completely disillusioned, he turned away from the Portuguese colonies and set his face toward Japan.

We can not be as surprised and pained at the policy of the Portuguese government as Xavier was. That government was not trying to walk the path of discipleship. The Portuguese officials were doing nothing worse (the best of them) than to shape their policy in accordance with the maxims of the world. Here is an example of the situations that arose. An insignificant tribe in India or Ceylon, in the course of an altercation with a more powerful neighbouring tribe, would announce its decision to accept the Christian faith. Xavier was too overjoyed and too naïve to suspect a motive of self-interest back of that decision; he would give himself completely to those new converts, and would forward to the authorities the request of the tribe for military protection against its neighbour. At that very time, the Portuguese officials might be negotiating with the more powerful tribe for some trade concession,—gold, ivory or pearls. The officials would be unwilling to endanger their negotiation by espousing the cause of a rival; indeed they might even see that right was on the side of the powerful tribe, and their attitude would be shaped accordingly. While all of this seems natural enough to us, to Xavier it was heart-rending.

He cherished till death another illusion called, in modern days, the fallacy of the elsewhere. It is true that much of his experience was made up of disappointments, nevertheless that experience was, in Tennyson's words,

an arch where thro'  
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever as I move.

He was always expecting to come upon a nation of saints, ready-made in all but name and label, men who needed but to hear the story of Christ in order to acclaim him as the Lord whom they already worshipped, although hitherto in ignorance. In that illusion, lay the lure of Japan. While he laboured in the new Portuguese colonies, one reason after another presented itself to his mind to account for the slight advance made there by religion. Either it was the bad example of the traders, or it was intercourse with Mahometans and Jews that had corrupted those peoples, otherwise innocent. He longed for a country entirely different from all these Indian and Malay lands, a country where Mahometan and Jew do not corrupt and where Portuguese do not break through and steal. A letter to Ignatius in 1549, bears testimony at this point: "I see clearly, my only Father, by my experience here, that no road is opening for the perpetuation of the Company by the natives among the natives. Christianity will last among them only as long as we who are here or those whom you will send from home will last and live. The reason for this is the great persecution suffered by those who become Christians, of which it would take too long to tell. I refrain from writing them as I do not know into whose hands these letters may come.

"The Portuguese here control only the sea and the places on the sea-shore, and so they are not masters on *terra firma*, but in the places where they live. The native Indians are of this kind: through their great sins they are not at all inclined to the things of our holy faith, but rather abhor them greatly. It bores them mortally when we speak to them and ask them to become Christians. . . . With all this, if the unbelievers here were favoured by the Portuguese, many would become Christians. But the heathen see that those who are Christians are in disfavour and persecuted, and so they are unwilling to become Christians.

"For these and many other causes, too long to relate, and because of a great deal of information received about Japan, which is an island near China, and because all in Japan are heathen, and there are no Mahometans or Jews, and they are curious and eager to know new things, alike of God as of natural things, I determined, with much inward satisfaction, to go to this land. It seemed to me that among such a people it would be possible that they themselves might perpetuate the fruit which we of the Company might gain in our lifetime."<sup>2</sup>

Xavier left India in the summer of 1545, after two years and a half of work there. He spent another two years and a half among the islands of the Malay region, and while there, he first heard of Japan. It became his dream.

He returned to India in January, 1548, to put affairs in order, and to prepare for the hazardous trip to the far-off island. Two years of absence had not changed his opinion about the limitations which mission workers in that field must endure. He wrote to his assistants who were down at the tip of India: "Trust my experience; all, of any moment, that we can do among this nation, all that is worth our labour, comes in the end to these two kinds of service,

<sup>2</sup> *The Life of St. Francis Xavier*, by E. A. Stewart, p. 269 ff.

baptizing infants, and teaching the children who have any capacity for learning."<sup>3</sup> In a letter to Ignatius (1549), he wrote: "The whole race of the Indians, as far as I have been able to see, is very barbarous. It troubles itself very little to learn anything about divine things and things which concern salvation. Most of the Indians are of vicious disposition, and are adverse to virtue. Their instability, levity, and inconstancy of mind are incredible; they have hardly any honesty, so inveterate are their habits of sin and cheating. We have hard work here, both in keeping the Christians up to the mark and in converting the heathen. You know very well what a hard business it is to teach people who neither have any knowledge of God nor follow reason, but think it a strange and intolerable thing to be told to give up their habits of sin, which have now gained all the force of nature by long possession."<sup>4</sup>

Xavier left India a second time in 1549, for the great undertaking,—the voyage to Japan,—to which another period of two years and a half was given. He returned from Japan to his base in India, in January, 1552, to start preparation for entering the prohibited country,—China. He left India for the last time in April, 1552, and he died on a tiny Chinese islet near the coast, in December of that same year, never having reached the Chinese mainland.

The use of the word, "illusion," suggests that Xavier's judgment about the work and its needs was not entirely sound. Still how magnanimous of him to nurse such a generous illusion! His disappointment, discouragement and depression were not on his own account, but for Christ's sake. He was not looking for results that would gratify his own vanity, but he was perplexed that the Master's visible reign in the world should be so long deferred. He baptized babies until his arms and throat were paralysed; and he would have been content, so far as he was concerned, to continue that work until the end of time, if only he might see progress toward Christ's kingdom. For all his prudence and caniness, he was very much of a child. He thought that the Gospel given him to preach was a most winning one, that men must inevitably respond, and respond heartily, to the appeal of Christ's life and passion, unless there were some hindrance in the way, such as the immoral Portuguese, or the Mahometans and Jews. One can be quite certain that as Xavier journeyed further eastward, he was not seeking pleasanter fields of work for himself. He was seeking nothing for himself; he was seeking, for Christ, a land where innocent hearts would blaze the moment a spark touched them.

In his first voyage from India, Xavier went to the Malay Straits, and then for two years passed from group to group of the islands in the Malay Archipelago. It was a journey made at great personal hazard. The tribes were both more vicious and more savage than those he had encountered in India. Earlier missionaries, Franciscans, had visited there and some tribes professed "conversion." It was conversion *de convenance*, however, for they exchanged their new-found faith for the Mahometan, or reverted to their own savage practices,

<sup>3</sup> *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier* (ed. by H. J. Coleridge), Vol. II, p. 24.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 67 ff.

as time and opportunity offered; not hesitating to poison their Christian missionaries, if it seemed of advantage to do so.

Two incidents stand out noticeably in those two years among the "Spice Islands." One was the arrival of some Spanish ships, to the stricken crews of which, Xavier ministered with his customary self-forgetfulness, after the Portuguese commandant had declared the Spaniards prisoners. For the Spaniards had come in deliberate antagonism to Portuguese authority, and with the avowed purpose of continuing Magellan's efforts against Portugal. That intrepid Portuguese, as daring as his contemporaries, had been angered because his receipts from his King were less than he thought his due. Accordingly, in 1517, he transferred his allegiance to the Spanish King, and began to plot revenge. Mention has been made of the Pope's division of the world between Spain and Portugal—the west to Spain, the east to Portugal. Magellan conceived a brilliant bit of maritime banditry—he would sail westward from the new world until he reached Portugal's far eastern lands (to which Portugal travelled by way of India); thus approaching those lands *from the west*, he would claim them for Spain. That was the motive which prompted the celebrated voyage down the South American coast, one result of which was the discovery of the Strait (of Magellan), and the entrance upon the placid expanse of the Pacific. Magellan started on that voyage in 1519, and, keeping to his plan, reached the Philippines, *from the west*, in 1521. There, his adventurous career ended in death, but not until he had taken possession of those islands for Spain. Whether he died satisfied with this degree of vengeance upon Portugal is not stated. His adopted countrymen, the Spaniards, followed his trail, with the hope of claiming other islands; the ships that arrived in the "Spice Islands," while Xavier was there, had come for the express purpose of taking possession of them. One side of Xavier's character will be clearly understood only if we realize how much of an adventurer in the noble sense, he also was. Reckless of hardship, suffering, and death, he too risked all, in order to take possession of new lands,—to wrest those islands and continents from their present rulers that he might transfer their allegiance to the Crown of Heaven.

The second important incident during this sojourn among the "Spice Islands," Xavier relates in a letter to Ignatius. "When I was in the city of Malacca some Portuguese merchants gave me great news. They are trustworthy men. Some very large islands were discovered, a little time ago, called the islands of Japan. There, according to the Portuguese, much fruit might be gained for the increase of our holy faith, more than in any other parts of the Indies, for they are a people most extremely desirous of knowledge, which the Indian heathen are not. A Japanese called Yajiro came with these merchants to look for me, as the Portuguese who went there from Malacca had talked so much about me. . . . He can speak Portuguese pretty well, so he understood all I told him, and I what he said to me.

"If all the Japanese are like this, so eager to learn as Yajiro, I think they are the most inquiring people in all the lands hitherto discovered.

"I asked Yajiro whether the Japanese would become Christians if I went with him to his land. He answered that his countrymen would not become Christians straight away. First, they would ask many questions, and would see what I answered and what I knew, and, above all, whether I lived in accordance with what I said. If I did these two things—spoke well, satisfying their questions, and lived without their finding anything to blame me, then half a year after they knew me the king, the nobility, and all the other people of discretion would become Christians. He tells me they are a people who rule themselves only by reason."<sup>5</sup>

That rosy account of the Japanese people sank deep into Xavier's heart. He brooded over the possibilities for Christ in the new land of Japan, and, as a result of brooding, again hoisted sail, and ran to encounter further perils—the monsoons and pirates of the Chinese seas.

Xavier did not suddenly or immediately decide upon the dangerous voyage to Japan. He said "some one" would go there within a year or two. It is easy to see, in his letters, that the "some one" will be himself. He took back to India with him from Malay, the young Japanese, Yajiro, who had first fired his imagination; he took two other Japanese also, all of them to receive missionary training in the Christian school at Goa. He conversed often with these three youths, and they fanned his flame. Finally, after eighteen months spent in arranging the affairs of the Indian mission stations, Xavier was again in the Malay country; then, turning his back upon that distant out-post of European civilization, he steered for a strange and unknown world.

C. C. CLARK

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<sup>5</sup> *The Life of St. Francis Xavier*, by E. A. Stewart, p. 254 ff.

(To be continued)

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*The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.*—LAVATER.

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*Observe thyself as thy greatest enemy would do, so shalt thou be thy greatest friend.*  
—JEREMY TAYLOR.



## SOME DISCOVERIES

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UPON a stone in a small country Churchyard these lines were found:  
Willie Jones. Aged 9. Weighed 190 lbs.  
"I want to be a Angel."

I have been digging and really trying to face facts. It is most unpleasant. Surely I weigh far more, I and my sins, than nine year old Willie Jones and his one hundred and ninety pounds. Yet I too "want to be a Angel." There is a sympathetic tear, as one laughs at Willie Jones. I beg one, too, as you smile at some of my unpleasant discoveries.

I find I desire to lead, to keep a clutch upon the situation at any cost. Of course I have often been told this—told it by older students, told it constantly—but that is another matter: I have really *found* it (which is much more unpleasant). When told it, I find that I say to myself, "How they must love me to tell me such a thing," and then serenely bask in the love and as serenely discard the rest!

I desire to shine, to be thought important, apart,—slightly, not too much different from others (as though I chose to be, but did not have to be).

In order to run down this desire to dominate, to have my own way, I decided to start way back and look over my past, searching out different manifestations of the desire to lead—the cause—the effect. There was a sincere and I believe a good motive in doing this.

I was suddenly confronted with the thought,—why, coming from strong parents and with no constitutional weakness, was I always half to three-quarters invalid. Never very ill. In fact, as I looked, I found, though I had always been considered a rather delicate individual, that I had never had a serious illness, nor a really serious operation. This was a shock, and I wanted to stop right there. Had I ever been ordered by doctors to guard myself in order to ward off an impending malady? No. Who made and then pinned upon me the tag of being a semi-invalid? Who, Oh, Who? I longed not to answer, but had to admit it was I. Why did I do it? That was the question (until this moment it was all perfectly unconscious). It flashed upon me that though I really was ill a great deal of the time, the illness practically never seemed to interfere with my doing whatever I wanted to do. I did what I wished, and then was less strong or well in consequence. I was forced to face the ugly fact that, logically, I could not really have wanted to keep well, with a desire strong enough to sacrifice to that end. I saw that had I been well, I should have had to meet constant demands and, above all, to follow the will of others. Had I been really very ill, I should have been given orders, and again been forced to follow—to obey: an uncongenial and preposterous thought. I saw with a shock the exceeding nicety of the degree of illness chosen. Of course, in fairness, I must say it was entirely unconscious, and my family and I both really thought me far from well, and doctors found plenty of minor things

wrong—truly wrong. How could it be otherwise, with my lower nature clutching me down to just the degree of wretchedness which suited it? Picture after picture flashed up in my mind. I lived with no rule or habit. I stayed up most of the night reading, if I chose, and slept half of the morning if I chose, eating or not according to whim. Of course I really was far from well; who would not be? One summer my heart would not let me go up hill. Did I give up going down to the river for my pleasure? Not in the least. Whenever I wished to stroll down, though only a stone's throw, a horse was sent to drive me up. That same summer I would ride madly on a pulling horse until literally I was scarcely able to sit up. I never seem to have been too ill to ride or drive; but then I was improving my health in the fresh air. It did not seem to be the same kind of fresh air when I was wanted to entertain stupid guests by riding or driving with them. In that case, I probably had a headache or felt dizzy, and was perfectly sincere. I have become absolutely convinced that lower nature can produce headache in a twinkling, without our being in the least conscious of being tricked; just as I am convinced that a type of headache is dispelled by the equivalent of swearing at it, telling it that it can ache or not, that if necessary you are going to swallow a box or two of pills, but that that particular headache is not going to prevent the doing of what you had set out to do that day. That headache's very existence was caused in all probability in order to prevent the doing of that particular duty. I must say right here, to make the whole matter thoroughly ridiculous, that I have always been considered very unselfish (but of course if one is ill what can one do!), and it was said of me so often that I really believed it myself! I didn't choose a broken limb—a doctor could always have said what was to be done, and X-rays could have proved that it was cured. Anything like that would have impaired my precious freedom. No, my lower nature kept my ailments in the psychic realm of feelings. It was always, "I felt too tired"; and who but I in all the world knew how *I felt*! Needless to say, now that my eyes have been a bit opened—by Theosophy—I have been outrageously healthy!

So I found that the whole game was arranged by my lower nature to keep me in perfect freedom to exercise my desire to lead, to keep matters in my own hands, to have my own way. Of course it was not that I wanted to lead; rather it was that I was the only person who could both conceive the plan, and at the same time execute it! Often I felt positively burdened! So many people seemed to need managing—I felt lonely in my sense of responsibility.

As I really worked to overcome this desire to lead—first, the initial victory, by really seeing it, and then by acting against it every time I caught it at its tricks—I began to get a glimpse of many things, among them, a glimpse of why I never squarely entered a competition of any sort, unless I was sure of coming out on top; and why I had suffered from insomnia. A humiliating, a horrid glimpse—I am not enjoying myself in the least. I even see that this very article is a certain phase of it: for intolerable as this is, I, and not another, have the matter in my own hands, choosing what I will and what I will not disclose!

M. A. J. H.

# INSTRUCTIONS FOR DISCIPLES

## TAITTIRIYA UPANISHAD

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### II

**H**E who knows the Eternal attains to the Supreme. Therefore, this has been declared: He who has gained the knowledge of the Eternal, the Truth, Wisdom, Infinite, hid in the secret place, in the highest shining ether, he, indeed, gains all desires together with the All-Wise Eternal.

From That, verily, from this universal Self, the shining Ether came to birth; from Ether, the Wind, the Great Breath; from the Wind, Fire; from Fire, the Waters; from the Waters, the Earth; from the Earth, Plants; from Plants, Food; from Food, the Seed; from the Seed, Man. So, verily, this man is formed of the essence of food; this is his head, this is his right side, this is his left side, this is himself, this is the basis whereon he stands firm. Therefore, there is this verse:

From food, verily, beings are born, whatsoever they are that dwell on earth; and so by food they live, and so to it they go at the end; for food is the eldest of beings, therefore it is called the all-healing; they, verily, obtain all food, who worship the Eternal as food. Food, verily, is the eldest of beings, therefore it is called the all-healing. From food, beings are born; born, through food they increase; That is eaten, and eats beings, therefore it is called food.

Within him, within this formed of the essence of food, there is another inner self, formed of life-breath; by it, this is filled. And he, verily, has the form of man; according to the human form of that, this has the form of man; the forward breath is his head, the distributive breath is his right side, the downward breath is his left side, the ether is himself, earth is the basis whereon he stands firm. Therefore, there is this verse:

With breath the bright powers breathe, and men and beasts, whatsoever they be, for breath is of beings the life; therefore it is called all-life; they, verily, gain a complete life, who worship the Eternal as the life-breath. For breath is the life of all beings, therefore it is called all-life. This self is embodied in the other, the preceding.

Within him, within this formed of life-breath, there is another inner self, formed of mind; by it, this is filled. And he, verily, has the form of man; according to the human form of that, this has the form of man; the Yajur is his head, the Rig is his right side, the Sama is his left side, the instruction is himself, Atharva and Angiras are the basis whereon he stands firm. Therefore, there is this verse:

That from which words turn back, falling short, together with mind, know-

ing that bliss of the Eternal, he fears no more for ever. This self is embodied in the other, the preceding.

Within him, within this formed of mind, there is another inner self, formed of understanding; by it, this is filled. And he, verily, has the form of man; according to the human form of that, this has the form of man; faith is his head, righteousness is his right side, truth is his left side, union is himself, the mighty is the basis whereon he stands firm. Therefore, there is this verse:

Understanding draws forth sacrifice, and draws forth works also; as understanding, all the bright powers worship the Eternal, the eldest. If he has come to know the Eternal as understanding, and is not allured therefrom, putting away sins with the body, he gains all desires. This self is embodied in the other, the preceding.

Within him, within this formed of understanding, there is another inner self, formed of bliss; by it, this is filled. And he, verily, has the form of man; according to the human form of that, this has the form of man; love is his head, joy is his right side, rejoicing is his left side, bliss is himself, the Eternal is the basis whereon he stands firm. Therefore, there is this verse:

Unmanifest, verily, he becomes, if he knows the Eternal as unmanifest. If he knows that the Eternal is, thereafter they know him as manifest. This self is embodied in the other, the preceding.

And so there are the further questions: whether anyone who has not attained to wisdom gains that world on going forth, or whether he who has attained to wisdom gains that world on going forth.

He desired: may I become many, may I form beings. He brooded with fervour; brooding with fervour, he emanated all this, whatsoever there is; when he had emanated it, following, he entered into it; entering it, he became what is here and what is there, the defined and the undefined, that which has form and what is formless, understanding and what is beyond understanding, both the real and the unreal. As the real, he became whatsoever is here; that is called the real. Therefore, there is this verse:

Unmanifest, verily, was That in the beginning; from That, verily, the manifest came into being; That manifested itself as the Self, therefore That is called the Self-formed. That, verily, which is Self-formed, is the essence; gaining that essence, he possesses bliss; for who could live, who could breathe, if the shining ether were not joy? For this, verily, brings joy. For when he finds the fearless, the firm foundation, in that which is invisible, selfless, undefined, formless, then, verily, he has gained that which is beyond fear. But if he makes separateness in this, then fear is his. But That, verily, is the fear of him who has gained wisdom and understanding. Therefore, there is this verse:

From awe of That, the wind blows; from awe of That, the sun rises; from awe of That, the Fire-lord and the Sky-lord, and Death runs as the fifth.

This is the measuring of joy:

Let there be a youth, a righteous youth, who has mastered the teaching, very swift, very firm, very powerful, and let this whole earth be full of riches for him; this is one joy of the sons of men.

A hundred joys of the sons of men are one joy of the angels of human form, and of the disciple who has attained, who is not stricken by desire.

A hundred joys of the angels of human form are one joy of the angels of divine form, and of the disciple who has attained, who is not stricken by desire.

A hundred joys of the angels of divine form are one joy of the Fathers, in the long-enduring worlds, and of the disciple who has attained, who is not stricken by desire.

A hundred joys of the Fathers in the long-enduring worlds are one joy of the beings divine by birth, and of the disciple who has attained, who is not stricken by desire.

A hundred joys of the beings divine by birth are one joy of those divine beings who have gained divinity through work, and of the disciple who has attained, who is not stricken by desire.

A hundred joys of those divine beings who have gained divinity through work are one joy of the divinities, and of the disciple who has attained, who is not stricken by desire.

A hundred joys of the divinities are one joy of the Lord of heaven, and of the disciple who has attained, who is not stricken by desire.

A hundred joys of the Lord of heaven are one joy of the Instructor of divine beings, and of the disciple who has attained, who is not stricken by desire.

A hundred joys of the Instructor of divine beings are one joy of the Father of all beings, and of the disciple who has attained, who is not stricken by desire.

A hundred joys of the Father of all beings are one joy of the Eternal, and of the disciple who has attained, who is not stricken by desire.

He who is here, in man, and he who is there, in the sun, are one. He who knows this, on going forth from this world transcends this self formed of food, transcends this self formed of life-breath, transcends this self formed of mind, transcends this self formed of understanding, transcends this self formed of bliss. Therefore, there is this verse:

That from which words turn back, falling short, together with mind, knowing that bliss of the Eternal, he fears no more for ever. Nor does this afflict him: What righteousness have I not worked? What evil have I worked? He who thus knows, raises himself above these two; he raises himself above these two, who knows thus. This is the Secret Teaching, the Upanishad.

### III

Bhrigu, verily, the son of Varuna, drew near to Varuna his father. Master, teach me the Eternal, said he. To him he declared this: Food, life-breath, sight, hearing, mind, voice; he told him: That from which these beings are born, that whereby they live, that to which they go forth, into which they enter and are absorbed, seek thou to understand that, for that is the Eternal.

He brooded in meditation. When he had brooded in meditation, he understood that the Eternal is food; for from food, verily, these beings are born; born, they live through food; to food they go forth, into it they enter and are absorbed.

When he had understood this, he again drew near to Varuna his father. Master, teach me the Eternal, said he. He told him: Through brooding meditation seek thou to understand the Eternal, for the Eternal is brooding meditation.

He brooded in meditation. When he had brooded in meditation, he understood that the Eternal is life; for from life, verily, these beings are born; born, they live through life; to life they go forth, into it they enter and are absorbed.

When he had understood this, he again drew near to Varuna his father. Master, teach me the Eternal, said he. He told him: Through brooding meditation seek thou to understand the Eternal, for the Eternal is brooding meditation.

He brooded in meditation. When he had brooded in meditation, he understood that the Eternal is mind; for from mind, verily, these beings are born; born, they live through mind; to mind they go forth, into it they enter and are absorbed.

When he had understood this, he again drew near to Varuna his father. Master, teach me the Eternal, said he. He told him: Through brooding meditation seek thou to understand the Eternal, for the Eternal is brooding meditation.

He brooded in meditation. When he had brooded in meditation, he understood that the Eternal is understanding; for from understanding, verily, these beings are born; born, they live through understanding; to understanding they go forth, into it they enter and are absorbed.

When he had understood this, he again drew near to Varuna his father. Master, teach me the Eternal, said he. He told him: Through brooding meditation seek thou to understand the Eternal, for the Eternal is brooding meditation.

He brooded in meditation. When he had brooded in meditation, he understood that the Eternal is joy; for from joy, verily, these beings are born; born, they live through joy; to joy they go forth, into it they enter and are absorbed.

This, verily, is the wisdom of Bhrigu, son of Varuna; in the supreme shining ether it is set firm. He who thus knows, stands firm; possessing food, he becomes the eater of food; he becomes mighty through offspring, through herds, through the radiance of the Eternal, mighty in renown.

Let him not blame food; this is the law. For food is life; the body is the eater of food. In life the body is set firm; in the body life is set firm; therefore, in food, food is set firm. He who knows this food set firm in food, he indeed stands firm; possessing food, he becomes the eater of food; he becomes mighty through offspring, through herds, through the radiance of the Eternal, mighty in renown.

Let him not disregard food; this is the law. For the waters are food; the radiance is the eater of food. In the waters the radiance is set firm; in the radiance the waters are set firm; therefore, in food, food is set firm. He who knows this food set firm in food, he indeed stands firm; possessing food, he becomes the eater of food; he becomes mighty through offspring, through herds, through the radiance of the Eternal, mighty in renown.

Let him make food abundant; this is the law. For the earth is food; shining

ether is the eater of food. In the earth, shining ether is set firm; in shining ether the earth is set firm; therefore, in food, food is set firm. He who knows this food set firm in food, he indeed stands firm; possessing food, he becomes the eater of food; he becomes mighty through offspring, through herds, through the radiance of the Eternal, mighty in renown.

Let him not refuse any in the dwelling; this is the law. Therefore, by whatever means, let him obtain much food. Food has become a blessing for him, they say. This food, verily, has been prepared in the beginning. For him who seeks, this food is prepared in the beginning. This food, verily, has been prepared in the middle. For him who seeks, this food is prepared in the middle. This food, verily, has been prepared at the end. For him who seeks, this food is prepared at the end; for him who thus knows.

Conserving the voice, gaining and conserving through the forward-breath and the downward-breath, work for the hands, going for the feet, ridding himself of what is rejected: this is the way of wisdom and worship for mankind. Then the way for the bright powers: abounding joy in the rain, power in the lightning, bright life among creatures, shining light among the stars; the forming of beings, the immortal, joy in creative power; in the shining ether, the all. Let him reverence That as the firm foundation; he gains a firm foundation. Let him reverence That as the mighty; he becomes mighty. Let him reverence That as mind; he becomes lord of mind. Let him reverence That as obeisance; to him desires make obeisance. Let him reverence That as the Eternal; he gains the Eternal. Let him reverence That as dying into the Eternal; they who hate him, who contend against him, the enemies of his own household, die around him. He who is here, in man, and he who is there, in the sun, are one.

He who thus knows, going forth from this world, transcends this self formed of food, he transcends this self formed of life-breath, he transcends this self formed of mind, he transcends this self formed of understanding, he transcends this self formed of bliss; entering those realms, going to and fro, possessing food according to his desire, taking form according to his desire, he dwells there singing this holy song:

Splendour! Splendour! Splendour!

I am the food! I am the food! I am the food!

I am the eater of the food! I am the eater of the food! I am the eater of the food!

I am the maker of the song! I am the maker of the song! I am the maker of the song!

I am the firstborn of the Real, before the gods, from the womb of the immortal!

He who gives me, he also guards me!

I, the food, eat the eater of the food!

I have overcome the world!

I am robed in golden light!

This is the Secret Teaching, the Upanishad.

C. J.

# AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

## X

### THE NEW KINGDOM (THE EMPIRE)

**W**E come now to the last days of Akhnaton. They were sad and troubled days, for, so far as he could see, his attempted reforms were utterly barren. Open conspiracies against him were spreading in all directions, plots for the overthrow of the government were matters of almost daily discovery; and Akhnaton knew that should these plots succeed it meant the downfall of those religious ideals for which he was fighting so valiantly and against such overwhelming odds, for he stood almost alone now, facing the united forces of the Black Lodge, the priests of Amen. Little by little they were gaining headway, drawing the sympathies and materialistic interests of the most powerful nobles in the land, back into their evil nets. Outwardly, court life went on smoothly, the nobles and high officials playing their parts with the cool precision of machines; but the King, silently and with a sinking heart, must often have searched in vain the faces of these men, hoping to find there some evidence of true devotion to the God to whose service he himself had long ago dedicated his life. He knew now, however, that despite all his efforts, he had failed to arouse in them that spirit of consecration which was of supreme importance if the Aton worship was to have an abiding existence, and one by one he saw his hopes crushed to earth. What could he do? He had tried valiantly to save Egypt from the onrush of evil forces, placing over against her unthinkably ancient, deeply intricate, but alas, cruelly falsified religion, a religion so stupendously simple that, like all simple things, it must have appeared as naught in the eyes of a ceremonial-loving people. The pampered Egyptian of the XVIIIth Dynasty had no understanding of simplicity, and little innate love of truth for its own sake. From the very beginning it had been a forlorn hope, and a less daring man, one with less singleness of purpose, would certainly never have attempted to carry it out.

The priesthood of Amen, closely watching events and taking an active, if furtive, part in them, must have felt that the time for striking openly and crushingly had come. They had never ceased their efforts to regain the power they had lost; and now they saw that the King was without real supporters, deserted in every way save outward appearance, and that he was a dying man.

About this time the Dowager Queen Tiy breathed her last, after a long and singularly powerful career; and this was a signal for an uprising, for so long as she lived her influence had been great enough, her spirit of compromise sufficiently telling, and her political party so strong, that she had been able to help in the task of keeping the Amen priesthood within bounds. Now that she was



gone there was a renewed and daring attempt to overthrow the government of the hated "heretic." Akhnaton summoned all the power at his command, and for the moment the priestly uprising was put down with great severity. But it was only a temporary suppression, for too much poison lay at the very hearts of the people themselves. The indolent, pleasure-loving, luxurious noble of this time had no real desire to purify his life or to win his own salvation at the cost of his own efforts,—how much easier to sell his conscience to the priests of Amen, who, in return for gold, supplied potent incantations which guaranteed salvation on an easy basis.<sup>1</sup> The world was not ready for Akhnaton's pure and lofty faith.

We know little or nothing of the last days of Akhnaton, save that we see Nefertithi perpetually by his side, attending to his every wish, faithful to the last, her heart no doubt at breaking-point. Complete obscurity veils his death, though it is certain that he died suddenly, but whether from natural causes or by foul play we do not know, and what difference can it make since he died fighting! In a lonely wind-searched valley, running far up into the hills which form the amphitheatre encircling the City of the Horizon, the great "heretic" was buried. It must have been a silent, dazed company which assisted at the last rites; no doubt in some hearts there was fear too, for the news had travelled fast, and already the priests of Amen were on the march. Like vultures swooping down on their prey they took possession of the Sacred City, intimidating Akhnaton's weak successor, and quickly seizing all real power. The downfall of Akhnaton's kingdom was complete, for there was no one now strong enough to stem the tide, and no one who cared enough to attempt anything so dangerous. Within a very short time the beautiful City of the Sun was abandoned, and everything points to its having been abandoned in the utmost haste, for the very bones of Akhnaton's favourite dogs have been found lying where the poor creatures, deserted and evidently starved to death in the kennels, fell from final exhaustion; bones, too, of cattle, imprisoned in their byres, unable to get out to the pastures not so very far away, have been discovered. The nobles and officials who had appeared to be such eager disciples of the "Teaching" returned with the Court to Thebes, and became once more the willing slaves of the priests of Amen. Only a few metal and enamel workers lingered on, but soon they too departed. Where there had been intense life and activity, there was now only silence and emptiness. Not a sound wakened the echoes in the unfrequented streets; the winds swept through the great deserted halls of the palace; the flowers in the gardens, no longer tended, withered and died; slowly, the clear, deep pools where the water plants had grown and where the many-coloured fish had darted, dried and vanished. There was no one now to sing in adoration: "The herbs and trees spring up to greet Thy face, the fish in the water leap at the sight of Thee." In the great temple, the fruit and flowers laid upon the altars shrivelled and faded; no footfall disturbed the silence,—there was no lingering worshipper at the deserted shrine of Aton.

Within the space of a very few years, several weak Kings of Egypt followed.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY*, October, 1922, pp. 137-8.

Each one had professed an ardent devotion to Aton, each had claimed the friendship of his King and had boasted of his confidence, but each one in turn reverted to Amen, bartering what little truth there was in him for the sake of an evanescent glory. During this time there set in an open and terrible reaction against the Aton worship. The priests of Amen once more sure of their own power, determined that all trace of the hated "heresy" should be blotted out, and the systematic erasure of Aton's name on all monuments was begun, the systematic destruction of the City of the Horizon itself. From all over the land workmen were sent to pull down the beautiful temples and palaces, already falling into decay, to lay bare the delicate painted pavements to the shifting sands of the encroaching desert. The great blocks of fine white limestone were put on barges and carried away to build new temples in other parts of Egypt. All that could be used was taken, what was not needed was either mutilated almost beyond recognition or else destroyed altogether. In their bitter hatred the priests of Amen left not one stone on another, and when they had finished their work of devastation, Akhetaton, the sun-lit City of the Horizon, was only a dream of the past,—remembered perhaps with a deep sigh by some, forgotten by most.

Of the beautiful Nefertithi nothing more is known, there is not the faintest whisper as to her fate. She was still in her early twenties when her husband died, and she may well have lived on for many years, to be the witness of many sad changes. Probably she went into strict retirement, keeping warm in her heart an abiding love of Aton.

When, a few years ago, the body of Akhnaton was discovered (not in the solitary valley tomb where it was first laid, but in a small, inconspicuous, vault-like chamber in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, whither it had evidently been transported for safety during the period of violent reaction)<sup>2</sup> it was found to be wrapped in heavy but flexible sheets of pure gold, and to be lying in a beautifully decorated coffin, at the foot of which a short prayer was written. The words of this prayer must have been Akhnaton's very own. Perhaps as he lay dying someone who loved him, standing close by, heard him repeat them, and because they were his own, remembered and cherished them.<sup>3</sup> The closing line may well have been the last words that he ever spoke, since in it we find an expression of the complete self-giving which was the key-note of his whole life. The prayer reads:—"I shall breathe the sweet breath which comes forth from Thy mouth. I shall behold Thy beauty every day. It is my desire that I may hear Thy sweet voice, even the North Wind [the cool, perfumed wind so loved by the Egyptian], that my hands may rejuvenate with life through love of Thee. Give me Thy hands, holding Thy spirit, that I may receive it, and may live by it. Call Thou upon my name throughout eternity and it shall never fail Thee."

<sup>2</sup> For an account of the mysterious and confused burial, cf. *The Tomb of Queen Tyti*, Theodore M. Davis Excavations, pp. xiii-xiv, also pp. 1-5.

<sup>3</sup> On close examination it was found that this prayer had been added *later* than the rest of the decoration on the coffin, showing that it had not been arranged for in the original plan. It looks as though it had been added because of a special reason.

## EPILOGUE

There are two questions which naturally arise when considering Akhnaton's religious reforms:—To what extent was the Aton cult (with certain features generally considered peculiar to itself, but particularly in its monotheistic aspect) the result of past forms of faith in Egypt? What were the after effects of that which Davies calls "the mysterious movement," and which is known to us under the guise of Aton worship?

Every historian of the period has dealt with these questions, and each has answered them after his own fashion, but the mistake most often made is in thinking that Akhnaton gave to the world something quite new, and that he *thought* it was new. We are on very unsafe ground when we claim for Akhnaton what he never claimed for himself. He lost no opportunity for emphasizing the connection of Aton with the past, but it was with the far-distant past, before heaven and earth had been rudely split asunder by the priesthoods. Akhnaton's quarrel was with these priesthoods, not with any of the religious beliefs of Egypt, not even, it would seem, with the multiplicity of gods. In the "Teaching" itself there was to be found a certain plurality in the close association of Aton with Ra and of Ra with Horus of the Two Horizons (Horakhti). Maat, the goddess of Truth, was apparently recognized by the King, and if we look deeply enough, the cardinal attributes of every one of the gods of Egypt can be discovered in Aton.

Akhnaton had no disrespect for tradition, as is often thought; on the contrary, he had so deep a reverence for it that he tried to shatter any activities, lay or priestly, which would in any way dishonour it. His movement was founded on the oldest traditions to be found in Egypt, but he recast these traditions in order to renew their life, and he searched diligently in the remotest past for little-used forms, little-known symbols, forms and symbols which were free from evil associations. It was his single-heartedness, his determined purpose and strong individuality which gave to these ancient forms a new colouring,—therein lay the "newness," not in the forms and symbols themselves. Maspero says that even in the apparently wholly new type of symbol—the sun's disc with down-streaming rays—Akhnaton was "as in everything, bound to follow tradition," and in this connection it may be remembered that attention has already been drawn<sup>4</sup> to the fact that as early as the Pyramid Texts references to the rays of the sun are to be found. In these earliest texts of the Old Kingdom a mysterious, energizing property is attributed to the solar rays, for they are spoken of as "the gleaming ladder" or the "luminous stairway to heaven" and they plainly typify the radiant force set in motion by intense aspiration, it being written of one of the Pharaohs of the VIth Dynasty, "Thou climbest, thou mountest the radiance, . . . this radiance is a stairway under his [the Pharaoh's] feet whereon he may ascend to his mother, the living Uræus that is on the head of Ra." And when he has reached the top, "when the rays of the sun have lifted him up," when aspiration has carried

<sup>4</sup> THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1923, p. 38, footnote 2.

him heavenward, then he is as "a flame moving before the wind to the ends of the sky."<sup>5</sup> Akhnaton merely recast this ancient symbology, and setting it free once more, gave it a new life and a somewhat different, a somewhat more cosmic field, but he did not alter the essential quality of the archaic truth, for the Aton rays, as the ritual shows us, were the means of communication between God and His creatures, and it was by adoration (aspiration) and the complete uplifting of the heart, that the power (the love) transmitted by means of these rays, was felt, and union with the Divine accomplished.<sup>6</sup>

As for Akhnaton's monotheism, which has been a subject of such endless discussion,—even that cannot rightly be called new, since from earliest times there had been behind the many gods the conception of the God One (though the Egyptians were very cautious and reserved when alluding in any way to the Unmanifest), and all through the ages there is evidence of an untiring effort to conciliate the profusion of gods, to make their very differences a more convincing proof of their underlying agreement, this being done by considering each god as an aspect of the One Hidden and Unknowable. Indeed, widely speaking, we may consider this to be a universal tendency of human thought, for the whole history of man, as far back as we can trace it, reveals a definite predisposition toward a monotheistic explanation of things. Even primitive man gropes toward a dim conception of The One,—what else is the worship of the tribal god, who stands, in the mind of the worshipper, above and beyond all lesser deities.<sup>7</sup> In Egypt we recognize this tendency in the mere theologizing of the priests, who strove, at all costs and from varying motives, to reconcile apparently discordant faiths; and anyone studying the subject is keenly aware that there was an age-long, persistent search for unity in the Egyptian pantheon.

Leemans has stated the matter very explicitly and simply. He says: "Dans la théosophie Égyptienne il n'y avait qu'un seul Être suprême; mais les manifestations de cet Être et ses développements, présentés sous différentes formes à la vénération des hommes, firent bientôt naître autant de divinités . . ."<sup>8</sup> We find a distinctly monotheistic strain in many hymns to Atum and to Amen-Ra long before Akhnaton's day, though we should not forget that the actual *names* used were merely veils to hide the Unnameable. Champollion always insisted that the Egyptian religion was "a pure monotheism, which manifested itself externally by a symbolic polytheism." Theosophy, the Great Reconciler, teaches us that the idea of the many never stands in opposition to the idea of The One, and the Egyptian pantheon was built upon this

<sup>5</sup> It is most interesting to compare these lines from the Pyramid Texts with certain passages to be found in *The Voice of the Silence*, cf. p. 23 including footnotes, where the "fiery power" Kundalini is spoken of as the "World Mother." "The living Uræus that is on the head of Ra" is an arresting passage since the Uræus, the symbol of Divinity as of Royalty, was also essentially the symbol of the power to dispense either life or death, to create and protect or to destroy; Kundalini is spoken of (*S.D.* vol. I, p. 293, edition 1888) as the "force which includes the two great forces of attraction and repulsion,"—life and death. Compare also the passage "a flame moving before the wind to the ends of the sky," with a "walker of the sky," *The Voice of the Silence*.

<sup>6</sup> A yet closer connection may be traced if we remember that Kundalini, "the World-Mother," is a "fohatic power" (*Voice of the Silence*, p. 27, footnote 1) and that Akhnaton undoubtedly recognized the relation of Fohat to the "Heat which is in Aton." Cf. THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October, 1923, p. 145 seq.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, Jan., 1923, p. 225, where a quotation from Flinders Petrie makes this clear.

<sup>8</sup> *Description Raisonnée des Monuments Égyptiens du Musée d'Antiquités des Pays-Bas, à Leide.*

fundamental truth. Akhnaton recognized it, but he gave it his own peculiar mould, emphasizing the basic unity rather than what had grown to be a superficially irreconcilable diversity. Davies is treading firmly, if unconsciously, on theosophic ground when, in referring to Egyptian solar worship, with its many seeming contradictions, he says that these very contradictions only show "how impossible it is to sever monotheism from the higher forms of polytheism." Akhnaton, recognizing the danger of *form* to the Egyptian, endeavoured to reach back of all form to the Formless, to penetrate the visible in search of the Invisible, and he did this with a completeness which hitherto had never been, publicly at least, either attempted or attained; yet the very heart of the "Teaching," was but a restoration and an elaboration of archaic truths which, through long ages of neglect, had lost their meaning.

Lastly comes the question: What were the after-effects, if any, of the Aton worship? Akhnaton's attempted religious reforms are usually referred to as a "great failure," and more often than not he is severely blamed for the devastating reaction which inevitably set in after his death. It should not be forgotten, however, that the whole Aton movement was in itself a reaction, an active and energetic protest against the religious abuses of the times, and while it must be admitted that, outwardly at least, Aton worship seems to have disappeared as swiftly as it came, it is certain that much of its spirit endured. With the priesthood of Amen once more in full domination, the "Teaching," supported till now by the force and authority of the Throne, was swept contemptuously to one side, and before the new century dawned, practically all outer evidence of Akhnaton's work was effaced,—not so its influence on the inner life of the people, however, nor on a wide range of religious thought and feeling; for while within fifty years of his death, Akhnaton himself was being spoken of as "that criminal," by those who wished to blacken his memory, the very phrases he had used in his great Hymn of Adoration, with slight modifications only, were being borrowed to weave into the prayers and hymns to Amen. Such are the satirical touches of life! The sense of Divine solicitude, the warm, intimate touch so peculiar to the Aton worship, persisted despite everything. The love of nature and of the beautiful and radiant life which is to be found in all natural and simple things, from the greatest to the most minute, lived on, welling up even through the arid soil of the formal and restricted worship prescribed by the Amen priesthood, and it has been well said: "We can trace the change in Amen himself as a result of Akhnaton's teaching." Amen was now spoken of as "He who maketh that on which the gnats live . . . who supplieth the need of the mice in their holes," and although Egypt had once more sold herself in bondage to the old, evil, sacerdotal influences, so that never again was she, as a nation, able to free herself from priestcraft,—despite this do we find, as the years pass, a strong current of sincere religious aspiration rising steadily from below the surface of shallow outer existence; more and more did men seek God in the round of daily life, till at last, what has been called "the age of personal piety" set in. The loving care which Aton had shown for all mankind was now attributed to Amen:

"Who cometh to the silent,  
Who saveth the poor,  
Who heareth the prayers of him who calls,"

and the recognition of this tender vigilance began to take deep root in the hearts of the people themselves; it was no longer limited to a select few. It is of course a disputed point how much of this change of feeling is directly traceable to Akhnaton, and there are many who maintain, in the face of fairly self-evident facts, that with the death of its "founder" the Aton movement was completely obliterated; but Akhnaton's "Teaching" was too individual in spirit and in expression, it had too distinct a colour and perfume of its own, not to be instantly recognizable when met with, and we do meet with it through many centuries after Akhnaton's death. The ideal for which he lived and fought and died, flowered at last, almost as he had hoped; for, as the years passed, men in the common walk of life were praying because of a sense of inner need. The formality of the Amen ritual, as it was conducted in the temples, was too circumscribed to fill a deep religious want, and more and more did men seek in spontaneous prayer an outlet for religious feeling.<sup>9</sup> "Thou art in my heart" had sung Akhnaton with inner fire, and "Thou bindest all lands with Thy love." Two centuries later we hear the worshipper, his voice raised in adoration: "Oh Amen-Ra I love Thee, and I have filled my heart with Thee."

It will remain for ever a tragic enigma why the very simplicity of the messages given to the world by its religious reformers, seems at the time to hide the beauty and the true significance of the message itself. And Akhnaton's message was so simple! He did not philosophize about God, he did not attempt to form a system; on the contrary he tried to break up systems and philosophies. Where the priesthoods of his day had been content to dogmatize, laying full stress on rites and observances, Akhnaton's appeal was direct to the heart, and to the deep-seated and unerring impulses of the heart,—and yet his people did not understand! We have been told that we must read the mysteries of life for ourselves, that no one can do more than point the way. Akhnaton, with all his fire, could do no more than offer his gift, he could not force its acceptance. But his message was redolent of the Eternal,—how could it die? So it is that as the fleeting centuries pass, though swift and violent changes sweep over Egypt, we still hear the earnest, insistent voice pleading with the hearts of his people; our ears still catch the echoes of his great Hymn of Praise, recurring, as they do, again and yet again, like the burden of a song; and in a wave of deep sympathy and love for this lonely man who fought so bravely, our thoughts are carried backwards, and we remember the dying promise made by Akhnaton to the God whom above all else he loved: "Call Thou upon my name throughout eternity, and it shall never fail Thee."

HETEP EN NETER.

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<sup>9</sup> A proof of this is to be found by comparing the *Book of the Dead* of this period (the official ritual) with the beautiful and simple prayers to be found in the tombs or on the mortuary stelæ of private individuals.

# LETTERS TO STUDENTS

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November 8th, 1910.

DEAR—

I am sorry that my absence from the city prevented my answering your letter of the 31st October in time for the first of the meetings of the "Study Class," of which you write me.

I think it is wise to continue these meetings, and I believe that to be the feeling of all the older members. What you may have thought to be some reluctance about them among the older members, I think you can safely assume to be our great desire not to interfere, not to dictate nor direct, not to control. The value of the meetings comes largely from the initiative of the younger members. It is their chance to do things, to originate, to take initiative, to give their ideas a chance; in a word, to grow. It would be worse than foolish for us to interfere in this, for it would prevent the very object of the meetings, and do away with their chief purpose and value. We are genuinely desirous of helping, in any way the younger members want us to help; but we want to do it in the way they want us to, not in any way of our own or in any way we might think best. The best way is bound to be the way the younger members want.

Therefore you are not to think, because we hold off and say little, either that we are not interested or that we do not approve. Finally, let me say that we would none of us hesitate to interfere with suggestions and advice if we saw things actually going off the track, but of this we have little or no fear. There is no reason why they should go off the track. Things never do go off the track if the motive back of them is good, and no one can question the excellence of the motive back of the younger members. I do not think you need worry about this matter at all, but just pitch in and help to make the meetings a success.

I have also to acknowledge another and very interesting letter from you in which you returned the copy of my previous letter. I think you are quite right in believing that the person who can state his questions, or describe his need completely and convincingly, is nearly out of the woods. It is on the same principle as that we have pretty well done with a fault if we know we have it. It is the faults we do not know we have, which are the serious ones.

What is known as the higher carelessness is not easy to explain. I do mean, literally, that we should concentrate upon the duty of the moment, do that to the very best of our ability, and be absolutely careless of the result. The logic of this is shown, I think, when we consider that we do not know and have no means of knowing what the gods really want, and what is really the best thing to have happen. What matters is not what happens, but the attitude of mind and heart of all, as they do their appointed task. We work for months to

accomplish a given piece of business which seems to us supremely desirable in every way. Surely you must have known in your experience many cases where you failed, and were very glad indeed afterwards that you had failed, or where you won, and were sorry you had won. The plain facts are that we do not know what is going to happen; and what is going to happen may and often does give a twist to any situation, which absolutely alters it and its desirability. We work for years to accomplish something, and find when we have it that it turns to ashes in the mouth. That is proverbial; and the corollary is that we must not be concerned with results, for we do not know what they ought to be. We must be concerned with motive, with attitudes of mind and heart.

In doing our work in the world (it matters very little what it is), we must work as those do who are ambitious; we must put our hearts and minds into it; we must use all our powers of intellect, of tact, of cleverness, all our executive ability; and we must try to conquer all our weaknesses which interfere with success, eliminate our faults, devise means to supply deficiencies, just as if the accomplishment of that work were what our heart was actually set upon. It is actually set upon that for the time being, because we realize that the doing of that work successfully is the means appointed by the Law for our development at that time; it is what the Master has appointed us to do, consequently it is *his* work, for the time being. What matters it whether he really wants that little thing done, or whether it would really interfere with his plans if accomplished? What matters is that he has set us at it, and that we must do it in the most thorough and complete manner.

You say that one of your obstacles is a mental fog which keeps you hesitating between two courses of conduct. I wonder whether that is really so? That query does not sound polite, as phrased. What I mean is: If you confined yourself to the duty of the moment, would you really hesitate and find difficulty in making up your mind what to do? Do you know what you should do at this instant? Do you not always know what you should do each instant? It is rare for us to be in doubt about the actual moment. It is very usual for everyone to be in doubt about something which he will have to decide, or may have to decide to-morrow or in an hour; and please remember, that what you actually do decide does not matter. What matters is your motive. Was your decision free from selfishness, free from self-interest? If so, what you do will turn out all right. It may not seem to turn out right, for our vision is very limited, and the mills of the gods grind very slowly; but it will surely actually turn out all right in the long run, for the universe is so constituted and it cannot be otherwise.

We often have to fight for our dignity, for what is due to our positions; but the motive for this is not self-interest, self-justification, self-glorification but is to demand what is due to a servant of the Master. We are working for him wherever we may happen to be. We must not allow his servant and his service to be put upon. Yet there is humility, one of the greatest of virtues; and it is the usual hair line that divides the two. Discipleship is made of these fine choices, because we must be exercised in every possible way to bring out any



lurking consideration of self. That is the keynote of all these things: whether we act for self or for him. I would not hesitate to fight for my position or for what I considered my due, but I would try to do it, not because I wanted the things I was fighting for, but because I, being the Master's servant, must not allow his dignity and his rights to be trampled upon. I grant you it is difficult, and I grant that it is most unpleasant. We would much prefer being put upon to making a fight, but that should make us even more cautious that our real motive is not to avoid unpleasantness—a kind of cowardice—rather than any humility or unselfishness.

This attitude does not interfere in any way with the higher carelessness. We do these things because it is right to do them, not because we want to win greater prominence or a bigger place. We ought to do everything because it is right to do it, and not for any ulterior motive whatever. If we do, then we do not care for results.

Mr. Judge's only way of defending himself against the accusations which Mrs. Besant brought, was to commit the T.S. to a creed, a doctrine; and he would not do it. His duty at the moment was to ignore his personal position and to refuse to go counter to the established principles of the T.S. It was a very difficult position, and as usual it worked out right, although it killed him. That, however, did not matter. The Law will take care of him, and he will get his reward for his sacrifice.

Finally, you are quite right in suggesting that the way out of all your quandaries is to climb. Get out of the fog of your mind into the clear sunlight of the inner world. It can be done, and it is not so difficult if we really want to do it. But it means the complete renunciation of the personal will, of the personal life, and few people really *want* to do that. They content themselves with playing around the idea, they give up half or three-quarters, but not that final last thread or two which binds them to material life. Yet thousands and thousands have done it, and they report that the result is not only a sense of great joy, but also a complete surety of mind and heart, a peace that passes understanding.

Do not, therefore, try to solve all these problems with your mind. It is foggy there, and often betrays us. Trust your heart, trust the Master who is much more anxious to reach you than you are to reach him; have faith, and more faith, and yet more faith; and try to cultivate love;—love of him and of your fellow men. Love is a solvent of your own nature, and faith blazes a way along which you can travel. Love supplies the motive power to drive you forward, and faith tells you the way to go.

These are difficult and intricate points which we are discussing, and I am by no means sure that I have succeeded in saying anything which will help you; but my desire to help will surely accomplish something; and I am ready to try again and yet again if you will try to explain your further difficulties after reading this.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

December 24th, 1910.

DEAR——

Your last letter raised so many interesting points that I put it by, to think over; and then before I could write you the results of my cogitations I had to leave hurriedly for Europe. This is to ask you to wait patiently until I return, for I did not bring your letter or my notes with me.

Also this letter will give me the opportunity to tell you how much I value and enjoy our correspondence; and to send you and —— my best wishes for the New Year. May the Master's light shine more and more brightly in you both during the coming year; and may you both awake more and more clearly to that light. Short of actually entering his presence, I know of no greater boon to ask for my friends.

With kindest regards, as always,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

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April 2nd, 1911.

DEAR——

It has been an unconscionably long time since I have had the pleasure of writing to you, and I feel contrite, but after all there are many excuses, of most of which you are already aware. I am very glad the missing letter turned up.

Now as to your two unanswered letters of questions,—I do not know whether these are still pressing for solution. As a matter of fact we find that such queries, when real, have a way of answering themselves. We find the answers springing up spontaneously within, as the *Gita* has it. But I shall go over the ground briefly, on the chance that you still want to know:

In writing about life we have to use figures of speech, and no figure of speech ever seems quite to cover our particular experience. They are at best only approximate. Furthermore, they describe, in a phrase, an experience which it often takes years or lives to live through; hence they seem to us to be exaggerated and "high flown." It is possible to face the self, once for all, in one tremendous contest, and conquer it. But it is more often a very slow and long-drawn-out process, and the pain and terror of it is divided into many separate experiences. It is highly probable that when it is actually done, we go through some sort of initiation which symbolizes the whole long struggle; in which we live through, in a few minutes, the struggles of years; but I do not think we need worry about that.

So far as the actual conquest of self is concerned, we have to repeat our conquest on each plane and on each sub-plane. The process of purification must be absolutely perfect. Therefore it is a long process, it seems to be repeating itself, but it only does so when there is something left undone, or where the struggle has gone up a plane. It is not only a question of conquering our lower nature and tendencies, but it is also a question of surrendering our personal life. This also has to be repeated, in countless acts of self-surrender, until

there remains no atom of personal self to mar our perfect self-immolation. Of course it is a long process, and before it is complete, we have gone very far indeed. It is said that when a Master is finally face to face with the Great Sacrifice, the result follows automatically. It is not then a question of choice; it is a question whether in any part of his nature there still exists an atom of self-interest. If there does, as often happens, then he has to go into Nirvana in spite of his desire to remain and work for the good of humanity. So it is in each minor initiation. The outcome is not a choice; it is merely a recording of what we have done before we came before the bar for judgment. This is illustrated by the little story called the "Ordeal," in the April, 1911, QUARTERLY.

It is possible to do all these things at once, instead of over a long period of time, but only if we are conscious on all planes at once. We can only conquer where we are conscious, we can only do that of which we are self-conscious. The limit of attainment, therefore, is the limit of our present range of consciousness.

As a matter of actual fact, practically no one ever completes the process of self-conquest and inner illumination, under seven incarnations from the time they began the conscious struggle: but time, as we know it, is not the absolute thing on inner planes that it is with us. Furthermore, it is practically certain that we have all been at the task many times before, and in this life we are merely picking up the thread of past achievement. Indeed, I think we may safely take for granted, that no one has reached in this incarnation anywhere near the place which he has occupied in the past, for the whole character of the times is against spiritual progress. It is Kali Yuga, the Black Age. Consequently, as Judge says, in the *Letters*, any progress we do make in this age counts for very much more than in any other age.

Then you must remember, when considering these high themes, that there are two "you's," and that it is what you *really* want, down in the bottom of your heart that counts, and not what you think you want, or at times feel that you want. We are judged by what we really are, not by what we think we are, nor by what we should like to be. This is *à propos* of what you say about the difficulty of giving up what you do not want. We have no difficulty in giving up what we really do not want; the trouble is that only a part of us does not want it. Another part does. I do not know whether I have covered the ground or not. If not, I shall be glad to try again.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.



## “LUCIFER” TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, GREETING!

MY LORD PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND,—

WE make use of an open letter<sup>1</sup> to your Grace as a vehicle to convey to you, and through you, to the clergy, to their flocks, and to Christians generally—who regard us as the enemies of Christ—a brief statement of the position which Theosophy occupies in regard to Christianity, as we believe that the time for making that statement has arrived.

Your Grace is no doubt aware that Theosophy is not a religion, but a philosophy at once religious and scientific; and that the chief work, so far, of the Theosophical Society has been to revive in each religion its own animating spirit, by encouraging and helping enquiry into the true significance of its doctrines and observances. Theosophists know that the deeper one penetrates into the meaning of the dogmas and ceremonies of all religions, the greater becomes their apparent underlying similarity, until finally a perception of their fundamental unity is reached. This common ground is no other than Theosophy—the Secret Doctrine of the ages; which, diluted and disguised to suit the capacity of the multitude, and the requirements of the time, has formed the living kernel of all religions. The Theosophical Society has branches respectively composed of Buddhists, Hindoos, Mahomedans, Parsees, Christians, and Freethinkers, who work together as brethren on the common ground of Theosophy; and it is precisely because Theosophy is not a religion, nor can for the multitude supply the place of a religion, that the success of the Society has been so great, not merely as regards its growing membership and extending influence, but also in respect to the performance of the work it has undertaken—the revival of spirituality in religion, and the cultivation of the sentiment of *brotherhood* among men.

We Theosophists believe that a religion is a natural incident in the life of man in his present stage of development; and that although, in rare cases, individuals may be born without the religious sentiment, a community must have a religion, that is to say, a *uniting bond*—under penalty of social decay and material annihilation. We believe that no religious doctrine can be more than an attempt to picture to our present limited understandings, in the

<sup>1</sup>A reprint of a leading editorial, in the first volume of *Lucifer*, December 15th, 1887, when Madame Blavatsky was Editor.

terms of our terrestrial experiences, great cosmical and spiritual truths, which in our normal state of consciousness we vaguely *sense*, rather than actually perceive and comprehend; and a revelation, if it is to reveal anything, must necessarily conform to the same earth-bound requirements of the human intellect. In our estimation, therefore, no religion can be absolutely true, and none can be absolutely false. A religion is true in proportion as it supplies the spiritual, moral and intellectual needs of the time, and helps the development of mankind in these respects. It is false in proportion as it hinders that development, and offends the spiritual, moral and intellectual portion of man's nature. And the transcendently spiritual ideas of the ruling powers of the Universe entertained by an Oriental sage would be as false a religion for the African savage as the grovelling fetishism of the latter would be for the sage, although both views must necessarily be true in degree, for both represent the highest ideas attainable by the respective individuals of the same cosmicospiritual facts, which can never be known in their reality by man while he remains but man.

Theosophists, therefore, are respectors of all the religions, and for the religious ethics of Jesus they have profound admiration. It could not be otherwise, for these teachings which have come down to us are the same as those of Theosophy. So far, therefore, as modern Christianity makes good its claim to be the *practical* religion taught by Jesus, Theosophists are with it heart and hand. So far as it goes contrary to those ethics, pure and simple, Theosophists are its opponents. Any Christian can, if he will, compare the Sermon on the Mount with the dogmas of his church, and the spirit that breathes in it, with the principles that animate this Christian civilization and govern his own life; and then he will be able to judge for himself how far the religion of Jesus enters into his Christianity, and how far, therefore, he and Theosophists are agreed. But professing Christians, especially the clergy, shrink from making this comparison. Like merchants who fear to find themselves bankrupt, they seem to dread the discovery of a discrepancy in their accounts which could not be made good by placing material assets as a set-off to spiritual liabilities. The comparison between the teachings of Jesus and the doctrines of the churches has, however, frequently been made—and often with great learning and critical acumen—both by those who would abolish Christianity and those who would reform it; and the aggregate result of these comparisons, as your Grace must be well aware, goes to prove that in almost every point the doctrines of the churches and the practices of Christians are *in direct opposition to the teachings of Jesus*.

We are accustomed to say to the Buddhist, the Mahomedan, the Hindoo, or the Parsee: "The road to Theosophy lies, for you, through your own religion." We say this because those creeds possess a deeply philosophical and esoteric meaning, explanatory of the allegories under which they are presented to the people; but we cannot say the same thing to Christians. The successors of the Apostles never recorded the *secret doctrine* of Jesus—the "mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven"—which it was given to them (his apostles) alone to know.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> S. Mark, iv. 11; Matthew, xiii. 11; Luke, viii. 10.

These have been suppressed, made away with, destroyed. What have come down upon the stream of time are the maxims, the parables, the allegories and the fables which Jesus expressly intended for the spiritually deaf and blind, to be revealed later to the world, and which modern Christianity either takes all literally, or interprets according to the fancies of the Fathers of the secular church. In both cases they are like cut flowers; they are severed from the plant on which they grew, and from the root whence that plant drew its life. Were we, therefore, to encourage Christians, as we do the votaries of other creeds, to study their own religion for themselves, the consequence would be, not a knowledge of the meaning of its mysteries, but either the revival of mediæval superstition and intolerance, accompanied by a formidable outbreak of mere lip-prayer and preaching—such as resulted in the formation of the 239 Protestant sects of England alone—or else a great increase of scepticism, for Christianity has no esoteric foundation known to those who profess it. For even you, my Lord Primate of England, must be painfully aware that you know absolutely no more of those “mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven” which Jesus taught his disciples, than does the humblest and most illiterate member of your church.

It is easily understood, therefore, that Theosophists have nothing to say against the policy of the Roman Catholic Church in forbidding, or of the Protestant churches in discouraging, any such private enquiry into the meaning of the “Christian” dogmas as would correspond to the esoteric study of other religions. With their present ideas and knowledge, professing Christians are not prepared to undertake a critical examination of their faith, with a promise of good results. Its inevitable effect would be to paralyze rather than stimulate their dormant religious sentiments; for biblical criticism and comparative mythology have proved conclusively—to those, at least, who have no vested interests, spiritual or temporal, in the maintenance of orthodoxy—that the Christian religion, as it now exists, is composed of the husks of Judaism, the shreds of paganism, and the ill-digested remains of gnosticism and neo-platonism. This curious conglomerate which gradually formed itself round the recorded sayings (λογια) of Jesus, has, after the lapse of ages, now begun to disintegrate, and to crumble away from the pure and precious gems of Theosophic truth which it has so long overlain and hidden, but could neither disfigure nor destroy. Theosophy not only rescues these precious gems from the fate that threatens the rubbish in which they have been so long embedded, but saves that rubbish itself from utter condemnation; for it shows that the result of biblical criticism is far from being the ultimate analysis of Christianity, as each of the pieces which compose the curious mosaics of the Churches once belonged to a religion which had an esoteric meaning. It is only when these pieces are restored to the places they originally occupied that their hidden significance can be perceived, and the real meaning of the dogmas of Christianity understood. To do all this, however, requires a knowledge of the Secret Doctrine as it exists in the esoteric foundation of other religions; and this knowledge is not in the hands of the Clergy, for the Church has hidden, and since lost, the keys.

Your Grace will now understand why it is that the Theosophical Society has taken for one of its three "objects" the study of those Eastern religions and philosophies, which shed such a flood of light upon the inner meaning of Christianity; and you will, we hope, also perceive that in so doing, we are acting not as the enemies, but as the friends of the religion taught by Jesus—of true Christianity, in fact. For it is only through the study of those religions and philosophies that Christians can ever arrive at an understanding of their own beliefs, or see the hidden meaning of the parables and allegories which the Nazarene told to the spiritual cripples of Judea, and by taking which, either as matters of fact or as matters of fancy, the Churches have brought the teachings themselves into ridicule and contempt, and Christianity into serious danger of complete collapse, undermined as it is by historical criticism and mythological research, besides being broken by the sledge-hammer of modern science.

Ought Theosophists themselves, then, to be regarded by Christians as their enemies, because they believe that orthodox Christianity is, on the whole, opposed to the religion of Jesus; and because they have the courage to tell the Churches that they are traitors to the MASTER they profess to revere and serve? Far from it, indeed. Theosophists know that the same spirit that animated the words of Jesus lies latent in the hearts of Christians, as it does naturally in all men's hearts. Their fundamental tenet is the Brotherhood of Man, the ultimate realization of which is alone made possible by that which was known long before the days of Jesus as "the Christ spirit." This spirit is even now potentially present in all men, and it will be developed into activity when human beings are no longer prevented from understanding, appreciating and sympathizing with one another by the barriers of strife and hatred erected by priests and princes. We know that Christians in their lives frequently rise above the level of their Christianity. All Churches contain many noble, self-sacrificing, and virtuous men and women, eager to do good in their generation according to their lights and opportunities, and full of aspirations to higher things than those of earth—followers of Jesus in spite of their Christianity. For such as these, Theosophists feel the deepest sympathy; for only a Theosophist, or else a person of your Grace's delicate sensibility and great theological learning, can justly appreciate the tremendous difficulties with which the tender plant of natural piety has to contend, as it forces its root into the uncongenial soil of our Christian civilization, and tries to blossom in the cold and arid atmosphere of theology. How hard, for instance, must it not be to "love" such a God as that depicted in a well-known passage by Herbert Spencer:

"The cruelty of a Fijian God, who, represented as devouring the souls of the dead, may be supposed to inflict torture during the process, is small, compared to the cruelty of a God who condemns men to tortures which are eternal. . . . The visiting on Adam's descendants through hundreds of generations, of dreadful penalties for a small transgression which they did not commit, the damning of all men who do not avail themselves of an alleged mode of obtaining forgiveness, which most men have never heard of, and the effecting of reconciliation by sacrificing a son who was perfectly innocent, to satisfy the assumed necessity for a propitiatory victim, are modes of action which, ascribed to a human ruler, would call forth expressions of abhorrence." (*Religion: a Retrospect and a Prospect.*)

Your Grace will say, no doubt, that Jesus never taught the worship of such a god as that. Even so say we Theosophists. Yet that is the very god whose worship is officially conducted in Canterbury Cathedral, by you, my Lord Primate of England; and your Grace will surely agree with us that there must indeed be a divine spark of religious intuition in the hearts of men, that enables them to resist so well as they do, the deadly action of such poisonous theology.

If your Grace, from your high pinnacle, will cast your eyes around, you will behold a Christian civilization in which a frantic and merciless battle of man against man is not only the distinguishing feature, but the acknowledged principle. It is an accepted scientific and economic axiom to-day, that all progress is achieved through the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest; and the fittest to survive in this Christian civilization are not those who are possessed of the qualities that are recognized by the morality of every age to be the best—not the generous, the pious, the noble-hearted, the forgiving, the humble, the truthful, the honest, and the kind—but those who are strongest in selfishness, in craft, in hypocrisy, in brute force, in false pretence, in unscrupulousness, in cruelty, and in avarice. The spiritual and the altruistic are “the weak,” whom the “laws” that govern the universe give as food to the egoistic and material—“the strong.” That “might is right” is the only legitimate conclusion, the last word of the 19th century ethics, for the world has become as one huge battlefield, on which “the fittest” descend like vultures to tear out the eyes and the hearts of those who have fallen in the fight. Does religion put a stop to the battle? Do the churches drive away the vultures, or comfort the wounded and the dying? Religion does not weigh a feather in the *world* at large to-day, when worldly advantage and selfish pleasures are put in the other scale; and the churches are powerless to revivify the religious sentiment among men, because their ideas, their knowledge, their methods, and their arguments are those of the Dark Ages. My Lord Primate, your Christianity is five hundred years behind the times.

So long as men disputed whether this god or that god was the true one, or whether the soul went to this place or that one after death, you, the clergy, understood the question, and had arguments at hand to influence opinion—by syllogism or torture, as the case might require; but now it is the existence of any such being as God, at all, or of any kind of immortal spirit, that is questioned or denied. Science invents new theories of the Universe which contemptuously ignore the existence of any god; moralists establish theories of ethics and social life in which the non-existence of a future life is taken for granted; in physics, in psychology, in law, in medicine, the one thing needful in order to entitle any teacher to a hearing is that no reference whatever should be contained in his ideas either to a Providence, or to a soul. The world is being rapidly brought to the conviction that God is a mythical conception, which has no foundation in fact, or place in Nature; and that the immortal part of man is the silly dream of ignorant savages, perpetuated by the lies and tricks of priests, who reap a harvest by cultivating the fears of men that their mythical God will torture their imaginary souls to all eternity, in a fabulous Hell. In



the face of all these things the clergy stand in this age dumb and powerless. The only answer which the Church knew how to make to such "objections" as these, were *the rack and the faggot*; and she cannot use that system of logic *now*.

It is plain that if the God and the soul taught by the churches be imaginary entities, then the Christian salvation and damnation are mere delusions of the mind, produced by the hypnotic process of assertion and suggestion on a magnificent scale, acting cumulatively on generations of mild "hysteriacs." What answer have you to such a theory of the Christian religion, except a repetition of assertions and suggestions? What ways have you of bringing men back to their old beliefs but by reviving their old habits? "Build more churches, say more prayers, establish more missions, and your faith in damnation and salvation will be revived, and a renewed belief in God and the soul will be the necessary result." That is the policy of the churches, and their only answer to agnosticism and materialism. But your Grace must know that to meet the attacks of modern science and criticism with such weapons as assertion and habit, is like going forth against magazine guns, armed with boomerangs and leather shields. While, however, the progress of ideas and the increase of knowledge are undermining the popular theology, every discovery of science, every new conception of European advanced thought, brings the 19th century mind nearer to the ideas of the Divine and the Spiritual, known to all esoteric religions and to Theosophy.

The Church claims that Christianity is the only true religion, and this claim involves two distinct propositions, namely, that Christianity is true religion, and that there is no true religion except Christianity. It never seems to strike Christians that God and Spirit could possibly exist in any other form than that under which they are presented in the doctrines of their church. The savage calls the missionary an Atheist, because he does not carry an idol in his trunk; and the missionary, in his turn, calls everyone an Atheist who does not carry about a fetish in his mind; and neither savage nor Christian ever seem to suspect that there may be a higher idea than their own of the great hidden power that governs the Universe, to which the name of "God" is much more applicable. It is doubtful whether the churches take more pains to prove Christianity "true," or to prove that any other kind of religion is necessarily "false"; and the evil consequences of this, their teaching, are terrible. When people discard dogma they fancy that they have discarded the religious sentiment also, and they conclude that religion is a superfluity in human life—a rendering to the clouds of things that belong to earth, a waste of energy which could be more profitably expended in the struggle for existence. The materialism of this age is, therefore, the direct consequence of the Christian doctrine that there is no ruling power in the Universe, and no immortal Spirit in man except those made known in Christian dogmas. The Atheist, my Lord Primate, is the bastard son of the Church.

But this is not all. The churches have never taught men any other or higher reason why they should be just and kind and true than the hope of reward and the fear of punishment, and when they let go their belief in Divine

caprice and Divine injustice the foundations of their morality are sapped. They have not even natural morality to consciously fall back upon, for Christianity has taught them to regard it as worthless on account of the natural depravity of man. Therefore self-interest becomes the only motive for conduct, and the fear of being found out, the only deterrent from vice. And so, with regard to morality as well as to God and the soul, Christianity pushes men off the path that leads to knowledge, and precipitates them into the abyss of incredulity, pessimism and vice. The last place where men would now look for help from the evils and miseries of life is the Church, because they know that the building of churches and the repeating of litanies influence neither the powers of Nature nor the councils of nations; because they instinctively feel that when the churches accepted the principle of expediency they lost their power to move the hearts of men, and can now only act on the external plane, as the supporters of the policeman and the politician.

The function of religion is to comfort and encourage humanity in its life-long struggle with sin and sorrow. This it can do only by presenting mankind with noble ideals of a happier existence after death, and of a worthier life on earth, to be won in both cases by conscious effort. What the world now wants is a Church that will tell it of Deity, or the immortal principle in man, which will be at least on a level with the ideas and knowledge of the times. Dogmatic Christianity is not suited for a world that reasons and thinks, and only those who can throw themselves into a mediæval state of mind, can appreciate a Church whose religious (as distinguished from its social and political) function is to keep God in good humour while the laity are doing what they believe He does not approve; to pray for changes of weather; and occasionally, to thank the Almighty for helping to slaughter the enemy. It is not "medicine men," but spiritual guides that the world looks for to-day—a "clergy" that will give it ideals as suited to the intellect of this century, as the Christian Heaven and Hell, God and the Devil, were to the ages of dark ignorance and superstition. Do, or can, the Christian clergy fulfil this requirement? The misery, the crime, the vice, the selfishness, the brutality, the lack of self-respect and self-control, that mark our modern civilization, unite their voices in one tremendous cry, and answer—NO!

What is the meaning of the reaction against materialism, the signs of which fill the air to-day? It means that the world has become mortally sick of the dogmatism, the arrogance, the self-sufficiency, and the spiritual blindness of modern science—of that same Modern Science which men but yesterday hailed as their deliverer from religious bigotry and Christian superstition, but which, like the Devil of the monkish legends, requires, as the price of its services, the sacrifice of man's immortal soul. And meanwhile, what are the Churches doing? The Churches are sleeping the sweet sleep of endowments, of social and political influence, while the world, the flesh, and the devil, are appropriating their watchwords, their miracles, their arguments, and their blind faith. The Spiritualists—oh! Churches of Christ—have stolen the fire from your altars to illumine their séance rooms; the Salvationists have taken your sacra-

mental wine, and make themselves spiritually drunk in the streets; the Infidel has stolen the weapons with which you vanquished him once, and triumphantly, tells you that "What you advance, has been frequently said before." Had ever clergy so splendid an opportunity? The grapes in the vineyard are ripe, needing only the right labourers to gather them. Were you to give to the world some proof, on the level of the present intellectual standard of probability, that Deity—the immortal Spirit in man—have a real existence as facts in Nature, would not men hail you as their saviour from pessimism and despair, from the maddening and brutalizing thought that there is no other destiny for man but an eternal blank, after a few short years of bitter toil and sorrow?—aye, as their saviours from the panic-stricken fight for material enjoyment and worldly advancement, which is the direct consequence of believing this mortal life to be the be-all and end-all of existence?

But the Churches have neither the knowledge nor the faith needed to save the world, and perhaps your Church, my Lord Primate, least of all, with the mill-stone of £8,000,000 a year hung round its neck. In vain you try to lighten the ship by casting overboard the ballast of doctrines which your forefathers deemed vital to Christianity. What more can your Church do now, than run before the gale with bare poles, while the clergy feebly endeavour to putty up the gaping leaks with the "revised version," and by their social and political deadweight try to prevent the ship from capsizing, and its cargo of dogmas and endowments from going to the bottom?

Who built Canterbury Cathedral, my Lord Primate? Who invented and gave life to the great ecclesiastical organization which makes an Archbishop of Canterbury possible? Who laid the foundation of the vast system of religious taxation which gives you £15,000 a year and a palace? Who instituted the forms and ceremonies, the prayers and litanies, which, slightly altered and stripped of art and ornament, make the liturgy of the Church of England? Who wrested from the people the proud titles of "reverend divine" and "Man of God" which the clergy of your Church so confidently assume? Who, indeed, but the Church of Rome! We speak in no spirit of enmity. Theosophy has seen the rise and fall of many faiths, and will be present at the birth and death of many more. We know that the lives of religions are subject to law. Whether you inherited legitimately from the Church of Rome, or obtained by violence, we leave you to settle with your enemies and with your conscience; for our mental attitude towards your Church is determined by its intrinsic worthiness. We know that if it be unable to fulfil the true spiritual function of a religion, it will surely be swept away, even though the fault lie rather in its hereditary tendencies, or in its environments, than in itself.

The Church of England, to use a homely simile, is like a train running by the momentum it acquired before steam was shut off. When it left the main track, it got upon a siding that leads nowhere. The train has nearly come to a standstill, and many of the passengers have left it for other conveyances. Those that remain are for the most part aware that they have been depending all along upon what little steam was left in the boiler when the fires of Rome

were withdrawn from under it. They suspect that they may be only playing at train now; but the engineer keeps blowing his whistle and the guard goes round to examine the tickets, and the brakemen rattle their brakes, and it is not such bad fun after all. For the carriages are warm and comfortable and the day is cold, and so long as they are tipped all the company's servants are very obliging. But those who know where they want to go, are not so contented.

For several centuries the Church of England has performed the difficult feat of blowing hot and cold in two directions at once—saying to the Roman Catholics "Reason!" and to the Sceptics "Believe!" It was by adjusting the force of its two-faced blowing, that it has managed to keep itself so long from falling off the fence. But now the fence itself is giving way. Disendowment and disestablishment are in the air. And what does your Church urge in its own behalf? Its usefulness. It is *useful* to have a number of educated, moral, unworldly men, scattered all over the country, who prevent the world from utterly forgetting the name of religion, and who act as centres of benevolent work. But the question now is no longer one of repeating prayers, and giving alms to the poor, as it was five hundred years ago. The people have come of age, and have taken their thinking and the direction of their social, private and even spiritual affairs into their own hands, for they have found out that their clergy know no more about "things of Heaven" than they do themselves.

But the Church of England, it is said, has become so liberal that all ought to support it. Truly, one can go to an excellent imitation of the mass, or sit under a virtual Unitarian, and still be within its fold. This beautiful tolerance, however, only means that the Church has found it necessary to make itself an open common, where every one can put up his own booth, and give his special performance if he will only join in the defence of the endowments. Tolerance and liberality are contrary to the laws of the existence of any church that believes in divine damnation, and their appearance in the Church of England is not a sign of renewed life, but of approaching disintegration. No less deceptive is the energy evinced by the Church in the building of churches. If this were a measure of religion what a pious age this would be! Never was dogma so well housed before, though human beings may have to sleep by thousands in the streets, and to literally starve in the shadow of our majestic cathedrals, built in the name of Him who had not where to lay His head. But did Jesus tell you, your Grace, that religion lay not in the hearts of men, but in temples made with hands? You cannot convert your piety into stone and use it in your lives; and history shows that petrification of the religious sentiment is as deadly a disease as ossification of the heart. Were churches, however, multiplied a hundredfold, and were every clergyman to become a centre of philanthropy, it would only be substituting the work that the poor require from their fellow men but not from their spiritual teachers, for that which they ask and cannot obtain. It would but bring into greater relief the spiritual barrenness of the doctrines of the Church.

The time is approaching when the clergy will be called upon to render an account of their stewardship. Are you prepared, my Lord Primate, to explain

to YOUR MASTER why you have given His children stones, when they cried to you for bread? You smile in your fancied security. The servants have kept high carnival so long in the inner chambers of the Lord's house, that they think He will surely never return. But He told you He would come as a thief in the night; and lo! He is coming already in the hearts of men. He is coming to take possession of His Father's kingdom there, where alone His kingdom is. But you know Him not! Were the Churches themselves not carried away in the flood of negation and materialism which has engulfed Society, they would recognize the quickly growing germ of the Christ-spirit in the hearts of thousands, whom they now brand as infidels and madmen. They would recognize there the same spirit of love, of self-sacrifice, of immense pity for the ignorance, the folly, and the sufferings of the world, which appeared in its purity in the heart of Jesus, as it had appeared in the hearts of other Holy Reformers in other ages; and which is the light of all true religion, and the lamp by which the Theosophists of all times have endeavoured to guide their steps along the narrow path that leads to salvation—the path which is trodden by every incarnation of *Christos* or the *Spirit of Truth*.

And now, my Lord Primate, we have very respectfully laid before you the principal points of difference and disagreement between Theosophy and the Christian Churches, and told you of the oneness of Theosophy and the teachings of Jesus. You have heard our profession of faith, and learned the grievances and complaints which we lay at the door of dogmatic Christianity. We, a handful of humble individuals, possessed of neither riches nor worldly influence, but strong in our knowledge, have united in the hope of doing the work which you say that your MASTER has allotted to you, but which is so sadly neglected by that wealthy and domineering colossus—the Christian Church. Will you call this presumption, we wonder? Will you, in this land of free opinion, free speech, and free effort, venture to accord us no other recognition than the usual *anathema*, which the Church keeps in store for the reformer? Or may we hope that the bitter lessons of experience, which that policy has afforded the Churches in the past, will have altered the hearts and cleared the understandings of her rulers; and that the coming year, 1888, will witness the stretching out to us of the hand of Christians in fellowship and goodwill? This would only be a just recognition that the comparatively small body called the Theosophical Society is no pioneer of the Anti-Christ, no brood of the Evil one, but the practical helper, perchance the saviour, of Christianity, and that it is only endeavouring to do the work that Jesus, like Buddha, and the other "sons of God" who preceded him, has commanded all his followers to undertake, but which the Churches, having become dogmatic, are entirely unable to accomplish.

And now, if your Grace can prove that we do injustice to the Church of which you are the Head, or to popular Theology, we promise to acknowledge our error publicly. But—"SILENCE GIVES CONSENT."



# REVIEWS

*Thirty Years of Psychical Research*, Being a Treatise on Metapsychics, by Charles Richet, Ph.D., Translated from the French by Stanley De Brath (The Macmillan Company, 1923).

This honest and able book has many virtues, but the best thing in it, and by far the most attractive, is the unconscious self-portraiture of the heart and spirit of Charles Richet himself. Eminent for a generation, the author of many works of authority and widely varied learning, he has undertaken to seek and to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, concerning psychical research; and he has done it in the teeth of every prejudice of a strong and able and highly cultivated intelligence. He hates the whole thing, yet his intellectual honesty constrains him. He investigates, he records, he analyzes with groaning and travail of spirit, breaking forth in protest and lamentation at regular intervals throughout the book.

"Spiritualists have blamed me," he writes, "for using this word 'absurd'; and have not been able to understand that to admit the reality of these phenomena was to me an actual pain; but to ask a physiologist, a physicist, or a chemist to admit that a form that has a circulation of blood, warmth, and muscles, that exhales carbonic acid, has weight, speaks and thinks, can issue from a human body is to ask of him an intellectual effort that is really painful.

"Yes, it is absurd; but no matter—it is true" (page 544).

And take the honesty, the simplicity, the real openness of mind, of such a passage as this:

"In my humble opinion proof of survival has not been given by subjective metapsychics, but I hasten to add that a near approach to that proof has been made. If proof of surviving consciousness could have been given it would have been given.

"Can such proof be given? I really do not see what better arguments can be furnished than the cases of George Pelham and Raymond Lodge; and I cannot imagine any experiments that would be more decisive or any observations that would carry more weight.

"Truth to tell—and one must be cautious in denial as in assertion—some facts tend to make us believe strongly in the survival of vanished personalities. Why should mediums, even when they have read no spiritualist books, and are unacquainted with spiritualist doctrines, proceed at once to personify some deceased person or other? Why does the new personality affirm itself so persistently, so energetically, and sometimes with so much verisimilitude? Why does it separate itself so sharply from the personality of the medium? All the words of powerful mediums are pregnant, so to say, with the theory of survival. These are semblances, perhaps, but why should the semblances be there?

"These hesitations must be forgiven me. On the threshold of a mystery we may well be troubled and decline to use trenchant words and peremptory phrases in ludicrous contrast with our inner painful uncertainty" (page 614).

One feels that there is more spirituality and faith in these honest doubts than in all the acclamations of partisans.

One may find genuine amusement in the way Richet's mind groans, not only at ideas but also at certain words:

"The term 'psychometry' (soul-measurement) is so detestable that we cannot retain it in scientific language" (page 177). Richet proposes a substitute, "pragmaticryptesthesia," which appeals to him as winsome and mellifluous. He rarely misses a chance to rail at what he calls

theosophy, and the word "occult" he cannot stomach at all; in the literal sense, as he makes abundantly clear, it gives him a pain. So he uses instead the Greek word "kryptos," which means exactly the same thing, "hidden."

These little outbreaks are a charm and a delight to students of Theosophy, who attach a definite meaning to the word "occult"; they add an attraction to a book that is full of strong intelligence, sterling honesty and a sincerity in the best sense religious.

To one thing, however, we must take exception. To repeat slanders against a dead woman, of whom he knows absolutely nothing, falls short of intellectual integrity. Does M. Richet realize that, when Hodgson was supposed to be "investigating" Madame Blavatsky in Madras, Madame Blavatsky herself was in Europe, five thousand miles away? Or was Hodgson exercising the power of cryptesthesia, or telekinesis? For this was surely "action at a distance." Richet realizes and insists that, in another "investigation," Hodgson was crassly wrong. Would it not have been wiser to have omitted the gratuitous slur on Madame Blavatsky, twice repeated, which is a real blot on these honest pages?

The pathetic fact is that he so completely echoes many of the views held by Madame Blavatsky, and announced by her years before he began to investigate, if we are to take the "Thirty Years" literally. Take a single sentence: "I would rather accept the 'new Jerusalem,' with its streets paved like the show windows of a jeweller's shop, than find consolation in the heartless doctrine of the Spiritualists." It is taken from *The Key to Theosophy* (page 149). If M. Richet will read this book with a sincere heart, he will find in it an intellect as honest as his own. He owes at least this reparation to a dead woman whom he has ignorantly slandered.

C. J.

*Alchemy: Ancient and Modern*, by H. Stanley Redgrove; William Rider & Son, Ltd., London, 1922.

This interesting book professes to be "A brief account of the alchemistic doctrines and their relations, to mysticism on the one hand, and to recent discoveries in physical science on the other hand; together with some particulars regarding the lives and teachings of the most noted alchemists." But the author really has little to contribute regarding the mystical side of mediæval alchemy, and the principal interest of the book consists in the striking resemblances which he finds between the alchemical and the modern chemical theories as to the constitution of matter. Mr. Redgrove also seems actuated by an ardent desire to see justice done to Paracelsus, Van Helmont and others, who made real and definite contributions to applied chemistry for which they have seldom been given any credit. The following quotations will give some idea of the calibre of the book.

"The alchemists postulated the essential unity of the Cosmos. Hence, they held that there is a correspondence or analogy existing between things spiritual and things physical, the same laws operating in each realm. . . . They held that the metals are one in essence, and spring from the same seed in the womb of nature, but are not all equally matured and perfect, gold being the highest product of Nature's powers. In gold, the alchemist saw a picture of the regenerate man, resplendent with spiritual beauty . . . ; whilst he regarded lead—the basest of the metals—as typical of the sinful and unregenerate man. . . . We are told that the Philosopher's Stone, which would bring about the desired grand transmutation, is of a species with gold itself and purer than the purest; understood in the mystical sense this means that the regeneration of man can be effected only by Goodness itself—in terms of Christian theology, by the Power of the Spirit of Christ" (pages 10–11). Through all the metals, from the one seed, Nature, according to the alchemists, works continuously up to gold; so that in a sense, all other metals are gold in the making. . . . The alchemist strove to assist Nature in her gold-making. The pseudo-Geber taught that the imperfect metals were to be perfected or cured by the application of "medicines." The supreme medicine, which is the Philosopher's Stone, "is not infrequently identified with the essence of all things or Soul of the World" (page 31). Many held the opinion, "that the Philosopher's Stone consists of philosophical sulphur and mercury combined so as to constitute a perfect unity." "As says Helvetius . . . Every earthly body . . . is the habitation of that celestial spirit, which is its principle of life or

growth. The secret of Alchemy is the destruction of the body, which enables the Artist to get at, and utilize for his own purposes, the living soul" (page 32).

Coming down to our own times, Mr. Redgrove gives a lucid exposition of the most recent speculations on the ultimate structure of matter. He shows how the elements of Dalton's hypothesis, Oxygen, Hydrogen, Iron, and the rest, may no longer be regarded as the necessary final states of substance, but that they seem in reality to be all composed of variously balanced positive and negative charges of electricity. The electron theory literally "takes the stuffing" out of matter, for it testifies that inertia, long supposed to be the one characteristic property of matter, is a function of the velocity of an electron. Again, the electron theory supports the ancient doctrine, "that out of the One Thing all material things have been produced by adaptation or modification; and there appears to be some resemblance between the concept of the electron and that of the seed of gold, which seed, it should be borne in mind, was regarded by the alchemists as the common seed of all metals" (page 114).

If the chemical elements be nothing but unstable forms of the Cosmic Illusion, it follows that transmutation is always possible. In fact the radioactive elements are undergoing a constant spontaneous change, and Sir William Ramsay seems to have guided this process by transforming radium emanation into neon,—"*the first case of transmutation of which conclusive evidence is put forward*" (page 131). As to the reputed alchemical transmutations, Mr. Redgrove suspends judgment, although he admits their possibility. "If there be one method whereby the metals may be transmuted, there may be other methods. And it is not altogether an easy task to explain away the testimony of eminent men such as were Van Helmont and Helvetius" (page 82).

The chapter on the lives of the great alchemists is not altogether satisfactory, in spite of the author's evident effort to be fair to all. The fact remains that the greatest of the alchemists were students of occultism and, as Mr. Redgrove says, their "Alchemy had its origin in the attempt to apply, in a certain manner, the principles of Mysticism to the things of the physical plane." Because of his emphasis on the physical side of their knowledge, he sometimes misses the point. Thus he is unjust to Cagliostro, and he underestimates the metaphysical value of the speculations of Paracelsus. But even so his spirit is remarkably liberal and generous, and he has collected many quotations of great value and interest from original alchemical works, which are by no means easy to obtain.

S. L.



# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 290.—*Ought one to give to beggars on the street, not knowing whether they are worthy or not? By not giving, may one not incur a karmic debt which must be discharged by suffering in this life or a future one? On the other hand, by giving, may one not possibly be helping an unworthy man to descend farther into his evil courses?*

ANSWER.—The second part of the question suggests the impossibility of giving a definite and comprehensive answer to the first part. Of course, there are times when one should give and times when one should not give. It all depends upon the *real* need of the beggar; but to discern that real need, we must have the faculty of true clairvoyance, and since most of us do not possess this faculty we can only guess. This much seems certain, that to give always would be as wrong as never to give at all.

However, there is another side to the question. One should always be *ready* to give, not because one is afraid of incurring a karmic debt, but because of compassion. One must be ready to give as one soul to another soul, and giving does not necessarily mean giving money. Indeed, many persons are in the habit of never giving money except under extraordinary circumstances. Whenever possible, they try to find work for the beggar or they give him the address of a mission or other place where he may have a new opportunity to get on his feet again.

S. L.

ANSWER.—It was once suggested to me that the real test regarding this question is, "In what spirit do I make the gift to the beggar?" If I have a picture of myself as an almsgiver, noble and charitable, such a gift would be bad. If I have a trace of the attitude of the Pharisee, "Thank God I am not as other men," again the gift would be bad. If I give to soothe a realization that something is wrong in the world, and therefore wrong in me, the gift is bad. If I have the right to use my time and the right to take money (which may be needed by those for whom I am immediately responsible,) to make a careful diagnosis of the beggar's particular case, it may be that I shall determine that he needs temporary alleviation. Then I shall not be confirming him in his sin if I make the gift, provided that I make this matter of momentary alleviation a part of a definite plan to help him to self-respect. In these circumstances perhaps the gift is right. I have known, however, of men who gave to beggars from a conscious sense of personal humility, and as an act of thanksgiving for the Master's care, with vivid realization that if it were not for the Master's guidance, the giver himself would be as the beggar is on the outer plane. Furthermore, such men may have the wholesome tonic of the realization that it is entirely possible that each of us is a pitiable and even diseased beggar—slothful as well as loathsome—on the spiritual plane. In that case, we may perhaps make the gift as an "act of contrition with resolution," which resolution will cause us to rise in our spiritual manhood, as we must wish that the beggar himself will rise.

G. W.

ANSWER.—The act of giving or of not giving is in itself perfectly colourless and has no Karma so far as the giver is concerned. That which has the Karma is the motive with which

he gives or abstains from giving, and the feelings or thoughts with which he does it. Two men pass the same beggar; one, thinking him worthy, does not give because he wishes to buy something for himself with his money. The other, thinking him unworthy, gives because he too wishes to buy something for himself, to wit, immunity from "bad Karma," even though it do harm to the beggar. Obviously both incur the Karma of selfishness, but the selfishness of the first was at least honest.

Or again; two men pass the same beggar. One, thinking him deserving, gives at some personal sacrifice. The second, though filled with compassion and desiring to give, does not do so because he is convinced it will do harm. The Karma of both, as a result, may be the same, the Karma that follows doing what we think right at personal sacrifice. Sometimes the sacrifice required may be that of the time and trouble required to find out whether or not the beggar be deserving.

J. F. B. M.

**QUESTION NO. 291** (*Continued from Question 268*).—*When one is conscious of a number of faults all of which seem to need immediate correction, ought one to concentrate on the one that seems to be the most serious, letting the others go for the time being, or should one make an effort to overcome every fault that one can see? It does not seem right to let any fault that I can see go on, and yet when I try to work on so many I get nowhere.*

**ANSWER.**—This would seem to be one of those questions to which it is difficult to give a general answer, because the problem may differ with each individual.

But two or three general ideas may be helpful. For example, if we take ignorance of mathematics, or of languages, as representing a fault, do we try to learn all mathematics, or all languages, at the same time. Do we not rather begin with one simple thing, the multiplication table, or the first declension or conjugation? This does not mean that we cannot study two or more languages in different hours on the same day; or that we cannot begin arithmetic and geometry on the same day. It means simply that we organize our difficulties and the ways of meeting them.

Again, if it be true that all faults are, in one way or another, expressions of self, will not the resolute effort to conquer one fault, at the same time abate other faults, because it abates the domination of self? Is there not already available a large amount of ordered experience directed to this problem, which must have confronted everyone seeking self-improvement, through all history? It would seem to be a case where personal counsel would be helpful.

J.

**ANSWER.**—It is said that Huxley always shut up a book, refusing to read any further, if he came across the word "polarity." In so far as his mind was materialistic, Huxley may have been right. Yet it might seem worth while for a student of Theosophy anxious to put his studies to practical, willed efforts, to consider this very question of polarity.

If one were "to concentrate on the one (fault) that seemed to be the most serious," it would be dangerous. In Mr. Griscom's "Elementary Articles" it will be recalled that he constantly emphasized the need of concentrating upon the opposite virtue, and warned against a negative attitude, and, therefore, a dangerous attitude, in concentrating on the fault. It would seem that the right course might be to use this very process of changing our polarity.

Just what is the basic, the impelling, motive or desire behind all the faults? What is the opposite virtue? What quality should I like to develop to manifest that virtue? How may I change the polarity of my motive or desire?

The next stage might be to recognize the entire literalness of the statement that we can do nothing without our Master's aid; is not the next step then to ask his aid?

We shall realize how little we can do, but we can at least do something, as an expression and manifestation of our change in polarity toward love of him and a desire for discipleship. We can take our faults, and better yet, take a single fault, as an offering or sacrifice to him, making it what the Western mystics call "An act of love" and also "An act of gratitude." To make

positive our attitude toward the selected fault, we should concentrate upon the basic virtue every time we seek to overcome it, and we should do this as an act of love, and also it would be wise to make it an offering to the Master, saying as simply as a child, "Please take this, O Master."

Would not this course, which is a summing up of the processes advised by so many of the writers on discipleship, be the forging of a link with the Universal? Should we not find the power of the whole Universe behind us? Would not the great current of the Love that dominates the Universe sweep down through the connection we have thus extended upward, and, in time, burn out all the faults? The whole test would seem to lie in our attitude, and in the energy with which we made our effort of conscious sacrifice and conscious gift to our Master.  
W.

QUESTION NO. 292.—*I have been told that one should not have recourse to occult measures for one's own material benefit. Would the use of the Coué method, with its mantram, "Every day in every way" etc., to get relief from any form of disease be regarded as occult in this sense?*

ANSWER—It is "spiritual powers" that are not to be used for one's own material benefit; the personality is not to be allowed to steal for its own use the powers of the soul, which should be used for the purposes of the soul. "Occult," that is hidden—or not understood—powers, may or may not be spiritual powers. The power used when "Every day, in every way" is repeated may be simply the power that results from taking a positive instead of a negative attitude. A mood of depression can often be dispelled by rapid physical motion, a brisk walk for instance. In the same way, forcing one's self to repeat, "Every day" may make the will positive to that extent and dissipate by that much the illness, often as psychic in origin as the mood of depression.

Whether or not it is right to use that mantram must depend on the individual case and the motive with which it is done. If one does not believe it to be true, it is hard to see how lying to oneself can be any more productive of good in the end than any other form of lying. If, on the other hand, one believes it to be true, and desires health from a good motive—say in order to do one's work in the world—then the constant repetition of that truth would seem to be proper and most helpful. Perhaps the best way is to insist to ourselves that we shall always be given health enough to do the work we are wanted to do. That work may be outer activity, or the quiet cheerful endurance of physical ill-health. It may be that we are wanted to acquire qualities that can only be obtained through physical suffering.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—We cannot do anything without using occult powers, but we must learn to use these powers consciously, and we must develop our moral nature until we desire to use them to their proper ends. The proper end and aim of divine powers is not the comfort of the personal nature.

It is foolish, it is dangerous, to try to hypnotize ourselves with mechanically repeated formulas, and it actually tends to embed us in that from which we seek to escape. Coué's mantram seems to be an hypnotic formula inducing hypnosis very like that induced by fixedly looking at a bright light. Its repeated vibration would have mechanical potency, but it would be exclusively material. A mantram should be a conscious, constructive, and purifying effort of the Spiritual Will.

ST. C. B.



## NOTICE OF CONVENTION

### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

*To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:*

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 26th, 1924, beginning at 10:30 A.M.
2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.
3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meeting. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.
4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.
5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. At 8:30 P.M. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are cordially invited. On Sunday, April 27th, at 3:30 P.M., there will be a public address, open to all who are interested in Theosophy.

ISABEL E. PERKINS  
*Secretary, The Theosophical Society.*  
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

February 15th, 1924.

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# The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875



THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the  
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